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FLIGHT TO ARRAS

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(Translated by Lewis Galantière)

SURELY I must be dreaming. It is as if I were fifteen again. I am back at school. My mind is on my geometry problem. Leaning over the worn black desk, I work away dutifully with compass and ruler and protractor. I am quiet and industrious.

Near by sit some of my schoolmates, talking in murmurs. One of them stands at a blackboard chalking up figures. Others less studious are playing bridge. Out of doors I see the branch of a tree swaying in the breeze. I drop my work and stare at it. From an industrious pupil I have become an idle one. The shining sun fills me with peace. I inhale with delight the childhood odor of the wooden desk, the chalk, the blackboard in this schoolhouse in which we are quartered. I revel in the sense of security born of this daydream of a sheltered childhood.

What course life takes we all know. We are children, we are sent to school, we make friends, we go to college — and we are graduated. Some sort of diploma is handed to us, and our hearts pound as we are ushered across a certain threshold, marched through a certain

porch, the other side of which we are of a sudden grown men. Now our footfalls strike the ground with a new assurance. We have begun to make our way in life, to take the first few steps of our way in life. We are about to measure our strength against real adversaries. The ruler, the T square, the compass, have become weapons with which we shall build a world, triumph over an enemy. Playtime is over.

All this I see as I stare at the swaying branch. And I see too that schoolboys have no fear of facing life. They champ at the bit. The jealousies, the trials, the sorrows of the life of man do not intimidate the schoolboy.

But what a strange schoolboy I am! I sit in this schoolroom, a schoolboy conscious of my good fortune and in no hurry to face life — a schoolboy aware of its cares. . . .

Dutertre comes by, and I stop him. 'Sit down. I'll do some card tricks for you.'

Dutertre sits facing me on a desk as worn as mine. I can see his booted legs as he shuffles the cards. How pleased with myself I am when I pick out the

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card he has in mind! He laughs. Modestly, I smile. Panicot comes up and puts his arm across my shoulder.

'What do you say, old boy?'

How tenderly peaceful all this is!

A school usher — is it an usher? — opens the door and summons two among us. They drop their ruler, drop their compass, get up and go out. We follow them with our eyes. Their schooldays are over. They have been released for the business of life. What they have learned they are now to make use of. Like grown men, they are about to try out against other men the formulæ they have worked out.

Strange school, this, where each goes forth alone in turn — and without a word of farewell. Those two who have just gone through the door did not so much as glance at us who remain behind. And yet the hazard of life, it may be, will transport them farther away than China. So much farther! When school days are past, and life has scattered you, who can swear that you will meet again?

The rest of us, those still nestling in the cosy warmth of our incubator, go back to our murmured talk.

'Look here, Dutertre. Tonight —'

But once again the same door has opened. And like a court sentence the words ring out in the quiet school-room: —

'Captain de Saint-Exupéry and Lieutenant Dutertre report to the major!'

'Did you know it was our turn?'

'Hochédé flew this morning.'

'Oh, yes.'

The fact that we had been sent for meant that we were to be ordered out on a sortie. We had reached the last days of May 1940, a time of full retreat, of full disaster. Crew after crew was being offered up as a sacrifice. It was as if you dashed glassfuls of water into a forest fire in the hope of putting it out. The last thing that could occur to anyone

in this world that was tumbling round our ears was the notion of risk or danger. Fifty reconnaissance crews were all we had for the whole French army. Fifty crews of three men each — pilot, observer, and gunner. Out of the fifty, twenty-three made up our unit — Group 2-33. In three weeks, seventeen of the twenty-three had vanished. Our Group had melted like a lump of wax. Yesterday, speaking to Lieutenant Gavaille, I had let drop the words, 'Oh, we'll see about that when the war is over.' And Gavaille had answered, 'I hope you don't mean, Captain, that you expect to come out of the war alive?'

Gavaille was not joking. He was sincerely shocked. We knew perfectly well that there was nothing for us but to go on flinging ourselves into the forest fire — even though it serve no purpose. Fifty crews for the whole of France. The whole strategy of the French army rested upon our shoulders. An immense forest fire raging, and a hope that it might be put out by the sacrifice of a few glassfuls of water. They would be sacrificed.

And this was as it should be. Who ever thought of complaining? When did anyone ever hear, among us, anything else than 'Very good, sir. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Quite right, sir.' Throughout the closing days of the French campaign one impression dominated all others — an impression of absurdity. Everything was cracking up all round us. Everything was caving in. The collapse was so entire that death itself seemed to us absurd. Death, in such a tumult, had ceased to count. But we ourselves did not count.

Dutertre and I went into the major's office. The major's name was Alias. As I write, he is still in command of Group 2-33, at Tunis.

'Afternoon, Saint-Ex. Hello, Dutertre. Sit down.'

We sat down. The major spread out a map on the table and turned to his clerk. 'Fetch me the weather reports.'

He sat tapping on the table with his pencil. I stared at him. His face was drawn. He had had no sleep. Back and forth in a motorcar he had driven all night in search of a phantom General Staff. He had been summoned to division headquarters — to brigade headquarters. He had argued and wrangled with supply depots that never delivered the spare parts they promised. His car had been bottled up in the crazy traffic. He had supervised our last moving out and our most recent moving in — for we were driven by the enemy from one field to another like poor devils scrambling in the van of a relentless bailiff. Alias had succeeded in saving our planes, saving our lorries, saving the files of the Group. He looked as if he had reached the end of his strength, of his nerves.

‘Well,’ he said, and he went on tapping with his pencil. He was still not looking at us.

A moment passed before he spoke again. ‘It’s damned awkward,’ he said finally; and he shrugged his shoulders. ‘A damned awkward sortie. But the Staff people want it done. They very much want it done. I argued with them; but they want it done. . . . And that’s that.’

Dutertre and I sat looking out of the window. Here too a branch was swaying in the breeze. I could hear the cackle of the hens. Our Intelligence Room had been set up in a school-house; the major’s office was in a farmhouse.

It would be easy to write a couple of fraudulent pages out of the contrast between this shining spring day, the ripening fruit, the plump chicks in the barnyard, the rising wheat — and death at our elbow. I shall not write that couple of pages because I see no reason why the peace of a spring day should constitute a contradiction of the idea of death. Why should the sweetness of life be a matter for irony?

But a vague notion did go through my

mind as I stared out of Alias’s window. ‘The spring has broken down,’ I said to myself; ‘the season is out of order.’ I had flown over abandoned threshing machines, abandoned binders. I had seen motorcars deserted in roadside ditches. I had come upon a village square standing under water while the village faucet — ‘the fountain,’ as our people call it — stood open and the stream flowed on.

And suddenly a completely ridiculous image came into my mind. I thought of clocks out of order. All the clocks of France — out of order. Clocks in their church steeples. Clocks on railway stations. Chimney clocks in empty houses. A charnel house of clocks. The war, I said to myself, is that thing in which clocks are no longer wound up — in which beets are no longer gathered in — in which farm carts are no longer greased. And that water, collected and piped to quench men’s thirst and to whiten the Sunday laces of the village women — that water stands now in a pool flooding the square before the village church.

As for Alias, he was talking like a bedside physician. ‘Hm,’ says the doctor with a shake of the head, ‘rather awkward, this’; and you know that he is hinting that you ought to be making your will, thinking of those you are about to leave behind. There was no question in Dutertre’s mind or mine but that Alias was talking about sacrificing another crew.

‘And,’ Alias went on, ‘things being as they are, it’s no good worrying about the chances you run.’

Quite so. No good at all. And it’s no one’s fault. It’s not our fault that we feel none too cheerful. Not the major’s fault that he is ill at ease with us. Not the Staff’s fault that it gives orders. The major is out of sorts because the orders are absurd. We know that they are absurd; but the Staff knows that as well as we do. It gives orders because orders have to be given. Giving orders is its

trade, in time of war. And everyone knows what war looks like. Handsome horsemen transmit the orders — or rather, to be modern about it, motorcyclists. The orders ordain events, change the face of the world. The handsome horsemen are like the stars — they bring tidings of the future. In the midst of turmoil and despair, orders arrive, flung to the troops from the backs of steaming horses. And then all is well — at least, so says the blueprint of war. So says the pretty picture-book of war. Everybody struggles as hard as he can to make war look like war — piously respects the rules of the game, so that war may perhaps be good enough to agree to look like war.

Orders are given for the sacrifice of the air arm because war must be made to look like war. And nobody admits meanwhile that this war looks like nothing at all; that no part of it makes sense; that not a single blueprint fits the circumstances; that the puppets have been cut free of the strings that continue to be pulled.

In all seriousness the Staffs ask us for intelligence impossible to provide. But the air arm cannot undertake to explain war to the Staffs. The air arm might be able to test or verify the Staffs' hypotheses. But there are no longer any hypotheses. Fifty reconnaissance crews are asked to sketch the face of a war that has no face. The Staffs appeal to us as if we were a tribe of fortune-tellers.

While Alias was speaking I threw a glance at Dutertre, my observer. This was what he said afterwards.

'What do they take us for, sending us off on low-altitude sorties? Only yesterday I had to tick off a colonel from division headquarters who was talking the same rot. "Will you tell me," I said to him, "will you tell me how I am going to report the enemy's position to you from an altitude of fifty feet when I'm doing three hundred miles an hour?" He

looked at me as if I were the one who was mad. "Why," he said, "that's easy. You can tell according to whether they shoot or not. If they shoot at you, the positions are German." Imagine! The bloody fool!'

What Dutertre knew, and the colonel seemed not to know, was that the French army never saw French aeroplanes. We had roughly one thousand planes scattered between Dunkerque and Alsace. Diluted in infinity, so far as the men on the ground were concerned. The result was that when a plane roared across our lines it was virtually certain to be a German. You let fly with all the anti-aircraft stuff you had even before you saw him, the instant you heard him; for otherwise he had dropped his bombs and was off before you could say 'wink!'

'A precious lot of intelligence we'll bring home working this way!' Dutertre said.

Of course they take our intelligence into account, since the blueprint of war requires that intelligence officers make use of intelligence. But even their war-by-the-blueprint had broken down. We knew perfectly well that they would never be able to make use of our intelligence — luckily. It might be brought back by us; but it would never be transmitted to the Staff. The roads would be jammed. The telephone lines would be cut. The Staff would have moved in a hurry. The really important intelligence — the enemy's position — would have been furnished by the enemy himself.

For example: A few days earlier we of Group 2-33, having been pushed back in successive stages to the vicinity of Laon, were wondering how near the front might now be — how soon we should be forced to move again. Lieutenant Marois was sent off as liaison officer between the Group and the general in command, who was seven miles away. Halfway between the airfield and the general's headquarters Marois's

motorcar had run up against a steam roller behind which two armored cars were hidden. Marois made a U-turn and started away, but a blast of machine-gun fire killed him instantly and wounded his chauffeur. The armored cars were German.

We telephoned to the general that the Germans held the road at a point halfway between him and us and begged permission to move. And by a strenuous effort we were able in two hours to evacuate our planes, lorries, motorcars, files, spare parts, and personnel.

The General Staff was like a first-rate bridge player who is asked by someone sitting in a game in the next room, 'What do you think I ought to do with the queen of spades?' How can the expert, knowing nothing of that particular game, have an opinion about that queen of spades?

Actually, a General Staff has no right to be without an opinion. Besides, so long as certain elements are still in its hands, it is bound to make use of them — since otherwise it will lose its control over them. The opponent will work a squeeze play. Thus, the General Staff must take risks. So long as there is a war on, it must act, even though it act blindly.

But it is, nevertheless, very hard to say what shall be done with the queen of spades when you haven't a hand in the game. What we had learned, meanwhile, — at first with surprise, and then with the feeling that we ought to have seen it coming, — was that once the cracking up begins, the machine stops running. There is no soldiering for the soldier to do.

You might think that in retreat and disaster there ought to be such a flood of pressing problems that one could hardly decide which to tackle first. You might think that we of the French army merely lacked the artillery, the tanks, the aeroplanes necessary for the solution of our problems. But what you do not know,

or what everyone forgets, is that our greatest lack was the problems themselves. I mean by this that the problems were not known. What is one to do with a queen of spades that is not part of any known game?

Of course when your country is fast collapsing, and you still hold the queen of spades, it is morally impossible not to play the card. You hold it back; you hesitate; you rack your brains to find use for it — and then you fling it desperately down on the chance that it may take a trick.

Commonly, people believe that defeat is characterized by a general bustle and a feverish rush. Bustle and rush are the signs of victory, not of defeat. Victory is a thing of action. It is a house in the act of being built. Every participant in victory sweats and puffs, carrying the stones for the building of the house. But defeat is a thing of weariness, of incoherence, of boredom — and above all of futility.

For in the first place these sorties on which we were sent off were futile — more murderous and more futile with every day that passed. Mind you, I am far from impugning the good will of the generals who were struggling to save their nation. Against the avalanche that was overwhelming them they could defend themselves only with what they had. To return to the card-table metaphor, they had to fling down their trumps; and Dutertre and I, as we sat listening to the major, were their trumps.

The major was sketching for us the afternoon's program. He was sending us off to fly a photography sortie at thirty-three thousand feet and then to do a reconnaissance job at two thousand feet over the German tank parks at Arras. His voice was as deliberate as if he were saying, 'And then you take the second street on the right to a square where you will see a tobacco shop.'

What could we answer but 'Very good, sir'? The sortie was as futile as that —

the language as lyrical as the futility of the sortie required.

I had my own thoughts. 'Another crew flung away,' I said to myself. My head was buzzing, buzzing with many things; but I said to myself that I'd wait. If we got back, if we were alive that night, I'd do my thinking then.

If we were alive. When a sortie was not 'awkward,' one plane out of three got back. Naturally the ratio was not the same when the sortie was a nasty one. But I was not weighing my chances of getting back. As I sat there in the major's office, death seemed to me neither august, nor majestic, nor heroic, nor poignant. Death seemed to me merely a sign of disorder — a consequence of disorder. The Group was to lose us more or less as baggage becomes lost in the hubbub of changing trains.

Not that on the subject of war, of death, of sacrifice, of France, I do not think quite other things than what I now say; but as I sat in that office my thoughts were without a compass, my language was a blur. I sat thinking in contradictions. My concept of truth had been shattered, and the best I could do was to stare at one fragment after another. 'If I am alive,' I said to myself, 'I shall do my thinking tonight.' Night, the beloved. Night, when language fades and things come alive; when the destructive analysis of day is done, and all that is truly important becomes whole and sound again; when man re-assembles his fragmentary self and grows with the calm of a tree.

Day belongs to family quarrels, but with the night he who has quarreled finds love again. For love is greater than any wind of words. And man, leaning at his window under the stars, is once again responsible for the bread of the day to come, for the slumber of the wife who lies by his side, all fragile and delicate and contingent. Love is not thinking, but being. As I sat facing Alias I longed for night and for the rebirth in me of the being that merits love — for night, when

my thoughts would be of civilization, of the destiny of man, of the savor of friendship in my native land; for night, so that I might know that in my heart something imperious, though at this moment inexpressible, still lived; for night, so that I might perhaps advance a step towards fixing it in my unmanageable language. I longed for night as the poet might do, the true poet who feels himself inhabited by a thing obscure but powerful, and who strives to erect images like ramparts round that thing in order to capture it — to capture it in a snare of images.

And as I sat there longing for night I was for the moment like a Christian abandoned by grace. I was about to do my job with Dutertre honorably — that was certain; but to do it as one honors ancient rites when they have no longer any significance, when the god that lived in them has withdrawn from them. I should wait for night, I said to myself; and if I was still alive I would walk alone on the highway that runs through our village — alone and safely isolated in my beloved solitude, so that I might discover why it is I ought to die.

II

I awoke out of my daydream — was startled out of it by an astonishing proposal.

'If this sortie bothers you, Saint-Ex, if you don't feel up to it today, I can —'
'Oh, come, Major!'

He knew perfectly well that his proposal was idiotic. And I knew why he made it. If a pilot doesn't get back you begin to recall how solemn he was when he was ordered out — and solemn he would have been indeed, for no man is very cheerful at the moment of jumping into a volcano. You say to yourself that he must have had a premonition of his end, and you accuse yourself of having willfully brushed it aside. You take time out for an attack of conscience.

The major's scruple reminded me of

Israel. Two days before, I had been sitting smoking at the window of the Intelligence Room. Israel, when I caught sight of him through the window, was walking swiftly past. His nose was red. A big nose, very Jewish and very red. Suddenly there had seemed to me something queer about that big red nose.

This Israel, whose nose I was staring at, was a man I profoundly liked. He was one of the most courageous pilots of the Group — one of the most courageous and one of the most modest. He had heard so much talk of Jewish wariness that he probably mistook his courage for a form of wariness. To gain a victory is to act warily.

There I sat, watching that red nose that gleamed in my sight only for an instant, so swift were the steps that carried Israel and his nose out of view. I turned to Gavaille, and without meaning to make a joke of it I said, 'Why do you suppose his nose is like that?'

Gavaille answered, 'God made it like that'; and then added quickly, 'Low-altitude sortie. Can't blame the fellow.'

That night, when we had given up looking for Israel to get back, I thought again of that nose, planted in the middle of a totally expressionless face and yet revealing, with a sort of genius of its own, the burden of the thoughts revolving in the man's mind. If it had been my job to order Israel on that sortie, the memory of his nose would have haunted me like a reproach. Israel, surely, had responded to the order with no more than a 'Yes, sir,' a 'Very good, sir.' Israel, surely, had not allowed a single muscle of his face to quiver on hearing the order. But gently, insidiously, treacherously, his nose had reddened. Israel had been able to control the muscles of his face, but not the color of his nose. And in the silence in which he had received the order his nose had taken advantage of him. Unknown to Israel, it had made clear to the major its emphatic disapproval of the sortie.

This was the kind of thing that made

Alias hesitate to send into action men he imagined might be subject to premonitions. Premonitions are more often false than true; but when you are seized by one a military order will sound like a court sentence. And Alias was not a judge, after all, but a group commander.

There was the case the other day of the gunner I shall call T. As Israel was all courage, so T. was all fear. He is the only man I have ever known who really felt fear. When, during the war, you gave T. an order, you released in him at that moment a wave of dizziness — something simple, relentless, and gradual. Rising slowly from his feet to his head, a stiffening would come over his whole body. Little by little his face would go dead white. And his eyes would begin to shine.

Unlike Israel, whose nose, reddened with irritation, had seemed to me so disapproving, disapproving of the probable death of Israel, T. manifested no psychic mutation. He did not react — he moulted. When you had finished giving T. an order you discovered that you had lit a flame of anguish in him, and that the anguish had begun to spread a sort of even glow through his being. Thereafter T.'s face would shine softly with a pale light. T. would become a man indifferent to everything. I am sure that death itself became a matter of indifference to T. To hate to die is to hate the loss that must ensue. It is love. But there was no love in T. He was not grieving over what he would leave behind. His whole being was delivered up to anguish — to anguish alone. Never in any other man on earth have I perceived this form of ecstasy.

'I shouldn't have let him fly that day,' Alias said to me. For that day, when the major had given T. his orders, T. had not merely turned white, he had begun to smile, quite plainly to smile — as tortured men smile, probably, when really the executioner has gone too far.

'You're off your feed today, T. I'll get another gunner.'

'If you please, sir. It's my turn,' T. had answered. He was standing respectfully at attention, but with an extraordinary gleam of defiance in his eye.

'Still, if you don't feel sure of yourself —'

'It's my turn out, sir.'

'Come, T., look here —'

'Sir!' T. had interrupted; and his whole body looked full of anger.

'So,' Alias concluded, 'I let him have his way.'

Exactly what happened we never knew. T., sitting aft as gunner of the crew, had seen a German fighter bear down on him. The German's guns had jammed, and he had turned tail and vanished. T. had exchanged remarks with his pilot through the speaking tube all the way back to the neighborhood of their base. The pilot had observed nothing abnormal in T.'s conversation. But about five minutes before landing T. had stopped talking, and the pilot had been unable to raise him.

That same evening T. was brought in, his skull split open by the tail unit of his own plane. He had tried to bail out over home territory where he was completely out of danger. The plane had been flying at high speed, and he had done a bad job of parachuting. The passage of that German fighter had been irresistible, a siren call.

'Better get along and dress, now,' the major said. 'I want you off the ground at five-thirty.'

We said, 'See you this evening, sir,' and the major responded by a vague wave of the hand. Was it superstition? I turned to leave, became aware that my cigarette was out, and was fumbling in vain through all my pockets when the major said testily, 'Why is it you never carry any matches?'

It was true; and with this substitute for 'Good luck!' in my ears I shut the door, saying to myself, 'Why is it I never have a match on me?'

Dutertre said, 'This sortie has got on his nerves.'

'He doesn't give a damn about it,' I thought. But I didn't say so aloud, for I wasn't thinking of Alias. I was thinking of man in general. What had happened was that I had been brought up with a jerk by a very evident fact which men seem not to see — that the life of the spirit, the veritable life, is intermittent, and only the life of the mind is constant. This instant and spontaneous reflection leads back to Alias in a round-about way.

Man's spirit is not concerned with objects; that is the business of our analytical faculties. Man's spirit is concerned with the significance that relates objects to one another — with their totality, which only the piercing eye of the spirit can perceive. The spirit, meanwhile, alternates between total vision and absolute blindness. Here is a man, for example, who loves his farm — but there are moments when he sees in it only a collection of unrelated objects. Here is a man who loves his wife — but there are moments when he sees in love nothing but burdens, hindrances, constraints. Here is a man who loves music — but there are moments when it cannot reach him. What we call a nation is certainly not the sum of the regions, customs, cities, farms, and the rest, that man's intelligence is able at any moment to add up. It is a Being. But there are moments when I find myself blind to beings — even to the being called France.

Major Alias had spent the previous night at Staff headquarters discussing what was in effect pure logic. Pure logic is the ruin of the spirit. Afterwards he had driven back, and driving back he had worn himself out getting through the tangled traffic. Having finally reached his billet, he had found a hundred details to look after, those details that fray a man's nerves and set him on edge. And this afternoon he had sent for us and ordered us to em-

bark upon an utterly impossible sortie. What were we to him? Particles in the universal chaos. We were not Saint-Exupéry and Dutertre to him — each with our own way of seeing or not seeing things, of thinking, walking, smiling, drinking. We were mere details in a vast structure to see the whole of which demanded more time, more silence, more perspective than he could possibly obtain. Had my face been afflicted with a tic, he would have been able to see nothing but the tic. He would have sent out over Arras the memory of a tic. In this senseless hullabaloo, in this avalanche, we ourselves, each of us, saw nothing but particles: that voice; that nose; that tic. And particles are not the objects of anybody's emotion.

Thus I am not talking about Alias specifically, but about man in general. A friend you love has died, and it is you who must see that he is decently buried. At that moment you have no contact with your dead friend. How can you have? Death is a thing of grandeur. It brings instantly into being a whole new network of relations between you and the ideas, the desires, the habits of the man now dead. It is a rearrangement of the world. Nothing has changed visibly, yet everything has changed. The pages of the book are the same, but the meaning of the book is different. And how can you, who are busy with funeral details, know any of this? Do you wish to bring the dead friend to mind? You must be able to imagine yourself needing him. At that moment you will miss him. Imagine him needing you. Ah, but he no longer needs you! Imagine those Wednesdays when, invariably, you lunched together. Wednesday is now a vacuum. Life, we know, has to be seen in perspective. But on a day of burial there is no perspective — for space itself is annihilated. Your dead friend is still a fragmentary being. The day you bury him is a day of chores and crowds, of hands false or true to be shaken, of the immediate cares of mourn-

ing. The dead friend will not really die until tomorrow, when silence is round you again. Then he will show himself complete, as he was — to tear himself away, as he was, from the substantial you. Only then will you cry out because of him who is leaving and whom you cannot detain.

I am still on the track of my thought when I say that I do not like the pretty picture-book of war. The gruff warrior squeezing back a tear and hiding his honest emotion under a grumpy exterior. What nonsense! The gruff warrior is not hiding anything at all. If he lets fly a gruff remark it is because a gruff remark has come into his mind.

Nor does it matter for my purpose whether a man be decent or a brute. Major Alias is a noble person. He is a sensitive person. If Dutertre and I fail to get back it will probably affect him more than anyone else in the Group — provided, however, that he thinks of Saint-Exupéry and Dutertre, and not of a sum of unrelated particles; provided that he be allowed the silence in which to effect this reconstruction of ourselves. For if, tonight, the bailiff at our heels once more constrains the Group to move, a single broken-down lorry will suffice to put off our death until another time. Alias will forget to be affected by our death.

The life of the spirit, I say, is intermittent — my own spirit as much as Alias's. I am off on an 'awkward' sortie. Is my mind filled with the thought of the war of the Nazi against the Occident? Not at all. I think in terms of immediate details. I think of possible wounds. I think of the absurdity of flying over German-held Arras at two thousand feet; of the futility of the intelligence we are asked to bring back; of the interminable time it takes to dress in these clothes that remind me of men made ready for the executioner. And I think of my gloves. Where the devil are my gloves? I have lost my gloves.

I can no longer see the cathedral in

which I live. I am dressing for the service of a dead god.

III

'Get going! Where are my gloves? . . . No, not those. Have a look in my bag.'

'Sorry, sir. Can't find them.'

'God, you're a fool!'

Everybody is a fool. My fitter, who doesn't know where my gloves are. Hitler, who unloosed this mad war. And that fellow on the General Staff, obsessed by low-altitude sorties.

'I asked you to get me a pencil. I have been asking you for ten minutes to find me a pencil. Haven't you got a pencil?'

'Here it is, sir.'

One man, at least, who is not a fool.

'Tie a string round it. Now knot the string through this buttonhole. . . . I say, gunner, you seem to be taking things very easily.'

'I'm all ready, sir.'

'Oh!'

And my observer. I swung round to him. 'Everything shipshape, Dutertre? Nothing missing? Worked out your course?'

He has worked out his course. 'Awkward' sortie indeed! Where is the sense, I ask you, in sending a crew out to be murdered for the sake of intelligence that is sure to be useless and will never reach the Staff anyway, even if one of us lives to report it?

'Mediums,' I said aloud. 'They must have a crew of mediums on the General Staff.'

'What do you mean, Captain?'

'How do *you* think we'll report to them? They are going to communicate with us. Table tipping. Automatic writing.'

Not very funny; but I went on grouching.

'General Staffs! Let them fly their own damned sorties!'

It takes a long time to dress for a sortie that you know is a hopeless one; a long

time to harness yourself only for the fun of being blasted to bits. Here are three thicknesses of clothing to be put on, one over the other; that takes time. And this clutter of accessories that you carry about like an itinerant pedlar! All this complication of oxygen tubes, heating equipment; these speaking tubes that form the 'intercom' running between members of the crew; this mask through which I breathe. I am attached to the plane by a rubber tube as indispensable as an umbilical cord. The plane is plugged in to the circulation of my blood. Organs have been added to my being, and they seem to intervene between me and my heart. From one minute to the next I grow heavier, more cumbrous, harder to handle. I turn round all of a piece, and when I bend down to tighten my straps, or pull at buckles that resist, all my joints creak aloud. My old fractures begin to hurt again.

'Hand me another helmet. I've told you twenty times that my own won't do. It's too tight.'

God knows why, but a man's skull swells at high altitude. A helmet that fits perfectly on the ground becomes a vise pressing on the skull at thirty thousand feet.

'But this is another helmet, sir. I sent back your old one.'

'Huh!'

I cannot stop grouching, and I grouse without remorse. A lot of good it does! Not that it is important. This is the moment of timelessness. This is the crossing of the inner desert of anguish. There is no god here. There is no face to love. There is no France, no Europe, no civilization. There are particles, detritus, nothing more. I feel no shame at this moment in praying for a miracle that should change the course of this afternoon — the miracle, for instance, of a speaking tube out of order. Speaking tubes are always going out of order. Trashy stuff! A speaking tube out of order would preserve us from the holocaust.

Captain Vesain came in with a gloomy look. No pilot ever got off the ground without a dose of Captain Vesain's gloom. His job was to report upon the position of the German air outposts; to tell us where they were. Vesain is my friend, and is very fond of me; but he is a bird of ill omen. I prefer not to meet him when I am about to take off.

'Looks bad, old boy,' said Vesain. 'Very bad. Very bad indeed.'

And didn't he pull a sheaf of papers out of his pocket, to impress me! Then, looking at me suspiciously, he said, 'How are you going out?'

'By the town of Albert.'

'I thought so. I knew it. Bad business.'

'Stop talking like a bloody fool! What's up?'

'You'll never make it. You'll have to give up this sortie.'

Give up this sortie! Very kind of him to say so. Let him tell that to God the Father. Perhaps He'll put a curse on our speaking tubes.

'You'll never get through, I tell you!'

'And why shall I never get through?'

'Because there are three groups of German fighters circling permanently over Albert. One at eighteen thousand feet, another at twenty-five thousand, and a third at thirty-three thousand. They fly in relays and hang on until they are relieved. It's what I call *categorically blocked*. You'll fly straight into a German net. See here!'

He shoved a sheet of paper at me on which he had scribbled an absolutely unintelligible demonstration of his argument.

Vesain would have done much better to keep his nose out of my affairs. His pompous *categorically blocked* had impressed me, confound him! I thought instantly of red lights and traffic tickets. Only, this was a place where a ticket meant death. It was his *categorically* that particularly galled me. It seemed to be aimed at me personally.

I made a great effort to think clearly.

'The enemy,' I said to myself, 'always defends his positions *categorically*. Damned nonsense, these big words! And besides, why should I worry about German fighter planes? At high altitude I should never know they had got me; and at two thousand feet it is the anti-aircraft that would get me, not the fighters. It couldn't possibly miss me.' Suddenly I became belligerent.

'In short, what you're telling me is that the Germans have an air force, and therefore my sortie is not altogether advisable. Run along and tell that to the General.'

It wouldn't have cost Vesain anything to reassure me pleasantly, instead of upsetting me. Why couldn't he have said, 'Oh, by the way — the Germans have a few fighters aloft over Albert?'

It would have come to the same thing.

IV

We climbed in. I had still to test the intercom.

'Can you hear me, Dutertre?'

'I hear you, Captain.'

'You, gunner! Hear me?'

'I — yes, sir. Clearly.'

'Dutertre! Can you hear the gunner?'

'Clearly, Captain.'

'Gunner! Can you hear Lieutenant Dutertre?'

'I — er — yes, sir. Clearly.'

'What makes you stutter back there? What are you hesitating about?'

'Sorry, sir. I was looking for my pencil.'

The speaking tubes were not out of order.

'Gunner! Have a look at your oxygen bottles. Air pressure normal?'

'I — yes, sir. Normal.'

'In all three bottles?'

'All three, sir.'

'All set, Dutertre?'

'All set, Captain.'

'All set, gunner?'

'All set, sir.'

We took off.

V

Human anguish is due at bottom to the loss by man of his true identity. I sit waiting for a telegram which is to announce to me either a death or a recovery. Time flows by unutilized, and holds me in suspense. Time has ceased to be a stream that feeds me, nourishes me, adds growth to me. It carries me neither towards my joy nor towards my sorrow. Each second that drops is void of meaning. It does not age me in any sense whatever. And, for want of knowing who I am, I am possessed by anguish. The bad news, when it comes, causes me no anxiety. It causes me to suffer, which is not the same thing.

He who has struck another, and whose anger has dropped from him, waits to find out if he is or is not a murderer. So long as he remains ignorant of the fate of his victim, he is deprived of identity. Suspended in a void, he is the prey of anguish. Guilt is not a cause of anguish. It may provoke remorse or despair. But despair is something else.

T. never knew whether, in the hour to come, he was to be transmuted into a living man or a dead man. He was aware of only one thing — the flow of time, running like sand through his fingers while he waited for the coming of a certain instant too rich in power for his resistance.

For me, piloting my plane, time has ceased to run sterile through my fingers. Now, finally, I am installed in my function. Time is no longer a thing apart from me. I have stopped projecting myself into the future. I am no longer he who may perhaps dive down the sky in a vortex of flame. The future is no longer a haunting phantom, for from this moment on I shall myself create the future by my own successive acts. I am he who checks the course and holds the compass at 313°, who controls the revolutions of the propeller and the temperature of the oil. These are healthy and immediate cares. These are household

cares, the little duties of the day that take away the taste of growing older. The day becomes a house brilliantly clean, a floor well waxed, oxygen prudently doled out. . . . Thinking this, I check the oxygen flow, for we have been rising fast and are at twenty-two thousand feet already.

'Oxygen all right, Dutertre? How do you feel?'

'First-rate, Captain.'

'You, gunner! How's your oxygen?'

'I — er — shipshape, sir.'

'Haven't you found that pencil yet?'

And I am he who checks his machine guns, putting a finger on button S, on button A — which reminds me.

'Gunner! No good-sized town behind you, in your cone of fire?'

'Er — all clear, sir.'

'Check your guns. Let fly.'

I hear the blast of the guns.

'Work all right?'

'Worked fine, sir.'

'All of them?'

'Er — yes, sir. All of them.'

I test my own and wonder what becomes of all the bullets that we scatter so heedlessly over our home territory. They never kill anyone. The earth is vast.

Now time is nourishing me with every minute that passes. I am a thing as little the prey of anguish as a ripening fruit. Of course the circumstances of this flight will change round me — the circumstances and the problems. But I dwell now well inside the fabrication of the future. Time, little by little, is kneading me into shape. A child is not frightened at the thought of being patiently transmuted into an old man. He is a child and he plays like a child. I too play my games. I count the dials, the levers, the buttons, the triggers of my kingdom. I count one hundred and three objects to check, pull, turn, or press. (Perhaps I have cheated in counting my machine-gun controls as two — one for the trigger, and another for the safety catch.)

Tonight when I get back I shall amaze the farmer with whom I am billeted. I

shall say to him, 'Do you know how many instruments a pilot has to look after?'

'How do you expect me to know that?'

'No matter. Guess. Name a figure.'

'What figure?'

My farmer is not a man of tact.

'Any figure. Name one.'

'Seven.'

'One hundred and three!'

And I shall smile with satisfaction.

Another thing contributes to my peace of mind — it is that all the instruments that were an encumbrance while I was dressing have now settled into place and acquired meaning. All that tangle of tubes and wiring has become a circulatory network. I am an organism integrated into the plane. I turn this switch, which gradually heats up my overall and my oxygen, and the plane begins to generate my comfort. The oxygen, incidentally, is too hot. It burns my nose. A complicated mechanism releases it in proportion to the altitude at which I fly, and I am flying high. The plane is my wet nurse. Before we took off, this thought seemed to me inhuman; but now, suckled by the plane itself, I feel a sort of filial affection for it — the affection of a nursling.

My weight, meanwhile, is comfortably distributed over a variety of points of support. I am like a feeble convalescent stripped of bodily consciousness and lying in a chaise longue. The convalescent exists only as a frail thought. My triple thickness of clothing is without weight in my seat. My parachute, slung behind, lies against the back of my seat. My enormous boots rest on the bar that operates the rudder. My hands, which are so awkward when first I slip on the thick stiff gloves, handle the wheel with ease. Handle the wheel. Handle the wheel. . . .

'Dutertre!'

'... t'n?'

'Something's wrong with the intercom. I can't hear you. Check your contacts.'

'I can . . . you . . . ctly.'

'Shake it up! Can you still hear me?'

Dutertre's voice came through clearly.

'Hear you perfectly, Captain.'

'Good! Dutertre, the confounded controls are frozen again. The wheel is stiff and the rudder is stuck fast.'

'That's great! What altitude?'

'Thirty-two thousand.'

'Temperature?'

'Forty-eight. How's your oxygen?'

'Coming fine.'

'Gunner! How's your oxygen?'

No answer.

'Hi! Gunner!'

No answer.

'Do you hear the gunner, Dutertre?'

'No.'

'Call him.'

'Gunner! Gunner!'

No answer.

'He must have passed out, Captain. We shall have to dive.'

I didn't want to dive unless I had to. The gunner might have dropped off to sleep. I shook up the plane as roughly as I could.

'Captain, sir?'

'That you, gunner?'

'I — er — yes, sir.'

'Not sure it's you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Why the devil didn't you answer before?'

'I had pulled the plug, sir. I was testing the radio.'

'You're a bloody fool! Do you think you're alone in this plane? I was just about to dive. I thought you were dead.'

'Er — no, sir.'

'I'll take your word for it. But don't play that trick on me again. Damn it! Let me know before you cut.'

'Sorry, sir. I will. I'll let you know, sir.'

Had his oxygen flow stopped working, he wouldn't have known it. The human body receives no warning. A vague swooning comes over you. In a few seconds you have fainted. In a few minutes you are dead. The flow has constantly to be tested — particularly by

the pilot. I pinched my tube lightly a few times and felt the warm life-bringing puffs blow round my nose.

It came to this, that I was working at my trade. All that I felt was the physical pleasure of going through gestures that meant something and were sufficient unto themselves. I was conscious neither of great danger (it had been different while I was dressing) nor of performing a great duty. At this moment the battle between the Nazi and the Occident was reduced to the scale of my job, of my manipulation of certain switches, levers, taps. This was as it should be. The sexton's love of his God becomes a love of lighting candles. The sexton moves with deliberate step through a church of which he is barely conscious, happy to see the candlesticks bloom one after the other as the result of his ministrations. When he has lighted them all, he rubs his hands. He is proud of himself.

I for my part am doing a good job of regulating the revolutions of the propeller, and the needle of my compass lies within a single degree of my course. If Dutertre happens to have his eye on the compass, he must be marveling at me.

'I say, Dutertre! Compass on the course? How does it look?'

'Won't do, Captain. Too much drift. A little kick to the right.'

Well, well.

'Crossing our lines, Captain. I've started my camera. What's your altitude?'

'Thirty-three thousand.'

VI

'Your course, Captain!'

He's right. I was drifting to port. And not by chance, either. It was the town of Albert that was putting me off. I could make it out faintly, far ahead. But already it was shouldering me off with all the weight of its *categorical-*

ly blocked. Extraordinary, the memory secreted in the recesses of the human body! My body was remembering every sudden crash of the past, every cranial fracture, each of those nights in hospital with their comas as sticky as molasses. My body is afraid of blows. It struggles to avoid Albert. The moment I leave it to itself, we drift to port. It shies left like an old horse fearful for life of the obstacle that had once frightened it. And it is really my body, not my mind, that I mean. The moment my mind wanders, my body takes sly advantage of me to slip around Albert.

For it is not I who feel any anxiety. I have stopped wishing to get out of this sortie. On the ground, it had seemed to me that that was what I wanted. I had said to myself hopefully that the intercom would be out of order. I was weary, and it would be wonderful to sleep. The bed of idleness had seemed to me a magic couch. But deep down I had known perfectly well that nothing could come of getting out of this sortie except a sharp sense of discomfort; as if a necessary moulting had miscarried; as if I had muffed a chance to be born anew this afternoon.

Again I was reminded of school — of a time when I was very young. How long ago was that? I —

'Captain!'

'What's up?'

'Er . . . nothing. I thought I had seen something.'

I don't like Dutertre seeing things.

Of school, yes. When you are a little boy, in boarding school, they get you up too early. They get you up at six o'clock. It is cold. You rub your eyes, and you hate class long before the bell rings. You think how wonderful it would be if you were ill and were waking up in the infirmary, where the matron would be ready with a hot cup of camomile with lots of sugar in it. The infirmary becomes a kind of paradise in your mind.

I was like that; and, naturally, the first time I caught cold I coughed much

more than was called for. And I awoke in the infirmary to the sound of the bell ringing for the others. But that bell punished me for cheating. It changed me into a wraith. It rang out the passing of living hours — hours of class with its austerity, of playtime with its tumult, of the refectory with its warmth. For those who were alive, who were not, like me, in the infirmary, it sounded the realities of an enviable existence filled with jubilations, disappointments, severities, triumphs. And I lay robbed, forgotten, sick of insipid camomiles, of the sweaty bed, the blank hours.

Nothing comes of a sortie you have got out of.

Of course there are days like this one when a sortie brings no satisfaction. It is too evident that we are playing a game that we call war. We are playing Cops and Robbers. We are abiding scrupulously by the rules of conduct prescribed by the history books and the rules of tactics prescribed by the war manuals. Last night, for example, I drove up to the aerodrome in a motorcar. The sentry, obedient to the rules, presented his bayonet. My car might as easily have been a German tank. We are playing at presenting bayonets to German tanks. But the tanks are playing their own game.

How can we possibly be enthusiastic about these grim charades, in which we play the part of supernumeraries, when we are asked to play on till we are killed? Death is a bit too serious for a charade. Who could dress with excitement for such a part? Nobody. Even Hochedé, who is a sort of saint, a man who has reached that state of permanent grace which surely is the final consummation of man — even Hochedé took refuge in silence. All of us dressed in silence, grumpily — and not because we were heroically modest. That grumpiness concealed no inner exaltation. It told its own story. And I knew what it meant. It was the grumpiness of an agent who

is mystified by the instructions of an absentee owner, yet remains faithful to him. All of us longed for our quiet rooms, but there was not one who would really have chosen to go to bed.

For enthusiasm is not the important thing. There is no hope of enthusiasm in defeat. The important thing is to dress, to climb aboard, and to take off. What we ourselves think of the procedure is of no importance. A little boy in school enthusiastic about his grammar lesson would seem to me a little prig not to be trusted. The important thing is to strive towards a goal which is not immediately visible. That goal is not the concern of the mind, but of the spirit. The spirit knows how to love, but it is asleep. Talk to me about temptation! I know as much about temptation as any Church Father. To be tempted is to be tempted, when the spirit is asleep, to give in to the reasons of the mind.

What do I accomplish by risking my life in this mountain avalanche? I have no notion. Time and again people would say to me, 'I can arrange to have you transferred here or there. That is where you belong. You will be more useful there than in a squadron. Pilots! We can train pilots by the thousand! Whereas you —' No question but that they were right. My mind agreed with them, but my instinct always prevailed over my mind.

Why was it that their reasoning never convinced me, even though I had no argument with which to defeat it? I would say to myself, 'The intellectuals are kept in reserve on the shelves of the Propaganda Ministry, like pots of jam to be eaten when the war is over.' Hardly an argument, I agree!

Once again, like every other member of the Group, I have taken off in the face of every good reason, every obvious argument, every intellectual reflex. The moment will come when I shall know that it was reasonable to fight against reason. I have promised myself that if I

am alive I shall walk alone on the highway that runs through our village. Then perhaps I shall dwell at last in my own self. And I shall see.

It may be that I shall have nothing to say about what I then see. When a woman seems to me beautiful, I have no words to say so. I see her smile, and that is all. Intellectuals take her face apart and explain it bit by bit. They do not see that smile.

To know is not to prove, nor to explain. It is to accede to vision. But if we are to have vision we must learn to participate in the object of the vision. The apprenticeship is hard.

All day long my village was invisible to me. Before the sortie I saw in it nothing but mud walls and peasants more or less grimy. Now it is a handful of gravel thirty-three thousand feet below me. That is my village. But tonight, it may be, a watchdog will waken and bark. I have always loved the enchantment of a village dreaming aloud, by the voice of a single watchdog, in the fair night.

I do not ask to be understood. All that I ask is a vision of my village tidied for sleep, its doors carefully shut upon its barns, its cattle, its customs. To see its peasants, home from the fields, their evening meal eaten and their table cleared, their children put to bed and their lamp blown out, dissolved into the silent night. And nothing more — unless perhaps, under the stiff white sheets of the countryside, the slow pulsing of their breathing, like the subsidence of a swell after a storm at sea.

God suspends the use of things and speech for the period of the nocturnal balance sheet. By the play of that irresistible slumber which loosens the fingers until morning, men will appear in my vision with open hands. And then perhaps I shall win a glimpse of that which has no name. I shall walk like the blind whose palms lead them towards the flame in the hearth. The blind cannot describe the flame, yet they have

found it. Thus perhaps shall I see what it is in that dark village that we must die to protect — that which is unseen, yet, like an ember beneath the ashes, lives on.

Nothing comes of a sortie you have got out of. If we are to understand a thing as simple as a village, you must first —

‘Captain!’

‘Yes?’

‘Six German fighters on the port bow.’

The words rang in my ears like a thunderclap.

You must first . . . You must first . . . Ah! I do want very much to be paid off in time. I do want to have the right to love. I do want to win a glimpse of the being for whom I die.

VII

‘Gunner!’

‘Sir?’

‘D’you hear the lieutenant? Six German fighters. Six, on the port bow.’

‘I heard the lieutenant, sir.’

‘Dutertre! Have they seen us?’

‘They have, Captain. Banking towards us. Fifteen hundred feet below us.’

‘Hear that, gunner? Fifteen hundred feet below us. Dutertre! How near are they?’

‘Say ten seconds.’

‘Hear that, gunner? On our tail in a few seconds.’

There they are. I see them. Tiny. A swarm of poisonous wasps.

‘Gunner! They’re crossing broadside. You’ll see them in a second. There!’

‘Don’t see them yet, sir. . . . Yes, I do!’

(I don’t see them now myself.)

‘They after us?’

‘After us, sir.’

‘Rising fast.’

‘Can’t say, sir. Don’t think so. . . . No, sir.’

Dutertre spoke. ‘What do you say, Captain?’

‘What do you expect me to say?’

Nobody said anything. There was

nothing to say. It was in God's hands. If I banked, I should narrow the space between us. Luckily, we were flying straight into the sun. At high altitude it is impossible to go up fifteen hundred feet higher without giving a couple of miles to your game. It was not impossible, therefore, that they might lose us entirely in the sun by the time they had reached our altitude and recovered their speed.

'Still after us, gunner?'

'Still after us, sir.'

'We gaining on them?'

'Well, sir. No. . . . Perhaps.'

It was God's business — and the sun's.

Fighters do not fight, they murder. Still, it might turn into a fight, and I made ready for it. I pressed with both feet as hard as I could, trying to free the frozen rudder. A wave of something strange went over me. But my eyes were still on the Germans, and I bore with all my weight down upon the rigid bar.

Once again I discovered that I was in fact much less upset in this moment of action — if 'action' was the word for this vain expectancy — than I had been while dressing. A kind of anger was going through me — a beneficent anger. God knows, no ecstasy of sacrifice; rather an urge to bite hard into something.

'Gunner! Are we losing them?'

'We are losing them, sir.'

'Dutertre! Dutertre!'

'Captain?'

'I . . . nothing.'

'Anything the matter?'

'Nothing. I thought . . . Nothing.'

I decided not to mention it. No good worrying them. If I went into a dive they would know it soon enough.

It was not natural that I should be running with sweat in a temperature fifty degrees below freezing. Not natural. I knew perfectly well what was happening. Gently, very gently, I was fainting.

I could see the instrument panel. Now I couldn't. My hands were losing their

grip on the wheel. I hadn't even the strength to speak. I was letting myself go. So pleasant, letting oneself go. . . .

Then I squeezed the rubber tube. A gust of air blew into my nose and brought me life. The oxygen supply was not out of order! Then it must be . . . Of course! How stupid I had been! It was the rudder. I had exerted myself like a man trying to pick up a grand piano. Flying thirty-three thousand feet in the air, I had struggled like a professional wrestler. The oxygen was being doled out to me. It was my business to use it up economically. I was paying for my orgy.

I began to inhale in swift repeated gasps. My heart beat faster and faster. It was like a faint tinkle. What good would it do to speak of it? If I went into a dive, they would know soon enough. Now I could see my instrument panel. . . . No, that wasn't true. I couldn't see it. Sitting there in my sweat, I was sad.

Life came back as gently as it had flowed out of me.

'Dutertre!'

'Captain?'

I should have liked to tell him what had happened.

'I . . . I thought . . . No.'

I gave it up. Words consume oxygen too fast. Already I was out of breath. I was very weak — a convalescent.

'You were about to say something, Captain?'

'No. . . . Nothing.'

'Quite sure, Captain? You puzzle me.'

I puzzle him. But I am alive.

'We are alive.'

'Well, sir, for the time being.'

For the time being. There was still Arras.

Thus for a minute or two I had the feeling that I should not pull through; and yet I had not observed in myself that poignant anxiety which, people say,

turns the hair white in an instant. I began to think of Sagon, of what Sagon had said when, two months earlier, we had gone to see him only a few hours after he had been shot down behind our own lines — what had gone through his mind when the German fighters had surrounded him and nailed him to the stake, as it were.

VIII

I see him exactly as he was, lying in the hospital bed. His knee had been hooked and broken by the tail unit of the plane in the course of a parachute jump, but Sagon had not felt the shock. His face and hands were rather badly burnt, but all in all Sagon's condition was not alarming. Slowly and in a matter-of-fact voice, as if reporting a bit of fatigue duty, he told us his story.

'I knew they had got me when I saw the air filled with tracer bullets round my plane. My instrument board was shot to bits. Then I saw a puff of smoke forward. It wasn't much, you know. I thought it must be . . . you know . . . there's a connecting pipe. There wasn't much flame.'

He stopped, and his lower lip came forward while he turned it over in his mind. It seemed to him important to be able to tell us whether the flames were high or were not high. He hesitated. 'But still, flame is flame. The intercom was working, and I told them they'd better jump.'

In less than ten seconds a plane can turn into a torch.

'Then I opened my escape hatch. I shouldn't have done that. It let in the air . . . and the flame, you know. . . . I was sorry I'd done it.'

You have a locomotive boiler spitting a torrent of flame at you, twenty thousand feet in the air, and you are sorry you've done something. I shall not play Sagon false by talking of his heroism or his modesty. He would not recognize himself in these terms. He would insist that he was sorry he had done it. As we

stood round his bed it was plain that he was making a concentrated effort to be precise.

The field of consciousness is tiny. It accepts only one problem at a time. Get into a fist fight, put your mind on the strategy of the fight, and you will not feel the other fellow's punches. Once, when I thought I was about to drown in a seaplane accident, the freezing water seemed to me tepid. Or, more exactly, my consciousness was not concerned with the temperature of the water. It was absorbed by other thoughts. The temperature of the water has left no trace in my memory. In the same way, Sagon's consciousness was filled to the brim with the problem of getting away from the plane. His universe was limited successively to the fate of his crew, the handle that governed the sliding hatch, the rip cord of the parachute.

The intercom seemed to be working. 'Are you there?' he had called out.

No answer.

'Nobody on board?' he had asked again.

No answer.

They must have jumped, Sagon had decided. And as he was sorry about those flames (his hands and face were already burnt) he had got out of his seat, climbed out on the fuselage, and crawled along the surface of the wing.

'I peered in. I couldn't see the observer.'

The observer, killed instantly by the German fighters, had slumped down out of sight.

'Then I backed up and looked for the gunner. I couldn't see him, either.'

But the same thing had happened to the gunner.

'I thought they must have jumped.'

Once again Sagon turned the matter over in his mind.

'If I had known, I could have crawled back into the cockpit. The flames were not so high. I lay there on the wing, I don't know how long. I had stabilized

the plane at an angle before crawling out. The going was smooth, the wind was bearable, and I felt fairly comfortable. I must have been out on that wing for some time. I didn't know what to do.'

Not that Sagon had been faced with insoluble problems. He thought himself alone on board. The plane was burning. The fighters were still after it and spattering it with bullets. What Sagon was telling us was that he had felt no desire of any kind. He had felt nothing. He had time on his hands. He was floating in a sort of infinite leisure. And point by point I recognized the extraordinary sensation that now and then accompanies the imminence of death — a feeling of unexpected leisure, absolutely the contrary of the picture-book notion of breathless haste. Sagon had lain there on his wing, a creature flung out of the dimension of time.

'And then,' he said, 'I jumped. I made a bad job of it. I could feel myself twisting in the air and hesitated to pull the cord, thinking I might get tangled up in the 'chute. I waited until I had straightened out. I waited quite a long time.'

What Sagon really remembered of his whole mishap, from beginning to end, was waiting. Waiting for the flames to rise higher. Then waiting on the wing for heaven knows what. And finally, falling freely through the air, still waiting.

This was Sagon himself who was doing these things — actually, a Sagon more rudimentary, more simple than the Sagon I know; a Sagon a little perplexed, bored, and slightly impatient as he felt himself drop into an abyss.

IX

We had been living two hours at the centre of an external pressure reduced to two thirds of normal. The crew was being gradually used up. We hardly exchanged a word. Once or twice, very cautiously, I tried to work my rudder. I

was not obstinate about it. Each time the same sensation, the same feeling of a gentle exhaustion, had come over me.

Dutertre, at work with his camera, always let me know in plenty of time when his photography required that I bank. I would do the best I could with such control of the wheel as was still left to me. I would tilt the plane and pull towards me; and in a dozen or twenty separate efforts I would set her where Dutertre wanted her.

'Altitude?'

'Thirty-three thousand seven.'

I was still thinking of Sagon. Man is always himself. In myself I have never met another than myself. Sagon knew only Sagon. He who dies, dies as he was. In the death of an ordinary miner, it is an ordinary miner who dies. Where is it to be found — that haggard dementia that writers have invented to fascinate us with?

I found myself once half drowned in a seaplane. The ship was a prototype I was testing, and one of her pontoons had come unriveted when I set her down at sea. Somebody seemed to trip me up, I was jolted out of my seat, and I came to, fifteen or twenty feet under water, in a sunken cockpit, bumping against metal objects in total darkness.

I held my breath and felt round for the escape hatch. I was in a hurry, but I had no feeling of panic. Then, unable to get out, I was forced to resign myself to the thought of drowning; but still I felt nothing specific except a kind of remorse, because out there in the world I was expected back. I was myself astonished at my state of mind. 'How simple it is!' I said to myself. For in imagination I had always shuddered at the thought of drowning. The metal, the water, the darkness, I had imagined, surround the drowning pilot like an army. They give him fifty seconds to defeat them; and the emergency, working like a press, draws forth from him a being of an unknown essence.

It was the thought of that phantom

that frightened me. But the press draws forth from you nothing but yourself.

I saw once in Spain a man hauled up, after several days of excavation, out of the cellar of a house that had been destroyed by a bomb. He was blinking, for the daylight hurt his eyes; and men were holding him up, for he was tottering.

A crowd stood round him in silence, and with what seemed to me a sudden timidity. This man, resuscitated almost from the beyond, still covered with the rubble in which he had been buried, half stupefied by suffocation and hunger, seemed like a sort of dim monster. When we grew bold enough to ask him questions, and to our questions he lent a sort of pallid attention, the timidity of the crowd changed to uneasiness. In the eyes of the crowd this man was the master of a forbidding secret.

Those round him tried to unlock his secret with bungling keys — for who is there can formulate the right question? They asked him what he had felt, what he had thought of, what he had done, in that grave. They flung bridges at random across an abyss, like men seeking to reach the night of the mind of one blind and deaf and dumb, and bring him help. But when, finally, he was able to answer, what he said was ‘Yes, I heard a long tearing sound.’ Or he said, ‘I was terribly worried. I was down there a long time. I thought it would never end.’ Or, ‘My back hurt. It hurt pretty badly.’ It was a decent fellow talking only about a decent fellow.

‘What did you think about most? What was most important to you?’

‘I was worried about my watch. It was a wedding present. I couldn’t get my hand into my pocket. I wondered if the cave-in had . . .’

It goes without saying that life had taught this man suffering and impatience, taught him the love of familiar

things. He had made use of the man he was to take account of his universe, though it were the universe of a cave-in in the night. And the fundamental question, the question nobody thought of asking him but which governed all their blundering questions — ‘Who were you? Who surged up in you?’ — this question he would have been unable to answer before time had allowed him little by little to build up the legend of himself. He would have been able to answer only, ‘Why, me . . . myself.’

None can awaken within us a stranger unknown to us. To live is to be slowly born. It would be a bit too easy if we could go about borrowing ready-made souls.

It is true that a sudden illumination may now and then light up a destiny and impel a man in a new direction. But illumination is the vision, suddenly granted the spirit, at the end of a long and gradual preparation. Bit by bit I learned my grammar. I was taught my syntax. My sentiments were awakened. And now suddenly a poem strikes me in the heart. There are indeed circumstances which of a sudden reveal to a man what has slowly been abuilding within him. It would be most astonishing that the recompense of the night-dark village should be awarded a man who had not earned it.

Piloting now my plane, I feel no love; but if, this evening, something is revealed to me, it will be because I shall have carried my heavy stones towards the building of the invisible structure. I am preparing a celebration. I shall not have the right to speak of the sudden apparition in me of another than myself, since it is I who am struggling to awaken that other within me.

There is nothing that I may expect of the hazard of war except this slow preparation. Like grammar, it will repay me later.

(To be continued)

GUNS, NOT CIRCUSES

BY STACY MAY

I

At the beginning of the second century a tight-lipped Roman, Juvenal, rasped his scorn of the frivolity of a populace that demanded both bread and circuses. Generations of schoolboys have accepted, without seeming skepticism, this castigation as fairly symbolic of the cultural decadence which, they were told, was responsible for the fall of Rome.

As Puritanism has lost caste in our day, it has become the fashion to question both the moral interpretation of Rome's decline and the justice of Juvenal's indictment of a democratic demand for circuses along with bread. It has been argued that it is quite reasonable to expect an economic order to provide the general population with pageants for the spirit as well as nourishment for the body. Much may be said for this argument — in ordinary times.

The present times, emphatically, are not ordinary. Today our civilization is being challenged by force of arms quite as fundamentally as was that of Rome. We are faced squarely with the issue of whether or not we have the moral fibre to make whatever sacrifices may be necessary to the building of the guns, and planes, and tanks, and ships upon which the outcome of World War II hangs. Quite literally, our cultural heritage is at stake, and in such circumstances guns become bread, if bread symbolizes that which is of prime importance, and any dispensable thing that interferes with the production of guns must be considered an unwarranted luxury.

It would be well to make four general observations about our defense effort that may serve to keep the overall picture in reasonably accurate perspective. There is particular need for this because of an expansive extravagance that is a peculiarly American characteristic. In public discussion of the defense program to date, there has been a well-nigh universal tendency either to romanticize it as a constructive triumph of unparalleled dimension or to damn it as a miserable and all but complete failure. Neither generalization is true, and public understanding and support have suffered from both exaggerations.

First, then, our achievement to date is a very respectable one in terms of anything we have done in armament production in our recent history. The span of nineteen months, from the start of the effort in June 1940 to the end of December 1941, will show actual expenditures of nearly 20 billions of dollars. This is substantially larger than the accomplishment of a corresponding period from April 1917 through September 1918 in World War I, and formidably larger when allowance is made for the fact that prices averaged almost 50 per cent higher in the earlier period and that the 1917-1918 expenditures included a much higher proportion of food shipments as against munitions production.

Second, there is little doubt that the combined armament production, in overall terms, of the British Empire and the United States (and this leaves Russia's

present production out of the picture) is proceeding at a rate faster than can be matched by Germany and Italy with all the forced drafts they are able to make on the subjugated areas. Furthermore, this advantage will steadily grow as our disproportionately large initial investments in plant and facilities bear fruit in vastly increased output of actual combat equipment.

Third, the problem is not one of merely outproducing Germany in current terms, but of outproducing her by a sufficient margin to make up, in the shortest possible period, for the enormous head start she achieved in the six years from 1934 through 1939, during which her military expenditures exceeded the combined total of Great Britain and the United States by two or two and one-half times.

Fourth, once it is granted that the task calls for maximum effort, then it is clear that comparative achievement must be judged in proportion to relative potentials. It is upon this score that there is just ground for criticizing our 1941 performance. With defense expenditures for the calendar year 1941 approximating 16 billions, we shall have devoted only slightly more than one sixth of a total national income of 92 billions to war effort. If our diversion to this end had been comparable to that of Great Britain or Germany, our 1941 defense expenditures would have been more than 45 billions. Since the conversion of a peacetime economy to military production inevitably takes time, we should criticize ourselves as a nation for not having started sooner quite as much as for not having achieved more in the period in question.

It is not intended to suggest that there is a 45 billion dollar ceiling for our ultimate war effort. Government expenditures tend to push up the national income, and, even upon the basis of the much more modest program covered by our present planning, our national income for the calendar year 1942 seems certain to be in excess of 100 billions. If

we were to make use of today's potential labor force to a degree comparable to that which was achieved in 1917-1918, the resulting national income, according to certain current estimates, would soar to such unprecedented heights that to name the figure would inevitably engender skepticism as to the sobriety of this article.

In any event, our ability to mobilize 50 per cent of a national income beyond a certain figure raises sharply questions as to the availability of requisite industrial materials, fabricating facilities, and skilled labor. Suffice it to say that there would seem to be reason for confidence upon every score in our ability to support a balanced military program of at least the 45 billion dollar level mentioned. An intelligently planned effort of this magnitude, thrown into the balance at the present juncture, not only would set a goal quite beyond the capacity of the Axis powers to match, but would rapidly eat up the initial advantages they have been allowed to effect. If we can produce even more, and we probably can, it will shorten the time needed to achieve a decisive matériel advantage over the Axis. Since months, and even days, are critically important, since every moment of respite allows for a consolidation of position and a mobilization of the conquered areas that will require ever-increasing force to dislodge, the case for doing as much as we can, as quickly as we can, is unanswerable.

II

As soon as we start thinking in terms of an all-out effort, it becomes necessary for us to think at the same time of the readjustments that must be made in our standards of living. No nation in history has ever been able to mobilize half of its production for war purposes and at the same time maintain its population upon a level both equally high and of the precise pattern that obtained in times of peace.

The fact that it is possible even to consider now a military production program of a magnitude comparable to our total national income in the lean years from 1931 through 1935 is an index of the inefficient use made of our economic resources in the recent past. Nevertheless, although our total national income in 1941 will be well beyond twice what it was in 1932 and 1933, we should have been forced to make substantial readjustments in our civilian economy if we had mobilized anything like one half of our production to the defense program in the past year.

Actually, we shall have diverted, by the end of the year 1941, something less than one fifth of our total resources to this purpose. This has been almost exactly covered by the increase of national income over 1940, so that, in production terms, our year's defense program may fairly be said to have cost us nothing but effort. But before attempting to examine in detail what has been happening to our civilian outputs, let us look briefly at what an approximate 50 per cent war effort has meant in Great Britain.

Great Britain has a population a little more than a third of that of the United States, and although under war stimulus she has been able to increase her national income to a point almost 40 per cent over its 1938 level, her 1941 income upon a per capita basis is much less than ours. In dollar terms it will approximate 24 billion dollars against 92 billions for us. Yet her war expenditure, in the current fiscal year that ends for her on March 31, 1942, will amount to almost 60 per cent of her net national income. This accountancy is complicated by the fact that she has been able to finance a substantial proportion of her war effort by drawing upon overseas capital representing past investment, but when due allowance is made for this it still appears that her war expenditures within the British Isles will absorb in the fiscal year something over 45 per cent of her total domestic resources.

To effect this formidable diversion from peacetime to war activity, Great Britain has made drastic cuts in her civilian economy. In the current fiscal year it is estimated that the money value of output for civilian goods, services, investment, and civil government activities will be something like 82 or 83 per cent of what it was in 1938, a mild depression year. With allowance for the rise in prices that has occurred, and on the assumption that they will be held at approximately their present levels, the real value of these civilian outputs in 1938 terms will be well under 70 per cent.

A fair index of what the British public is actually using in the way of commodities is to be found in the statistics of retail trade. In presenting these an adjustment is made for price increases, since they result in smaller quantities of goods for a given expenditure. With 1938 as a base (100 per cent), total retail sales rose to 108.5 per cent in the third quarter of 1939 and fell to 81.5 per cent in the second quarter of 1941; food sales rose to 109.8 per cent in the third quarter of 1939 and fell to just under 85 per cent in the second quarter of 1941; clothing sales rose to 110.3 per cent and fell to 62 per cent in the corresponding quarters.

Clothing rationing was imposed at the end of May 1941. Under this system each individual is allowed sixty-six coupons per year, and must give up a specified number of coupons for each purchase made. The rationing was based upon a calculation of the average person's need for replacement of garments. How strict is the interpretation of what replacement is essential may be judged from the fact that a man newly and fully dressed for winter, with overcoat, suit, shirt, undergarments, socks, collar, tie, two handkerchiefs, gloves, and shoes, carries upon his person 95 per cent of his yearly clothes ration.

Essential foodstuffs and gasoline were rationed before the system was instituted for clothing. What the gasoline ration means is indicated by the fact that the

family of a high-ranking government official of my acquaintance is allowed five gallons each month (five imperial gallons — equivalent to six and a quarter gallons in our measurement), and this allowance is higher than average because the family lives in the country, some five or six miles from the nearest railway station.

Other controls are exercised through a variety of measures restricting the use of raw materials and labor for production judged extraneous to the war effort, through the licensing of imports and the purchase or sale of plant and machinery, and through mandatory powers to confine civilian production to specified establishments, thereby releasing the facilities and labor of their erstwhile competitors for war work. During the current summer, the allocation of steel for all civilian uses amounted to just 6 per cent of the available supply. Since October 1940, the manufacture of civilian automobiles, except for export, has been completely prohibited, and the present export quota, which is tolerated because it brings in needed exchange, amounts to about four hundred cars a month, about one per cent of the number produced in Great Britain in 1938. There is not even provision for the production of maintenance parts for civilian automobiles.

III

'Merrie England' clearly has been willing to tighten the belt of civilian indulgence in order to pursue the grim trade of war and arms. What, meanwhile, have we been doing of like pattern in the United States?

In July 1940, just as the defense effort was getting under way, national income for the month as represented by income payments was approximately 6.3 billion dollars. Total defense disbursements, including Britain's purchases of war matériel upon its own order, were approximately 0.4 billion; margin for civilian uses — 5.9 billions. In September 1941,

total income payments were up to 7.7 billions and defense disbursements were 1.5 billions; civilian margin — 6.2 billions, or just 0.3 billion more than for the period eighteen months before. For the fiscal year 1940, in which income payments totaled 73 billion dollars and defense expenditures for the entire year were only a shade higher than in the single month of September 1941, the civilian margin averaged just under 6 billions per month, or slightly higher than in July 1940 and slightly lower than in September 1941. And the national income in the fiscal year 1940 was the highest that we had achieved since 1929.

It is clear that through the first three quarters of the current calendar year at least there has been no overall sacrifice of civilian consumption for military. In fact, the statement that we have been maintaining the consumers' share of income payments at around 6 billion dollars a month, or 72 billions a year, grossly understates the present consumer position. Under the military expenditures are funds for the maintenance of the armed forces, which now number about two million men, including their food, clothing, and other items normally supplied from the civilian budget. The military disbursements include also considerable expenditures of government funds for new facilities, and not all of these, by any means, are completely specialized for military production. A substantial proportion has been allotted to processing facilities for aluminum, magnesium, steel, and a variety of other metals. These, and probably also an important proportion of the aircraft factories, will fill future use as capital equipment for civilian production.

The point becomes even clearer when we look at the direct evidence of the consumption markets that this year are achieving record highs for all time. Retail sales for the first nine months of 1941 were running 20 per cent higher than for the comparable period in 1940. Currently, they are running at an annual

rate which, with both measured in 1939 dollars, is about 34 per cent higher than retail sales in 1929.

It is not relevant to stress the point that, while the British public has been sharply curtailing its food and clothing expenditures, we have been expanding ours. For there has been no need for us to retrench in these fields, and it is quite likely that there will be no need for us to do so even with a defense effort of a magnitude comparable to Britain's. For we are by far the more self-sufficient country, and happily we do not have Britain's problem of feeding and clothing our people out of imports. But the field of consumers' durable goods is another story. For these, of all civilian purchases, are most directly in competition with military production. They compete for raw materials. They compete for fabricating facilities. They compete for skilled labor. And again we are looking at all-time highs. Consumers' durables sales for 1941, even with the reductions under quotas established for the end of the year, promise to be over 10 per cent higher than in 1940, and 60 per cent higher than in 1935-1936. Sales for refrigerators in 1941 will be higher than ever before — perhaps 15 per cent higher than in 1940, more than twice as large as in 1939, 500 per cent of the 1929 level. Washing machines and ironers will sell 30 per cent above 1940, double the 1929 level. Gas and electric stoves this year will top last year's sales by 15 per cent, 1929 sales by more than 40 per cent. Passenger automobiles will have higher sales for 1941 than in any years except 1929 and 1937, and they probably will be within 3 per cent of the latter year's record. If the automobile companies are able to get sufficient materials to build up to the limit allowed under the announced 50 per cent cut (which is doubtful) their 1942 production will just about equal the level of 1938.

However, let no one think that, because we have not been called upon to

forgo our civilian luxuries to date, we shall not be forced to in the near future. Our defense effort is only now commencing to assume substantial volume. Upon the basis of our presently planned production schedules, defense disbursements for 1942 will about double this year's achievement. That will represent 30 per cent of the augmented national income which may be anticipated as a concomitant of an effort of that proportion.

But, if signs are read correctly, America will not rest with the doubling of an annual 16 billion dollar program. It is not the temper of the administration, the armed services, the men who are working in defense agencies, or the country, to be content with anything less than an effort that is at least comparable to that of those with whom we have cast our lot.

There is no virtue, and much folly, in needless sacrifice, but if we are to pull a proportionate share of the load for which we have assumed responsibility we shall be called upon to make sacrifices aplenty. We shall be forced to divert metals and other industrial materials — drastically — from civilian uses; we shall be forced to make comparably severe diversions of facilities and man power; we shall be forced to work harder and longer, and without interruptions; we shall be forced to do without our accustomed quotas of the new and shiny gadgets that have been the special hallmark of our industrial culture.

Surely we can live, for a time, on our stocks of refrigerators, and toasters, and stoves, and washing machines, and typewriters, and shoe machinery, and printing presses, and steam shovels, and elevators, and office buildings, and even houses. Surely our 27.5 millions of registered passenger cars will carry us over the roads adequately enough for a few years, without the necessity of building millions more. Surely, in this time of world crisis, we shall show the Juvenals of this age that we are able to discriminate between bread and circuses.

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD

BY JOHN GASSNER

I

WRITERS have this in common with adventurers: they are both apt to be highly individual personalities and yet manage to epitomize their age — whether by reflection or contrast is immaterial. Among the personalities of the literary world none is more currently conspicuous than Robert Sherwood, and few are more representative of this age both by their revolts and by their conformities. In the theatre he is not only one of the masters of his craft, but the one playwright in the lobby or in the haunts of the after-theatre set who overshadows celebrities of the acting profession without so much as a word on his part to call attention to himself. In the political world he is, barring Archibald MacLeish, the one writer who has found a place both in the government and in the scrimmage line of public controversy. At once a retiring but potent counselor to President Roosevelt and a formidable trumpeter when he comes out in the open, he has become the terror of the isolationists and appeasers in the present crisis. And he is perhaps most significant, in the casual way in which only Sherwood can be significant, as a phenomenon of the liberal mind at work in our day. He has recapitulated, in the various chapters of a very human and natural life, the evolution of an entire generation once considered lost by Gertrude Stein and hollow by T. S. Eliot.

A more modest man could not have been thrust into the foreground of cur-

rent history. Physically, Robert Sherwood, who stands six feet six or seven inches, is probably the tallest writer in creation, but his simple and retiring character has become proverbial on Broadway's Great White Way. His face seems, at first glance, to have been carved out of New England granite. (Actually he is a New Yorker, having been born in New Rochelle on April 4, 1896.) It is, however, so sensitive that one would be reminded of dolorous things like the voice crying in the wilderness and a prophecy of doom if, measuring the gaunt stalk of body that supports his extraordinarily elongated head, the comic element did not intrude. In truth, Mr. Sherwood bears a striking resemblance to our mental image of Cervantes's Knight of the Woeful Countenance. But that hero was voluble, and Sherwood is famous for his silences, which occur between sentences, words, and even syllables. Then there are also the vaster silences that he spreads over the room like a cloud when the dinner party becomes conversational. Often it seems his shyness simply prevents him from thinking of anything to say; even Bernard Shaw's famed volubility was unable to rouse more than monosyllabic agreement with the sage of Adelphi when Sherwood visited him.

Noel Coward reputedly sized up this phenomenon of reticence by inquiring of the writer's sister, 'What is that nine feet of gloom you call your brother?' Mrs. Sherwood's pet nickname for her

talented husband is 'Old Monotonous.' She got the name from an ill-fated race horse that she backed with unrewarded loyalty.

Nevertheless the subject of this report is greatly maligned, since he is anything but a misanthrope or recluse by inclination. He has, instead, a rich capacity for gayety, possesses a keen sense of humor, and mingles freely in society. His plays, of course, prove conclusively that there is no want of wit in the man. His friendly biographer, S. N. Behrman, reports conversations that would, if more frequent, qualify him for some such title as 'the life of the party.' An example offered by Mr. Behrman is Sherwood's response at the Playwrights' Company to a colleague who wanted a definition of the word 'tenterhooks.' 'They are,' replied Mr. Sherwood, 'the upholstery of the anxious seat.' In the parlors of his intimate friends he will even burst into song-and-dance, earning a reputation for a Fred Astaire rendition of 'When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along,' complete with top hat and cane. Unlike many authors who need a shack in the woods, he can dispense with rustic atmosphere and primeval silences; his friends will affectionately explain that he supplies the latter himself. Sherwood likes to write in offices, finds stimulation in the bustle of Manhattan, and is fond of its round of parties and night clubs. He has also traveled extensively, and nearly always where he could mingle with the world. He married the former Mrs. Marc Connelly in Budapest, and got the suggestion for the blonde troupers of *Idiot's Delight* from American cabaret performers in that normally exuberant capital; he got his idea for *Reunion in Vienna* while visiting Frau Sacher's rendezvous for aristocracy in Vienna; he went to South America about three years ago, has been to London frequently, and has spent many summers in England on a farm in Surrey.

If he has been only intermittently

lively, he has been consistently spirited. There is impulsive Irish blood in his system, from the maternal side, and very good Irish blood at that; he is descended from none other than the famous rebel and martyr of Irish freedom, Robert Emmet. It was the latter's older brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, who established the American branch of the family. A refractory gentleman, he got himself exiled in 1803 to the United States, where he quickly achieved a reputation at the bar that won him plaudits from the formidable Daniel Webster after a trial in which they opposed each other. It is from the equally attenuated and dark-haired Emmets that Sherwood seems to have derived his fighting spirit and resoluteness.

At Milton Academy young Sherwood was accused of setting a building on fire, and at Harvard, in 1914, he lived up to his reputation by reaching the verge of expulsion three times. But he survived, and as an upperclassman found more socially useful channels for his *élan vital* in the Hasty Pudding Club and in the editorship of the *Lampoon*. His parody on *Vanity Fair* in the *Lampoon's* annual burlesque number hit the mark so closely that the veteran editor Frank Crowninshield gave him a position after graduation. The dignity rested rather lightly on his shoulders. When he substituted for the sartorial expert of *Vanity Fair* during the summer he filled his column on what the well-dressed man will wear with some choice fantastication without being found out by anyone but the regular columnist.

It was, however, in more serious manifestations that his vivacity was to leave its mark on American culture and politics. His essential seriousness began to appear in his senior year at Harvard. When the United States went to war with Germany, Sherwood tried to enlist in the American forces. Rejected because of his height, he joined the Canadian Black Watch, a regiment of High-

landers that fitted him out with incongruous kilts. He participated in the defense of Arras and Amiens; he was gassed at Vimy Ridge, and later wounded in both legs. It was not until many months after the war that he could leave the hospital in England to which he had been transferred; his heart was affected, and he was not expected to live long. It was after his convalescence that he joined *Vanity Fair*, and here too his exploits were not wholly undergraduate. A confirmed liberal, he championed Dorothy Parker when the magazine dismissed her for writing unpleasant dramatic criticism. In the company of Robert Benchley he resigned in protest, which took courage, since his family had met with financial reverses. After a misadventure on the *Boston Post*, he finally got himself a berth on *Life*, where he began writing film reviews which set a precedent in this new field of criticism by their incisiveness and later earned him the title of dean of motion-picture reviewers. In 1924 he became an editor of *Life*, and held his post for four years until his sharp jibes at prohibition and President Hoover terminated his editorial career permanently.

II

By then, fortunately, he was already embarked on the playwriting career that brought him repute, motion-picture sales, Hollywood assignments, and earnings that in recent years have saddled him with an annual income-tax approximating \$100,000. He had ample precedent for art and letters in his family. The women on the Emmet side were painters and sculptors, and the playwright's mother will be found listed in *Who's Who* for her accomplishments. The Sherwood side has favored writing and theatre; his grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Wilson Sherwood, was a successful author, and his father, founder of the *Harvard Lampoon* and prominent in Hasty Pudding theatricals, seriously

considered an acting career before he succumbed to the brokerage business. His son began his own literary labors tentatively at the age of thirteen by contributing an essay on Lincoln to a nation-wide school contest.

His first play to see the light was his Hasty Pudding show, *Barnum Was Right*, still remembered with pleasure by contemporaries, and its success no doubt proved to him that he was not unendowed with comic talent. The middle twenties were wonderful years for the purveyors of sophisticated entertainment; therefore, finding himself heavily in debt in 1926, Sherwood tried his hand at a comedy, *The Road to Rome*, in which the amorous wife of the Roman senator Fabius divests Hannibal of his passion for conquest. Produced in 1927, with Jane Cowl and Philip Merivale playing the leading rôles, the comedy proved exceptionally successful, establishing him as a writer of witty dialogue and aligning him with the playwrights who affected a Continental contempt for stuffy respectability.

In December of the same year, the fortunate author tried another fling at humor, with a dramatization of a cynical Ring Lardner story, *The Love Nest*, in which a film director's inebriated wife told what she thought of her successful husband. It failed, and for some time — for four years, in fact — Sherwood found himself in the anticlimactic stage of always falling short of his initial triumph. His third play, *The Queen's Husband*, was a trifle, and *Waterloo Bridge*, a melodrama of a doughboy and an American girl in London, missed fire. Another melodrama, *This Is New York*, written in 1930, also proved disappointing.

From this point on, however, Sherwood was definitely on the upswing. Returning to his original penchant for deflating balloons, in 1931 he wrote the brilliant *Reunion in Vienna*, which the Theatre Guild's favorite couple, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, turned into

an extraordinary success. In this vivid comedy, science was hoist with its own petard when a super-psychoanalyst practically handed over his wife to her former lover as a result of overweening confidence in scientific deduction. The depression having hit the theatre, Sherwood retired to the safer pastures of Hollywood for some years, but by 1935 he was back in New York with another successfully contrived play, the philosophical melodrama, *The Petrified Forest*, for which a sojourn at Reno, which is usually less rewarding, was responsible.

He wrote the play in 1934 during the first four of the customary six weeks of residence, and in January of the next year it was on the New York stage with Leslie Howard playing the part of the suicidal representative of a degenerate era. Although its profundities were imposed on an unconvincing character and plot, the play proved provocative and exciting. Its author — who told Lucius Beebe, in a statement that does not sound wholly penitent, 'The trouble with me is I start with a big message and end up with nothing but a good entertainment' — was not particularly satisfied. He attributed his success to his audiences' partiality for 'two parts of a highly improbable and sentimental romance.' Still he is correct in ascribing the beginning of his career as a serious dramatist to this work; in it he began to give thought to the world's ailments.

He was not entirely reformed in his next play, *Idiot's Delight*, which owed much of its success to Sherwood's comic improvisation around Alfred Lunt, playing an American hooper surrounded by six blonde chorus girls, and the aristocratic pretensions of a red-headed Russian girl from Omaha impersonated by Lynn Fontanne. For all that, *Idiot's Delight* was a deeply stirring work on what Sherwood in 1936 called the 'next world war.' His prescience was justified more quickly perhaps than he expected; the Rhineland was occupied two days

prior to the première of the play in Washington, and the London opening in 1938 was similarly introduced to the British public by the invasion of Austria a few days before.

After a brief interlude during which the increasingly serious-minded playwright adapted the French comedy *Tovarich*, he wrote *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. He had long been interested in Lincoln's story, becoming genuinely absorbed in it through a friendship with Carl Sandburg, which ripened after the latter phoned him one day to compliment him on his motion-picture criticism. Reverence made him put aside what he called his 'fondness for hokum in the theatre.' This episodic chronicle, which opened in the fall of 1938 with Raymond Massey as Lincoln, paid the tribute of simplicity to a simple man; the public took it to its heart instantaneously, and there is a strong probability of its becoming an American classic. The situation of the world having in the meantime grown even more serious, Sherwood remained on the same sober heights when he set down his latest play after being stirred by the invasion of Finland, for which he blamed Germany rather than the Soviet Union.

He was at the time trying to rewrite his London failure, *Acropolis*, a drama of the twilight of Periclean civilization which bore so many parallels to contemporary currents. But the pressure of the immediate world was stronger; after listening to W. L. White's moving Christmas Day broadcast from the Karelian front, he began feverishly to write *There Shall Be No Night*, merely incorporating a speech from *Acropolis* in the new work. The play, which opened on March 29, 1940, proved to be Sherwood's and the Lunts' greatest success; there has never been a week when the receipts fell below \$20,000, and it is still one of the greatest attractions of the theatre. Feeling that this call to arms against Hitlerism should reach other sections of the country, the author

and the producers sent it on a twenty-eight week tour in November 1940. The production traveled over 1600 miles and visited forty-five cities in nineteen states, as well as two provinces in Canada. A second tour, consisting mostly of one-night stands through the South and the Middle West, started in October and will end in Washington on February 28. It has been in all respects more like a crusade than an ordinary tour.

Realizing that, with Russia fighting on the side of the democracies, the political picture has changed since the play was written, Sherwood made minor changes in the text and provided a program note for the production, although the League of American Writers argues that the play provides fuel to isolationists by placing Russia in an unfavorable light and should be withdrawn. After maintaining that the Soviet Union, 'presumably the partner in the crime of Hitler . . . was actually one of his many dupes,' he declares that his purpose was 'to set forth the tragedy of every civilized home in every civilized but unprepared free country which happened to lie in the path of the international assassins. It was, and is, obvious that this play, written by an American for Americans, was intended to say that this same tragedy may come upon us.' A careful check of reviews from the second tour convinces Mr. Sherwood that his audiences' attention is focused on this larger, anti-Nazi significance, rather than on the Finnish campaign.

The play, however, calls attention to an equally important phenomenon: Sherwood's evolution since 1919, which might be termed a chronicle — perhaps better a fever chart — of his generation.

III

Like other men, he returned from the First World War with a changed outlook and some firm convictions. Brought

up to believe that he was a 100 per cent American and a superior being, he discovered some wholesome facts about the community of man in the training camps, trenches, clinks, and hospitals. On one side of him during his convalescence lay an Australian who had been burned horribly by liquid fire; in the bed on the other side he found a South African Jew who was permanently paralyzed by a machine-gun bullet that had lodged in his spine. In addition to developing an intense aversion to war, he became 'internationally-minded,' was convinced that future wars could be avoided by the elimination of excessive nationalism, and was at first enthusiastic about the League of Nations. But his enthusiasm waned under the influence of the Wilson-haters. 'In 1920,' he has written, 'I confess with deep shame, my first vote as an American citizen was cast for Warren G. Harding. Thus, I did my bit in the great betrayal.' His position then was not inconsistent with hatred of war. This hatred he inserted into his plays, as did other fashionable writers of the twenties who vented their disillusionment with cynical vehemence but without much serious attention to the fundamental problem. In *The Road to Rome*, which was typical of his work in the twenties, he delivered himself of such passages as 'You say he is cruel. Is there any soldier who is otherwise?' and a jibe at womenfolk in war who 'sit at home and talk of the great sacrifices they are making.' But the cream of the story lay in fashionable digs at virtue and Babbittism, in gay indifference to national calamity, and in the jest of Hannibal overcome by a beautiful Roman woman and the respectable Fabius saddled with an illegitimate son. Characteristic was the debonair optimism which made Sherwood and his audience believe that a Hannibal could be cured of his lust for conquest by 'the human equation,' here represented by an evening of pleasant adultery.

Then came the stock-market crash of 1929; and the ensuing years of depression, climaxed by the rise of Hitler, rocked the foundations of the civilized world. The proletarian and near-proletarian writers reacted by adopting Marxist social optimism and activism. Sherwood responded, instead, with a philosophy of despair, harking back to 'The Hollow Men' and 'The Waste Land' philosophy of T. S. Eliot. Believing profoundly in spiritual values and in the value of individuality, he could not accept either rationalistic science or collectivism as a solution. He set down their methods, in his preface to *Reunion in Vienna*, as a 'neutralization of nature' which led to a denial of individualism, maintaining that the disciples of both Galileo and Lenin 'are determined to exterminate it and can undoubtedly do so, with the aid of the disciples of Freud.'

He saw civilization and its intellectuals as hopelessly lost, deteriorated in their souls and helpless in the face of a world taken over by the uncivilized. The hero of *The Petrified Forest* (which Sherwood calls 'my first attempt to write a play about my own country in my own time') is a writer who frittered away his talent idling with a rich woman on the Riviera until, lacking something 'worth living for — and dying for,' he asks an obliging gangster to kill him. Self-pityingly he refers to his possessing 'brains without purpose,' and Sherwood, who could not supply him with one, fatalistically ascribed the result to Nature. Intellectual man, described as 'a vanishing race,' thought he had conquered Nature with science, and 'now there is only world-chaos.' 'It's Nature hitting back. Not with the old weapons — floods, plagues, holocausts. . . . She's fighting back with strange instruments called neuroses. She's deliberately afflicting mankind with the jitters. . . . She's taking the world away from the intellectuals and giving it back to the apes.'

Today, having found renewed strength of purpose, the author calls *The Petrified Forest* 'a negative, inconclusive sort of play,' but in 1932 its philosophy seemed to him sufficiently conclusive. He was too close to the hollow men and made them represent the whole intellectual world. The only comfort he could find — in *Acropolis*, which he had written just before — lay in the reflection that the world of the Periclean intellectuals did not after all die completely, since it lived in the memory of man. But here too the intellectuals — Phidias, Pericles, Socrates — were passively losing the world to the apes.

Sherwood's pessimism reached its climax in *Idiot's Delight*. Today he describes it as 'completely American in that it represented a compound of blank pessimism and desperate optimism, of chaos and jazz.' If he intends this derogatorily, he is somewhat unfair to himself, since his fatalistic prediction of a second World War is justified by past and present fact. He also had a better case against the intellectual than before, when he showed the pacifistic labor leader Quillery succumbing to war hysteria and the internationally-minded scientist Waldersee returning to Germany to make poison gas instead of fighting cancer. If the play did not achieve any genuine clarification, this was because of shortcomings that its author shared with his generation. He made no strong effort to analyze causes, contenting himself with an incisive portrait of a munitions magnate and vague references to the fact that the war is 'everybody's fault' or the result of 'God-damned bad management'; and the negativism of the preceding plays still prevailed sufficiently to rule out any positive conclusions other than the hoover's saltily stated faith that 'no matter how much the meek may be bulldozed or gypped, they will eventually inherit the earth' — which hardly helps the meek.

Something, however, happened to the

pessimist at this time. He found his way back to the roots of American life and drew courage from them. His belief in the common man and in the spirit of American democracy became a white flame as he explored the life of Lincoln. It lighted his way not only to that notable play *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* but to a renewed faith in humanitarian striving and the brotherhood of man. Throughout the formative period of this faith, Sherwood had indeed begun to behave quite unlike his passive characters. In his particular craft, he began an active championship of American playwrights against producers in connection with contractual arrangements, became one of the leaders of the Dramatists' Guild, and in 1937 joined Elmer Rice, Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, and the late Sidney Howard in founding the Playwrights' Company with the object of putting on their plays independently. His interest also extended to bringing the professional theatre to all parts of the country, by means of an association for which he tried to raise \$300,000.

In the larger world, Sherwood was at the same time actively concerned with social problems like slum clearance and municipal housing projects, and in politics he became an ardent New Dealer. The writing of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* crystallized his growing realization that the intellectual could have both brains and a purpose. He was voicing his own convictions when he made Lincoln tell the townspeople who were seeing him off to Washington, 'Let us live to prove that we can cultivate the natural world that is about us, and the intellectual and moral world within us, so that we may secure an individual, social and political prosperity, whose course shall be forward, and which, while the earth endures, shall not pass away.'

A year after the play opened, that world was distinctly beginning to pass away, and Hitler's Germany began its

triumphant march across Europe. Sherwood's new-won faith, however, stood him in good stead while others who had once been less pessimistic and passive than he despaired and stood idly by. He became aware that in his American chronicle he had told 'the story of a man of peace who had to face the issue of appeasement or war.' Sherwood went through the same doubts. 'It was,' he wrote, 'a bitter moment for me when I found myself on the same side as the Big Navy enthusiasts.'

In the hero of *There Shall Be No Night*, Dr. Valkonen, he retraced the stages of his own transformation, but he did not wait until he could find dramatic shape for his new convictions. He plunged into the battle as soon as he arrived at them, and after reconsidering his impulse to reënlist in the Canadian Army, which would have relegated him to a desk job at his age, became one of the leaders of the 'Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies.' He wrote its historic advertisement, 'Stop Hitler Now,' on June 10, 1940, and paid the initial cost of \$24,000 out of his own pocket. (He also sent part of his earnings to the Canadian Red Cross, and he gave \$20,000 of his royalties from *There Shall Be No Night* to the Finnish Relief Fund.) With his pen he became the Committee's most formidable propagandist. When Charles Lindbergh's first radio speech called upon Americans to be 'as impersonal as a surgeon with his knife' with respect to the plight of Europe, Sherwood's scathing reply in *Time* branded the sentence an insult to the medical profession and rephrased it as signifying 'We must be as impersonal as the professional mourner, who doesn't lament the seriousness of the plague, or the number of fatalities, as long as it helps his own business.'

He became the leading advocate of Clarence Streit's 'Union Now' proposal at the time of Britain's darkest days, because, as he declared at the mass

meeting at Mecca Temple, it would serve notice on Hitler 'that the power of the English-speaking world was too great for destruction by wanton bombing of British cities.' It was at this critical time, on August 30, 1940, while bombs were rocking London, that he also tried to hearten the English people with a speech over the Canadian Broadcasting Company in which he assured them that America stood by their side in their great trial. It was a bold move on the part of a private individual to promise American aid, and it was made more annoying to isolationists by his denunciation of Messrs. Ford and Lindbergh as machine worshipers who had succumbed to the 'degenerative influence of Hitlerism.' He became a close, if unofficial, associate of President Roosevelt, whom he admires greatly and supported for reelection for a third term; he was slated to be Master of Ceremonies at the inauguration when he was stricken with the flu at the White House. Although no confirmation can be had from him, his frequent presence at the White House has been connected with the preparation of several presidential broadcasts, including the declaration of a state of emergency. In February 1941, there were even rumors of his being appointed

ambassador to the Court of St. James's. This proved unfounded, but he did take a confidential flight to London from which he returned last October. When the draft bill was enacted he took temporary charge of the Committee on Education, Recreation and Community Service of the United States Army. He is now First Assistant to Colonel William Joseph Donovan, Coördinator of Information, occupying himself in a heavily guarded New York building with the important matter of short-wave broadcasting to Europe. He divides his time between his office and Washington.

He may be quietly completing a new play (he is always incommunicative about his playwriting), since he can write extremely rapidly. But there is enough in his diversified activities to occupy two men. The spirited hero of many a fracas since youth finds zest in his work. If he was once one of MacLeish's too severely taxed 'Irresponsibles,' there is no trace of it left today. He is also undoubtedly a happier man. Having emerged at last from the Slough of Despond, he is, like his Dr. Valkonen, convinced of the heroic possibilities in man's spirit and of the truth of the unknown Jewish mystic's assurance that 'there shall be no night there.'

FOUNDATIONS OF THE PEACE

BY HENRY A. WALLACE

(As we gird ourselves for war, it is well to keep in mind the Vice President's ringing statement of how we must build for the peace to come.)

I

IN these days of world crisis, there are many who say, 'Let us have no talk of peace until the war is won.' There are others who have said, 'Let us not think of helping to win the war until the details of the peace are completely settled.' I believe the sensible and constructive course to take is this: Do everything we can to speed our drive for victory, because unless Hitler and his Italian and Japanese partners are defeated there will be only the cold, bleak hopelessness of a new Dark Age. At the same time, think hard and often about the future peace, because unless we and the other democracies have confidence in that peace our resistance to our enemies may not be strong enough to beat them.

Thinking of the future peace, in other words, is not searching for an escape from the stern realities of the present, not taking refuge in airy castles of our minds. From the practical standpoint of putting first things first, at a time when there are not enough hours in a day and every minute counts, planning for the future peace must of necessity be a part of our all-out war program. More than that, the daily actions being taken now by both Britain and ourselves are determining to a large extent the kind of post-war world we can have later on.

It seems almost certain that sometime within the next few years another peace will be written. If it should be a Hitler peace, no one but Hitler and his hench-

men would be allowed any part in writing it. But if, with this country's determined participation and support, the Allies are successful, the world will have a second chance to organize its affairs on a basis of human decency and mutual welfare.

Again, as in 1919, there will be the question of what to do about the world's armies, the question of machinery to prevent new aggression, the question of what to do about national boundaries. And again, as in 1919, at the roots of all these knotty questions will be the fundamental problem of restoring the world's trade and of expanding economic activity so as to improve living standards everywhere.

We are now aware, after our experience of the last twenty-five years, that the most careful delineation of national boundaries is not in itself enough to prevent the world from suffering a repetition of the catastrophe of general war. Nor can this be prevented simply by the establishment of an international league. We know now that the modern world must be recognized for what it is — an economic unit — and that wise arrangements must be made so that trade will be encouraged. The foundations of democracy can be rendered safe only when people everywhere have an opportunity to work and buy and sell with a reasonable assurance that they will be able to enjoy the fruits of their work.

Actually, the seeds of the present

world upheaval were sown in the faulty economic decisions that followed the war of a generation ago. The vast sums of reparations imposed on Germany, however justified they may have been on moral grounds, were an indigestible lump in Europe's financial stomach. The war debts owed to the United States by the Allies were equally a handicap to trade. All over the world, the old international gold standard had broken down, and nothing effective was done to replace or restore it. Europe was left cut up into many small national units, and each of these units was left free to erect tariff and trade barriers as it pleased. Many nations, including our own, tried to buy as little as possible from the rest of the world and to sell as much as possible. European countries that normally bought wheat and meat from overseas shifted their production policies with a view to becoming self-sufficient in food. This not only lowered their own standard of living, but upset the economies of the exporting countries. The United States, newly become a creditor nation, adopted tariff policies which only a debtor nation could hope to live with, and in so doing helped make it certain that the world would go through hell.

The dislocations brought by that first World War and by the unwise management of the peace were especially hard on the raw-material producers of the world. Prices of raw materials are extremely sensitive to changes in demand or supply. Therefore, various groups of raw-material producers, including the farmers, found themselves in serious trouble when their supplies were greater than demand. Wheat, cotton, sugar, coffee, rubber, copper — all these commodities were in chronic world-wide surplus during the post-war period. Producers of these commodities, wherever they were, — in this country, in South America, in the Dutch East Indies, in the British colonies, in other widely scattered areas, — were faced again and again with overproduction, undercon-

sumption, and appalling losses. The fall in raw-material prices and the resulting lack of purchasing power of the raw-material producers became a serious threat to the well-being of countries everywhere.

For ten years after the first World War, the deadly economic malady afflicting the world was covered up by the billions in private loans floated by foreign borrowers in the United States. These loans were usually floated at high rates of interest and used for purposes which, for the most part, did not increase the borrowing countries' ability to pay either the interest or the principal. Thus they produced a temporary, though basically unsound, prosperity. When the stream of loans suddenly dried up, the flimsiness of this prosperity of gaudy tinsel was revealed, and the whole thing came crashing down.

We all are familiar with the sequence of events after 1929 — the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act in this country, the immediate retaliations in Canada and other countries, the failure of the *Credit-Anstalt* in Austria, the German financial collapse, the moratorium on war debts, the departure of England from the gold standard, the British Empire conference at Ottawa and the adoption of Empire preference tariff policies, the world-wide depression, the bank panic in this country, the rise of Hitler in Germany, the gradual loss of prestige by the League of Nations in one crisis after another, and, finally, the outbreak of the present war.

In very truth this nation, during those early post-war years, was sowing the wind by its policies of isolation, high tariffs, unwise foreign loans, and high-pressure sales abroad. It could not avoid reaping the whirlwind. Hindsight is always easier than foresight, and millions of Americans now look back upon those earlier policies as tragically mistaken. It would be a prolongation of the present world agony if, after this war is over, any of us again put blinders on our hindsight.

Spokesmen for the isolationist point of view did not support President Roosevelt in his stand for a peace built around freedom of speech and expression, freedom of worship, freedom from want, and freedom from fear. They were quick to condemn the President for having joined with Winston Churchill in subscribing to the Atlantic Charter. They saw dangerous foreign entanglements in such simple words of the President as these: 'The coöperation which we seek is the coöperation of free countries, working together in a friendly civilized society.'

We may wonder whether the long and bitter fight put up by the isolationists in the decade of the twenties to keep the United States from behaving as if it were part of the world is to be renewed when the time comes for building a new peace. What they do will have an important bearing on political alignments in the United States. The injection of such an issue into politics would ordinarily be nothing of which to complain, for surely the people have a right to choose the policies they want the nation to pursue. But the really serious aspect of the matter is that the whole future not only of this country but of human civilization itself may depend on the ability and willingness of the American people to take the broad view.

For my part, I believe that the American people have profited from their experiences of the last twenty-five years. I believe that they will perceive, with increasingly clear vision, the place of leadership in the world which the United States can scarcely avoid occupying; and that they will support policies and arrangements for sensible coöperation with other countries.

One evidence of the more enlightened point of view is found in the wide understanding of the great practical difficulties in the way of this country's trying to receive billions of dollars in goods and services when the war ends, in exchange for the weapons and food now being

shipped abroad under the Lend-Lease Act. There seems some merit in the often-heard suggestion that the United States will be well repaid if Britain and the other recipients of lend-lease materials enter genuinely, intelligently and wholeheartedly into coöperative relationships to ensure the world's economic and social stability after the war.

II

The peace aims which Roosevelt and Churchill have enumerated are splendid statements of principle. They open up big fields for exploration. The job now is to work out, as definitely as we can while the war is still in progress, practical ways and means for realizing them.

Preliminary studies of some of the expected post-war problems already are being made by the Economic Defense Board and the Cabinet departments whose chiefs are members of that board. This is being done in accordance with the Executive Order of July 30, 1941, which directed the Board to 'make investigation and advise the President on the relationship of economic defense . . . measures to post-war economic reconstruction and on the steps to be taken to protect the trade position of the United States and to expedite the establishment of sound, peacetime international economic relationships.'

Now, what must be considered in establishing such 'sound relationships' in peacetime? There are certain basic facts which cannot be ignored. One of these is the universal necessity of access to raw materials and the need for an economic arrangement to protect the raw-material producers of the world from such violent fluctuation in income as took place after World War I. Another is the indispensability of markets for goods produced. A third is the present existence in all countries of tariffs and other barriers to imports. A fourth is the use of gold as a base for national currencies and as a means of settling inter-

national trade balances. A fifth is the place of credit in stimulating international trade. A sixth is the close relationship between stable national currencies and the exchange of goods and services. A seventh, and most important of all, is the essential rôle of adequate purchasing power within the various countries that are trading with each other—for full employment within nations makes broad trade possible with other nations. All these facts and factors are of prime importance in determining the state of the world's health, and they will naturally form some of the main ingredients of post-war economic planning, if it is to be done on a comprehensive scale.

Each of these aspects of world trade is a vast subject in itself, and I do not have space in this article to discuss them all. However, I do wish to point out that basic to any sensible ordering of the world's economic life is the stabilizing of the production and prices of raw materials.

During the '20s and '30s, when the raw-material producers were in such frequent trouble, various methods were developed to help them adjust themselves to the painful realities of diminishing demand. There were the Stevenson rubber plan, the Chadbourne sugar arrangement, the beginning of an international wheat agreement, and in the United States an Ever Normal Granary program. The plight of the producers was so difficult that in most of these remedies very little effort was made to think about the consumer. More than any of the other plans, the Ever Normal Granary in this country recognized consumer needs by setting up huge stock piles of wheat, cotton, and corn. The stated objective was to carry over the surplus from the fat years to the lean years, thus benefiting the producer in the years of overproduction and very low prices and helping the consumer in years when the supplies otherwise would be short and the prices high. As things

turned out, our Ever Normal Granary stocks of corn made possible our quick and heavy shipments of pork and dairy products to Great Britain during this last year. Those of us who formulated the Ever Normal Granary program had in mind that supplies might eventually be very helpful in case of war. But none of us at that time visualized also how important these supplies might be to the war-stricken territories during the years immediately following the declaration of peace.

As part of the effort to win the peace, I am hoping that what might be called the 'ever normal granary principle' can be established for a number of commodities on a world-wide scale. It will be remembered that the fourth point of the eight points agreed upon by Roosevelt and Churchill in the Atlantic Charter mentioned the enjoying by all the states, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access on equal terms to the raw materials of the world. To give this lofty ideal a more definite substance should be one of our chief objectives in the months that lie immediately ahead. The people of all Europe should feel that there are available, in the United States, in Latin America, and in the British Dominions, tremendous quantities of raw materials which can be used for food, clothing, and shelter within a short time after the war comes to an end.

Thus far, there have been no definite arrangements between the United States and the British Empire or between the United States and Latin America with regard to handling the raw-material problems of the world in such a way as to make for a just peace. A beginning has been made along this line with the international wheat agreement meeting which was held in Washington last July. Nothing has yet been signed, but it is apparent that the United States, Argentina, Canada, and Australia, as well as Great Britain, are moving in the direction of a World Ever Normal Granary, with export quotas and with prices sta-

bilized at a point to be fair to producers and consumers.

The world cotton problem is similar in some ways to the world wheat problem, but less progress has been made toward orderly marketing arrangements for cotton than for wheat.

Huge surpluses of both cotton and wheat are piled up in the exporting countries, waiting to be used whenever the stricken countries are able once more to handle them. Of cotton, there is stored in the United States a supply sufficient to take care of the normal needs of all Europe for at least a year. Of wheat, the United States last July 1 had a carry-over about four times the normal of the '20s, and it is evident that next July 1 the carry-over will be nearly seven times the normal of the '20s. In Canada the situation is somewhat similar, while in Argentina and Australia large surpluses loom for the near future. Four great wheat-exporting nations of the world now have a billion more bushels on hand than they did during the first half of the '20s. This is approximately twice as much wheat as moved in world trade in the years preceding the outbreak of the war. It is enough wheat to feed the entire population of continental Europe for a large part of a year, or to cover the Continent's import requirements for nearly three years.

When the curse of the Nazi mailed fist is at last removed from the stricken countries overseas, the first and most pressing need will be action to bring food to the starving and the undernourished. For this purpose the accumulated surplus stocks of wheat and the increased production of other foods for which farmers are now pushing will be enormously helpful. The pity is that there is no practical way to get this food to these people now without helping the Nazis and thus postponing the day of real liberation of these people from the Nazi yoke.

Besides food, the devastated regions will have urgent need of other materials

and equipment to assist in their reconstruction. Homes, factories, office buildings, schools, churches, highways, railroads, bridges, have been destroyed in large numbers. In the tremendous job of rebuilding which must be undertaken, the United States and the other countries of the Western Hemisphere can play a vital part. Meanwhile, both strategy and humanity will be served if we take every opportunity to let the people of the occupied countries know that we intend to stand behind them in their efforts to get back on their feet. That will give them something to which to cling during their months or years of misery and will speed the day of a Nazi collapse and the emancipation of the world.

The democratic countries are in splendid position to organize themselves for rapid relief work as soon as peace comes. I am confident that we can do this job and do it well. But we must be looking ahead to the longer future and laying plans on more than just a temporary basis.

III

It is now clear that by the end of the war the non-Axis nations will have a greater production of raw materials, a greater output of manufactured products, and a greater number of skilled workers than ever before in their history. Nearly half of their production may be going to the British and American governments by the time Hitler is overthrown. If two such customers were to drop out of the market abruptly, it would break everyone. Business men know this.

We in the democracies must begin to realize, therefore, that if we can afford tremendous sums of money to win the war, we can afford to invest whatever amount it takes to win the peace. If that necessity were accepted today, both here and in England, we could be writing a very important part of the peace now. Both nations could be making contracts

with producers of raw materials throughout the world for delivery of their goods during the war and for several years beyond the armistice at reasonable prices and not at inflated prices. That would sharply reduce the cost of winning the war and give more assurance than any other single action that business is not going to be allowed to collapse after the fighting is over. There would be no better use to which this country's gold could be put than in making such purchases. Many of the goods bought in this manner for post-war delivery would have to be sold on credit by the British and ourselves for reconstruction within the devastated nations.

Just as individuals here and in England are being encouraged to build up future purchasing power for themselves through defense bonds and other devices, so raw-material-producing countries would by means of such a plan as this be accumulating purchasing power in the form of gold. This gold could be used in the future for buying the finished goods of Europe and America.

Not only would the gold which these countries would thereby obtain make it possible for them to buy finished goods of Europe and America, but it could also be used in part to provide much needed strength for their currency and banking systems, and make it possible for them progressively to relax the stringent exchange controls, import quotas, and clearing arrangements which serve so effectively to restrict the flow of goods from country to country. Without adequate gold reserve and without the ability to obtain the kind of credit which can be utilized to pay for imports, a country is greatly handicapped in its conduct of foreign trade, and, in order to prevent its currency from depreciating in the foreign exchange market and its credit from deteriorating, finds itself forced to adopt illiberal trade policies and severe restrictions on its imports. With increased gold holdings countries will be able to pursue more effectively

a policy of stable foreign exchange and liberal trade practices.

If we get the right kind of peace, we are sure to see the whole world within a few years operating on a much higher level of production than ever before and this would of course mean a greater world market for raw materials.

Given the right kind of peace, this prospect of greater world trade is certain to materialize, for it rests on the sure prospect of continued industrialization everywhere. The process of industrialization is the way to attain higher standards of living. Everywhere there are communities that must increase their proportion of people engaged in industry and reduce the number of people engaged in the production of farm products. Even in the United States there are many areas where we want to see as soon as possible a shift in the degree of industrialization. Communities that are now only 40 per cent industrial could, in the course of the next ten years, become perhaps 50 per cent industrial. Similarly, there are many communities in southern Europe, Latin America, and the Pacific countries where that kind of shift would be of tremendous value from the standpoint of raising living standards. For every unit of gain in per capita living standards that a shift to a higher proportion of industrialization would mean in the United States, it would mean proportionately a much greater gain in the countries where industrialization is just begun. One of the difficult problems which we have to face is the need for helping numerous countries shift to increased industrialization without encouraging them to resort to high tariff schedules to accomplish that end.

Fortunately, in many cases the low level of industrialization is not a result of circumstances for which there is no remedy, but a consequence of the scarcity of capital and lack of proper technicians. It should be possible with intelligent effort to help those countries get

both. Such growth in industrialization will assure the raw-material countries, which will be exchanging present production for gold, a continued market for their raw materials far into the future.

Some such program as here suggested might be worked out in collaboration with the British, and the democracies of Europe and Latin America, and put into effect boldly long before we come to an armistice. Probably the English-speaking peoples of the world will have to take the lead in underwriting world prosperity for a generation to come. They must begin now to prove by their actions that they are as interested in winning the peace as they are in winning the war. If this long-term, businesslike purchase of raw materials were working within six months, it would be worth a thousand blueprints at the peace conference. It is one of the ways in which we can build up morale for the struggle ahead. It is one of the ways in which we can build an economic future solid enough to be worth fighting for.

IV

The overthrow of Hitler is only half the battle; we must build a world in which our human and material resources are used to the utmost if we are to win a complete victory. This principle should be fundamental as the world moves to reorganize its affairs. Ways must be found by which the potential abundance of the world can be translated into real wealth and a higher standard of living. Certain minimum standards of food, clothing, and shelter ought to be established, and arrangements ought to be made to guarantee that no one should fall below those standards.

In this country we have already made a start in this direction. Through the food-stamp plan, the cotton-stamp plan, the school-lunch program, the low-cost milk program, and the homemade mattress program, the abundance of the

farms is being put to use instead of being allowed to go to waste. Similar programs are in effect in greater or less degree in a number of South American countries, notably Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, and Chile. In England, the government is subsidizing consumption of certain foods so as to make sure that the population is as well nourished as possible during the time of stress, and to keep the prices as near as possible to the pre-war level. Among the kinds of food subsidized are flour, bread, meat, tea, oatmeal, milk, and orange juice.

Is it not time to recognize that minimum standards of nutrition are as important for growing children as minimum standards of education? Is it not just as important that children should have sound and healthy bodies as that they should have trained minds? If we can afford \$100 a year to educate a child, can't we afford \$15 or \$20 a year to keep that child physically fit for study?

If there is general recognition of this principle, then vast new markets for the world's production can be opened up. Perhaps the various countries can do still more than they have already done with relief distribution programs based primarily on their own domestic products. In certain instances these could be supplemented with foreign-grown products. For example, we could exchange our pork and lard and flour for South America's tropical fruits and cocoa. In terms of the residual balance, the cost of such a program may be less than the financial loss coming from demoralized raw material markets, needy producers, and hungry consumers.

In the field of food, minimum standards would mean that vastly increased quantities of dairy products, poultry products, meat, fruits, and vegetables would have to be produced. This would mean a shift from the production of staples such as wheat.

Perhaps the heavily populated countries of Europe can reorganize their own agriculture along those lines. This would

mean a higher standard of living for their own people, and would restore to producing countries elsewhere the job of producing the wheat that is needed.

I do not mean to imply that I consider such mechanisms as the food and cotton stamp plans the final answer to the problem of assuring an economy of abundance. In that part of the world where democracy and capitalism prevail, the permanent answer lies in finding ways to make our system of production and exchange work more effectively and more consistently. That can be done by removing trade barriers and enlarging markets; by stimulating and guiding investments where they can be productive; by reducing — through appropriate fiscal policy and social security program — the inequalities in incomes, so that a higher and more stable demand for consumers' goods will be attained; by applying advanced techniques and skills to the development of undeveloped areas; by reëquipping our own industrial and transportation system; and by providing to those people in greatest need better housing, schooling, and recreation.

Most people do not want charity. They want paying jobs. They will be able to have paying jobs, with few interruptions, if prices, production, and purchasing power can be held in balance with one another, and the economic machine can be kept running steadily and smoothly. This is the challenge to the

leaders of industry, agriculture, labor, and government. It is a challenge to the highest statesmanship of our own and other nations. Of course there are difficulties and obstacles. Only by recognizing and studying obstacles can they be surmounted. A 'new order' is truly waiting to be created — not the 'new order' which the Nazis talk about and which would cloak the new form of slavery they would impose, but a new order of democracy where security, stability, efficiency, and widely distributed abundance would prevail.

Many persons in the United States are deeply disturbed over the heavy government borrowing and the drastic shifts in our economy made necessary by the defense program. They fear an end of the war almost as much as the war itself, because they believe the return of peace would bring another bad depression. But one of the hopeful signs for the future is the very fact that the possibility of depression is so widely recognized. This increases the chance that action will be taken in time to prevent it or at least cushion the shock. The basis for such action can best be laid now, while the war is still in progress. It must be laid, at least in part, in the plans for expanding and regularizing world trade, world production, world consumption. This is the new frontier, which Americans in the middle of the twentieth century find beckoning them on.

GET DOWN TO CASES

BY GEORGE DE SANTILLANA

'WELL, here we are again,' said my young student disconsolately. 'Saving democracy, restoring democracy. Four points, eight points, the American Century. Do we even react like a vital body? We just keep calling for more of the same. More business, more Open Doors, more of that soothing moralism they call a religion. — But what are you grinning about?'

'Nothing,' I said. 'You just reminded me of an old line: —

'But the oyster loves the dredging song
For she comes of gentle kind.'

'That's no answer.'

'In a way it is. Your despair comes of the discovery that it's easier to plan a good world than a good nation. That's heavy to bear. But it's the only discovery that measures up to the Nazis'. I have always felt a strong respect for the reserve and uncertainty, even coldness, of the younger generation. They have been waiting for something real to be revealed, maybe for some great wave that would be better than the "wave of the future." But meanwhile they were in mortal danger. It's their good luck to be still free to wonder about it.'

'Good luck plus the British.'

'Yes. But it's more than that. Your essential luck is Hitler himself. That man had the greatest strategic position in history, and he is gambling it away. He was able to grab truths right and left for his own use, all the promises and possibilities worked out by our civilization which were lying around like un-

protected valuables. And to face the might of his armies and his ideas and his technic we had only one thing.'

'What is that? The dignity of man?'

'Call it that. And we knew that, because he was killing it, in his hands anything which was a truth would die. No worry about that — and also little comfort in that for the Allies as we know them.'

'Suppose it became a well-established conviction that Hitler had tried to do the right thing in the wrong way. Someone else would start from there. And we'd be left out in the cold.'

'I must say that a few months ago I was almost without hope for Europe and not at all reassured about the American future. The drift in the minds of young Europeans was definitely toward the German legacy. Take even a representative man of the older generation, and one of the most brilliant representatives of European liberal reason, like Ortega y Gasset. You cannot call him a great thinker, but he is one of the most sensitive and mercurial minds of our time. Well, Ortega, even from this hemisphere, has been lured into the German orbit of thought. If Hitler had vanished suddenly, any "rebuilder" of Europe looking for a new start would have had to consider only the German achievements.

'But now things have changed. There is a completely new opening for you. Did you notice what Goebbels had to admit? "We could not stop now, even if we wanted to." Do you realize what that means? He does, fully. It's one of

the most frightening public statements ever uttered. The Germans now know that the treatment they have meted out to the Poles would be in store for them. So they have to go all out, at the risk of total destruction. They are not out any more for some definite order. They're not aiming at establishing something that would become a basis of settlement. They must run after victory in a desperate flight forward, with all means available, tearing down even what they themselves have built up, stoking into the furnace all they have — men, structures, values, allies, potential friends, chances, ideas. No choice. It is not in their power to weigh, to apportion, to establish an understanding with the conquered peoples. New Orders will follow each other into the hopper until the words lose their last shred of meaning. Everything has to go. In the end, there will be nothing left.'

'That's only a way of speaking. There will be four hundred millions of men, women, and children who manage to get along somehow. They will start rebuilding.'

'True,' I replied. 'But also one of those dangerous half-truths on which the mind is apt to rest. Incredibly little is said about people when you say that they are just people. Mankind, in the old word of Humboldt, is "a variety of situations." Each individual lives really outside himself, in his roots, in his connections, in his landscape, in his dreams, in the way he figures out his own life and the world around him. No one is a substantive and independent unit, as the liberal mind unwittingly assumes. I know it is very difficult for an American to imagine the kind of nothingness that I see coming. Even Machiavelli shrank from it: "A man should choose rather to live as a private citizen than to be a ruler through such ruin of populations." Men emptied of their own history, with no inward past, no hope, no bearings, no foundations. . . . And it is already virtually achieved. Men still live on

what is left, morally and physically, but there will be nothing left. This war is grinding the face of Europe, and it is impossible for man to live without a face.

'Of course, as you say, there will be "something." But what? Chaos. A desperate yearning for order, and at the same time an unbridled reliance on brutal self-justice. A passive submission, and screaming, hysterical touchiness. A need for forgetting, and the emergence of a soured national arrogance. Great new ideas on organization, and implacable local hatreds. You will be dealing with Frenchmen suspicious of executive power, of big rackets, of anything. With Spaniards, Poles, Czechs, Serbs, thinking of nothing but revenge. You will be facing Germans coming back from Russia more like wild beasts than men, after years of brutality, emptied of their frenzy, finding children they hardly know and women mated under Gestapo supervision. Just the right situation for telling them, "Now don't do it again; go get yourselves a nice democracy."'

'A hell of a situation.'

'Yes, but also an immense possibility. That is where your sense of an indeterminate future might come in. Of course victorious powers have crushing momentum; they cannot concern themselves with individual situations. What great powers can do is to ensure order and living conditions over great areas, in overall arrangements. But they will have to set up authorities for that end. What comes with it, also unavoidably, is a kind of WPA attitude, a tendency to bank on some expedient ideology that will support the framework. Collectivist, managerial, liberal — the words don't mean much anyway. But the work must go on. Inside that emergency framework, then, the protectors will expect a democracy to come up.'

'Suppose it doesn't?' And by now my student was in earnest.

'But it will. We must believe that the forms of democracy are the only ones that present a show of legitimacy. All

forces and denominations will be struggling for that magic term — if only to resolve the general panic. What I suggest is that right there is the danger point. There is no clear idea in the process, and you cannot give it. Europe has been ground down and pushed around into mass situations. Any kind of normalcy restored from above will be on a new mass basis. Problems involving huge numbers have to be solved, and the statesman is in the position of the physicist dealing with the molecular theory of gases: only statistical averages come under consideration. But, since men are not molecules, what is bound to happen is that the individual will become illegible, even to himself; he will recede into obscurity. You will have the pretense of a democracy in a basically anarchic reality. And meanwhile you will feel that you are dealing with something you know less and less, vast, dark, and threatening, like the ocean at night.'

He looked at me with a strained and puzzled expression.

'Then you say we are right in not wanting to run the world. I've always felt that the most we could do was to supply a minimum of overhead organization and let nations choose for themselves. This time, though, we'd insist on certain guarantees.'

'You are talking like the wise and prudent,' I said. 'And guarantees would be all right. Not many would mind that. But you see how you're already laying down a *Diktat*, all unawares. If you say nations, it'll have to be nations. What the Big Man says goes, at least for a time. And they will all be clinging to your coattails. And there are so many people over there who simply pray that the magic wand will bring back things just as they were before the nightmare. Which means before Munich.'

'Before Vienna, you mean.'

'Oh, really it would have to be before Manchukuo. And of course before Versailles. Which means before 1914. It went like a run in a stocking. If ever

anything evinced and proved conclusively a disinclination to subsist, it is the entities that you mean by nations. Germany solved that problem for you. There is no more going back. That's the end to that story. Even the United States of Europe, under your direct control, would be a step forward from there.'

'But, if not nations, then for heaven's sake what?'

'It is not the word "nation" that I object to. But the way you use that word suggests only one meaning to my mind: "Why don't you go back to what you used to be and leave us in peace?" Which is a truly liberal attitude. People over there won't be slow in getting that meaning. It only shows up your inner contradiction: you feel that your faith is crying out for some real federative structure, but you refuse to envisage its consequences. You will neither put up nor shut up. In the end you will be indistinguishable from the average interventionist, who thinks of the good old League of Nations with teeth in it.'

'I guess you're right. But if the average interventionist is apt to make a mess of things, how do you think the average doubter has a chance?'

'I simply mean that the American without preconceived ideas might contribute a certain element of understanding and restraint that is very necessary. It's going to be a difficult job anyway. The "Britannistic" idea of civilization is universal enough for us all. But it implies a definite concept of society; and on that you're by way of feeling pretty insecure yourselves. Which at least is better than the British left-wingers who think they know. But when it comes to facing actual responsibilities, you'll feel exasperated because you're trying to press home you don't know exactly what, and the other people will find you crude, and you'll get mad at their criticism — with quite good reason, too, because you have a right to feel that your kind of society is a working

concern. Over here. That is because you have more political maturity than almost any other nation. But political maturity happens to be one thing you cannot transmit, and so I predict mutual grievances and great miscomprehension.'

'That's what worries me. We'd have to show them that we respect them, first of all.'

'Now that's just it. Respect is a great thing, but it's apt to pall at times. Things have got more serious than that. Europeans would find it easier to understand the Churchill pride —'

'You mean that you'd rather have us imperialists?'

'No. You don't want to go after customers with dive bombers. I am simply suggesting that such a frigid liberal correctness may be humane, but it isn't quite human. Now get this straight. I think I understand the historical roots of your attitude. America is the place of men who turned their backs on the Old World and its ways; it has a national recoil complex. This complex finds expression in a certain shrinking from what the ancients would have called the forms of magnanimity. It's a recent development, I should say; for in Franklin's and Jefferson's style those forms still ring powerfully. Now the Western World is one great family: it would grant you certain trappings of empire, if only you would come back, speak as man to man and not as one hemisphere to another.'

'Having renounced such a form as would give you a full-bodied reality in the eyes of the world, your personage splits into confusing aspects. At one time you'll appear as the starry-eyed crusader, at another as the policeman with the big stick. You will feed the babies and cram them with vitamins until they come out at their ears, and you will wash and scrub everyone around to an intolerable state of discomfort, and then you will see to it that nations get democracies and ask for loans and raise their standards of living. The masses will stare at you in cross-eyed

puzzlement; in the end they will shrug their shoulders and decide that this is one more big racket.'

'But what can we do, if we *are* insecure and if we do think of the good life in terms of raw materials and the gold exchange standard? There you are.'

'That's a strange idea of your national character. If you are insecure it's largely because you try to think like that. And it makes you afraid both of losing your democracy at home *and* of having revolution in Europe. You believe yourselves caught between the devil and the deep sea, and so you retire into diplomacy — which is, as the wise man said, the lowest form of politeness, because it misquotes the greatest number of people. And so you resort to power policy and premeditation, to stuffy doctrines and government professors. You come forward with Victorian ideas for society and Edwardian ideas for economy. So you'll be looking desperately for the solid middle class that forms a nation as you mean it, and despair at finding only its shadow. And you'll raise and enthrone again the ghost of Parliaments, of social democracy, of trade-unions and manufacturers' associations. For so long as it lasts. Then it will all explode in your face.'

'I wish you would realize that the revolution you dread has already taken place. It began with the invention of the steam engine and it never stopped. And now it is Hitler who is the revolution; he is pushing it down to its ultimate consequences — to total annihilation. He is the triumph and conclusion of all the theories of action that were developed in Europe. He is activism itself. After him there will be no idea left that can be used up for action. There will be nothing left to revolutionize. Only panic and anarchy.'

'Well, now, there is your chance. You come in when everything is lost. You can restore innocence to action, and rightness to repose. You have it in you; it is a kind of elemental brotherhood, simple but very secure. You contribute

that to each other without noticing it. Why don't you do it to others? The Quakers can do it, but what they mean is not enough. Social service does something, but it is by far not enough.'

'Then what?'

'Just the direct approach. There's only one man I know who has stated what Europe needs, and that man is an American. Do you remember E. B. White's ideas about intervention? "The technic of military science will be to meddle with other people's affairs frequently, gallantly, and without warning — but with no ulterior motive. All branches of the service will be shifty, unpredictable, and arbitrary. Equipment will be the most modern and fierce obtainable. The army will be as reckless as a suicide squad, as shifty as an American backfield, as merciful as the Red Cross, as relentless as the Northwest Mounted Police, as swift and terrible as a tank division, as merciful and tender as Tarzan, as chivalrous as a knight."

'You think it funny? Instead of putting your hope in the Weygands and Francos, suppose you had taken the situation in your own hands. Imagine the American battle fleet (nothing less, of course) appearing suddenly before Cadiz or Algiers — or even Palermo — with aircraft carriers, tanks, invasion barges. Imagine landing parties, under cover of the guns, holding up the garrison, bringing in provisions, raiding concentration camps, raining big cheeses over the countryside from hedge-hopping planes — do you think it would still be the Axis that called the tune down there?

'Do you see what I mean now in the

case of a victory? The same combination of qualities. It is not a matter of official promises that nobody believes, but of individual initiative. It's not a matter of discussing how we'll kick the Germans when they are down, but of giving normative value to certain normal things. It is not a matter of plans and programs, but of seeing what people can really accept, what groups and communal structures have already formed, what good minds have found out under the experience of great suffering. People by now have the need of something so miraculous that practical reason and worldly wisdom would vanish on it like a drop of water on red-hot iron. Only friendship and simplicity can be as miraculous as that. Of course not the Rotarian variety. It would involve understanding, and ruthless candor, and a religious way of life.

'Suppose individual people start looking for what *they* can do. Suppose you start working out in individual discussions, over there, what were the essential falsities that were spread around, what are the simple truths that were not really forgotten, as many say, but counterfeited and exploited. What is not remembered in all the planning, I should rather say, is that justice and truth can be fruitful only as free elements.'

'Wait,' he said, with sudden concern. 'Haven't we sort of forgotten the Communists?'

'I was thinking of *your* victory, you know. If it's really yours, it can't be theirs. If you let it slip, it's anybody's, in this mad world of ours. — Well, here's where I get off. Good night.'

TIME'S END

BY ROBERT GIBBONS

THAT year the high river in early July took a good part of the corn crop. We have a saying: 'The river gets one crop in three.' We expect a high river. But we didn't look for the unseasonal rains of August and September. We looked for bright hot days of blue and sun, full of clouds blown up like heaped baskets of cotton, and still hot nights when a sheet to keep mosquitoes off is too much covering. But in that year the rains came in July, and in August, and in September. It was the third bad year for cotton.

The seed sprouted in the opened boll. The sheeptail locks were beaten out of the bolls until the crop lay on the ground, matted with the dirt of the ground and matted with bits of stalk and drying leaves. It was a sorry crop — the cotton gone all to weed first, and then the little fruit of it lying, yellow-mouldy, on the ground when the sun came out again in October.

It was like the end of a time. Especially to me was it like the end of a time. For I felt that I knew when the time had begun to end. It began to end ten years before, when Granddaddy Lipscomb died. It began to end because he had been patriarch to all of us — white and black. He had been the grand old gentleman of Lipscomb's Beat; and he had done all the things that the enlegended gentleman of the Southland is supposed to do. And he had done something more: he had lived out his days upon the land, praying to his atheistic inwardness that the day of the land would return in his own time, and knowing, as he prayed,

that the day was far. When he died, the time that he had fashioned began to end. The family spread like the beads of a broken necklace; and the Negroes spread in the same way.

Even old Mub's many-generationed family disintegrated, though for a time she struggled to hold them there on the land. Old Mub was the oldest Negro in Lipscomb's Beat; and, after the death of Granddaddy, old Mub was the oldest of all — white and black.

Ramon was the first of old Mub's to leave the farm. I didn't blame him. There was little hope of increase on any acre of the plantation, certainly none at all on the lower end, near the river, where Mub had been for seventy years. So when Ramon left I couldn't blame him. But old Mub did. She hitched up a mule to her one-horse wagon, took her shotgun, and went into town, hunting Ramon. She found him at the fertilizer plant, where he had got a job; and she brought him home, back to the land.

Mub didn't go after Ramon the second time. She didn't go after Damon, nor Lena, nor Robelia — nor any of the others. Finally they were all gone — all except Glow. And Glow was the oldest of the 'chilluns.' She was the mother of Ramon and Damon. She herself was an old woman, though she would never, it seemed, be as old as Mub.

In the tenth year after Granddaddy died, old Mub and Glow were still on the place. The year was one of rains and sorry crops. It was the year when the time of Granddaddy Lipscomb, running

down at last, came toward a beaten, washed, and moulded end.

Yet, even as men who sit up with the dead have thoughts very distant from death, so, in that autumn sorriness, we didn't think always about the things lost. There was no way to quit. Year after year the earth grew warm; there was seed to drop. And there was always something in certain men that would not let them rest from seeing the ground grow green, from hoping against the rain or for it, from laboring in the sun and gathering whatever harvest came.

So we decided to turn the whole of the homeland into pasture, except for the part that would grow corn, and decided to do our cotton farming on the Granmere place just on the edge of town. We rented this cottonland under a long lease. It was some of the best in the county. It was rich red-brown dirt, the kind that grows fields heavy-white with long sheeptail locks of cotton. We moved all the tenants except Mub and Glow up to the Granmere place. November went by, and most of December. Still my father had not moved old Mub. I knew that he was waiting because he didn't know how to tell old Mub. And I waited for the day when he would tell me to go and see old Mub and tell her how good the acres were on the Granmere place. He waited and I waited — into December.

Late of a December afternoon I turned my car out of the highway and into the field road that wandered, after a long time, to old Mub's shack. The afternoon was hazy with fog and with smoke from woods fires. Where the land sloped downward toward the river, the evening deepened until there was a sadness about it that suited the quality of the time. I hunched my shoulders as I drove. The weather was not cold, but there was a chill in the air. It was making for the usual Christmas drizzle, I guessed.

Mub was on the porch of her shack when I drove into the little unworked

spot around the house that was called 'yard.' Seeing Mub there, seeing her sitting there in her short-legged, hide-bottomed chair, seeing the voluminous checkered gingham about her little bony body, seeing her wrinkled and now ageless face, I was struck with the unchangingness of her. It seemed there had been no change in Mub for as long as I could remember. And I could remember as far back as when I, rompered and barefooted, came and played in the yard with Ramon and Damon. Now, in the same toothless mumble with which she used to say, 'Ain' you 'shame', wettin' yo' new britches? Whyn't you say?' — with the same old pink-gummed chewing of words she said to me, 'Whut you doin' in 'is low-life swamp, suh?'

I got out of the car. I got out very slowly. I said, 'No reason, Mub. No reason. Nothing in particular. Just riding about.' I laughed as I reached the porch. Then I propped one foot on the porch, masterfully, the way I had seen Granddaddy and my father do many a time.

Mub pushed her lips together until they stuck away from her face like two thick stubby tongues. She chewed her gums. We used to say that she was 'mubbing' her words against her gums before she said them, because when she said words it was as if she had 'mubbed' them over before saying them. Finally she said, 'Cain' tell me, cain' tell ol' Mub! Ain' nobody go' no bizniss 'way down in 'is swamp, not now. Use' to have, though. Lotta bizniss.' She ended her words in thin high cackling laughter. Her laughter stopped. Her face resumed its sunken quietness.

I said, 'Where's Glow?'

Mub looked away into the house, and then said, 'Fixin' us a little somepin' t'eat. You come to see Glow?'

'No. I was just riding about and had a little something to tell you.'

'Tell me?'

'Yes.'

I took out my knife, opened it, and began to whet the blade on my boot.

'Ain' takin' no knife t' ol' Mub, I hopes.' She laughed the high cackle.

I said, 'Yeah, sure,' in such a way she'd know I didn't mean it. I dropped the knife, point first, toward the floor of the porch. The point went into the gray boarding; and the board was so loose that it shook with the knife in it.

'You goin' to teah up ol' Mub's house, if you don't min' out theah, suh.'

I laughed and pulled the knife loose and looked at the point of it.

'Whut you come to tell ol' Mub?'

I sat down on the porch and leaned against one of the two-by-four scantlings that supported the porch roof. I did not look at old Mub. I looked across the fields toward the river, where, in the low places, it was already almost night. I said, 'Nearly about everybody on this plantation has moved up on the Granmere place, up near town.'

I did not look at Mub. She said, 'White folks ain' move' out t' big house, is they? Ain' yawl still livin' theah?'

I laughed quietly. 'Oh sure . . . sure.'

I waited.

Mub said, 'I thought yawl still in the big house.'

She waited.

I looked around at her and saw that she had been looking into the low places near the river the way I had. Her eyes shifted slowly until they were looking at me. They were big and globular, like animal eyes. They blinked once at me; then they closed. Mub still waited.

I said, 'Good land on that Granmere place, Mub, good land. It'll beat this land around here, going and coming.' I laughed, and waved my hand toward the low dark acres. 'Take ten acres of this stuff to raise a good fight. Not fit for cotton — corn either, most of it.'

I watched Mub's eyes. They flickered like a chicken's eyes, but they did not open. I was glad. I said, 'Good little house up on the Granmere place, Mub. Heap better'n this house.' Mub leaned forward and put her chin in her pink-brown palms. She chewed a long time.

Her eyes were still shut. She said, 'Whut yawl aim to do wi' this place?'

I threw my feet to the ground, and as I did I dropped my knife. It fell into the little valley that years and years of rain-drops, falling from the eaves, had fashioned. I picked up the knife. I said, vigorously, 'This land'll make a fine pasture. I can just see a herd of white-face' stuff out yonder, deep in good clover.'

I made a bleating sound like a calf. Then I laughed and said, 'Hear 'em?'

I looked at Mub. She was looking across the fields, trying to see the white-faced stuff, not seeing it.

'Yo' paw say us got to move?'

I said, 'Why, you and Glow will get rich up on that good cottonland!'

'When yo' paw say us got to move?'

I flicked my knife downward. The point plunged into the gray dirt. Still stooping to retrieve the knife, I grunted, 'Papa said he could get Curtis Roper to haul you next Friday morning — early.'

I sliced the ground. The metal and dirt made a gritty sound on each other. I said, 'You can tell this land's soured. Too many rivers over it, too many high rivers.'

Mub mumbled deeply, 'High water come one time in duh spring, run me out. Spent t' night in 'at big water oak yonner. Long time ago, when Ramon and Damon wuz chillun. Me'n' Glow yonner all night in 'at big tree, huh wi' Damon an' me wi' Ramon. But us made a crop 'at year.'

While I listened to her, I became suddenly aware of Glow. I did not know how long she had been standing in the shadow of the doorway, listening.

I said, 'Evening, Glow.'

She came two steps out upon the porch. She said, 'Evenin', Mist' John.'

Mub turned her head. 'I thought you cookin' us somepin' t' eat.'

Glow was as old as my father, but she was not old. She was tall and bronzen and proud. She lifted herself slightly in herself and said to Mub, 'It ready.'

Her voice did not go with her angle of

head. She looked from Mub to me, and said, 'You comin' wi' that Curtis Roper?'

Mub said quickly, 'Co'se he comin' wi' Mist' Curt, Glow. Now you lemme talk.'

Glow said, 'Hunh,' in a thick way that did not go with her long brown face and tall proudness. She stepped backward toward the door. Her eyes were on something behind and beyond me. I glanced over my shoulder and saw the great-boughed oak where Glow and Mub had stayed the night a long time ago.

I said, 'You never told me about that high water, Mub, the one that ran you into the tree — like a monkey.' I laughed.

Glow didn't laugh, nor Mub. Mub said, 'Lot I ain' tol' you, Mist' John. Lot 'at nobody 'cept me and dead folks don' know.'

From the doorway Glow said, 'Glow ain' dead! Glow know all you know.'

'Hush up yo' mouf, woman! Go on in 'at house to yo' kitchen!'

Glow said, 'Hunh!' again. But she left the doorway; and there was no way of knowing whether she was still in the shadows, because, even if she had gone into the kitchen, her bare feet would have made only a whishing sound that we should not have heard. So I looked for Mub's feet and saw that she was barefooted, too. Her feet, like five-headed flat things frightened of me, were almost hidden under the great gingham skirt. The toes were broad and were hard-shelled with big gray-pink nails.

Mub said, 'Yeah, Mist' John, lot I done seen since I bin heah. I bin heah so long hit seem lak I owns dis lan'. Hit seem lak I bin heah turr'ble long, plantin' an' wukkin' an' takin' in, walkin' dem furr's, tennin' dis lan'. 'Clah, hit seem lak I bin heah fuh-evuh!'

Both of us were quiet under the sombre tones that had been her own speaking. It seemed that while we were silent the evening drew deep shadows

out of the riverland and pulled them around the house and around us.

I said, 'I better be getting on back, Mub.'

She said, 'Dis low-life swamp no place fuh folks after night come on.'

I said, 'I bet you'll be glad to get out of it.'

She didn't answer. I moved in the deep twilight toward my car. I heard her getting to her feet laboriously, agedly. Then she said, 'You bettah be sho' an' come wi' dat Mist' Curt. He ain' no man to git on right wi' nigger folks.'

I didn't say anything. I didn't need to. She knew I'd come with Curtis. She knew I'd be there early Friday morning, helping Curtis move her out of the low-life swamp and into the high red-brown cottonland.

The last of night and first of morning had a strange brooding quality in it when Curtis and I turned out of the highway and into the field road that would wander until it came to Mub's cabin. In the east, toward which we rode, there were some stars, curiously near and bright against the soft sky. The air was moist and chilled. It had a sharp quality that burned in the lungs.

Curtis found a cigarette in the pocket of his leather jacket. 'Got a match?' he said.

'Yeah,' I said.

'Have a cigarette?' Curtis said.

'Nope — just had,' I said.

The big truck bumped over the field road. Its pointing headlights swept in a huge arc as we turned at a section corner and started southward down a land line. The fields were drab and dead under the white light.

I said, 'Lot of difference in land between December and April.'

Curt laughed harshly. He struck the match I had given him. The flaring flame boxed in the cab with light, boxed it in from the half-light in the world around. I glanced at Curt; saw his sharp features, the tight certainty of

mouth, the little dark eyes, the thin beakish nose; saw the things about him that had always made me hate him a little; saw again the expression that to me was cruelty.

Then the match went out, and the world spread away in dawn before us again.

Curt said, 'Damn the land and farming and all that's tied up in it. Gimme a good truck and a load to haul.' He laughed again, and then dragged deeply at his cigarette.

I said, 'I guess we've been over that enough. I know what you like: something brainless, something that doesn't grow and hasn't got any feeling, something like a hunk of machinery to push up and down a highway all day long, something that don't ever change in a natural sort of way.'

Curt puffed a huge cloud of smoke into the cab. 'Aw hell, John! You sound like Granddaddy Lipscomb!'

'What's wrong with that?'

'Hell, hell! Skip it!'

We dropped into a sudden strained silence that was yet full of the rumbling of the truck.

Then the lights of the truck pictured the box cabin sharply as we came down the field road toward it. The gray weathered boards, the yellow clay-stone chimney and pillars, the well box near the back, the wooden-shuttered windows, the shingled roof with the shingles dry and curling away like old, old feathers.

Curtis laughed shortly, harshly, in a grunting of air.

'What?' I said.

'I was thinking — the difference between that shack and the one on the Granmere place. They'll have to get use' to it. It'll be like movin' into the big house.' He laughed again.

I said, 'Yeah, there's a big difference.'

The truck rolled to a stop in the little yard. Curt looked about.

'Tryin' to figger how to back up to that porch. Ain't much turning room.'

He pulled forward until the front bumper of the truck approached the bole of the ancient chinaberry tree. The cab top scraped in the lower limbs, cracked one of them with a sharp explosive sound.

Curt laughed. 'Wreck the damn' joint, won't we?'

The truck moved backward on the little house until finally the body ground with a scraping, then a crunching sound against the porch.

'You needn't tear it up,' I said.

'Why not?' Curt laughed. 'This baby would push that matchbox right over.'

I reached down in the dimness and turned the switch key. 'Think you're a damned tank unit?' I said.

'Aw, go to hell, John,' he grumbled.

We got out.

The morning was velvet-soft and quiet about us, now that the motor was stilled. The east was beginning to take shape in dimness.

They had come out upon the porch — Mub and Glow. They were dark shadows, watchful, mysterious.

Curt spoke first. 'Betcha ain't got half a load, Mub.'

They said nothing. Their silence was cutting and impious to Curt.

'Ain't you two damn' niggers awake yet? Good morning,' he said, commandingly.

They mumbled in low sullen tones.

Curt said to me, 'Them niggers better not mess with old Curt.'

He climbed onto the porch; snapped on his flashlight, switched the beam of light about as if it were a pointing, imperious finger; strode past the two women, and went into the shack. His booted feet made loose boards rattle.

I climbed onto the porch. Glow took a step forward. 'Mist' John?'

Mub turned on her. 'You, Glow, hush!'

Glow didn't shrink away. But she was silent.

Curtis came out upon the porch again. 'No more stuff than they got, John,

we could knock down the house an' carry it along, too. Let's get it loaded.'

He flashed the beam of light aimlessly around the yard and the porch. Then he said, 'One of you hold this light for us.'

He stepped toward Glow, shoved the light at her. He was watching Mub. I was watching Glow. For a moment I thought she would brain him with that heavy light. I tensed inside myself, almost jumped to catch her hand.

Then it was over. The moment was gone. I said, 'It's getting so light out here we don't need much of a light.'

Curt said, 'It's blacker 'n the inside of a cow in there. Well, let's go, Johnnie. I ain't got the whole damn' day, you know.'

It seemed that, for a long stretching moment, the four of us were there upon that little porch in the freshness and the half-light of early morning, listening, all four of us, to the heavy nothingness of the time and the place.

Then, a cautious touch was on my arm. I turned. Mub, shrunken and old, looked up at me.

'Mist' John?'

'What?' I said, a curious tightness in my throat.

'Hit look lak I jes' cain' do it nohow.'

'What?'

'Seem lak I bin heah too long — done growed roots — an' cain' pull loose.'

Her eyes were wide and wondering.

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'I jes' cain' leave dis heah place, Mist' John, not noway. Got to stay heah till I dies. Hit seem lak I bawn to live an' die heah, right heah.'

Curtis's short rough laugh rocked jarringly against the calm deep tones of her voice. I looked at him and said suddenly, 'Shut up!' He hushed.

Glow opened her mouth to add words. But Mub put up bony brown fingers. 'Lemme talk, hon.'

I said, 'You mean you're going to stay in this place — starving, losing out, making failures — when you got ten acres of the Granmere place waiting?'

Her gums showed, pinkish-dark and old. She said, 'Seem lak I bin heah so long I owns dis lan'. Hit seem lak I b'longs heah. I been heah so turr'ble long.'

Curtis's booted feet took heavy steps toward us. He stood directly before me. 'You mean you're goin' to stand up there and let that black nigger witch tell you what she's goin' to do and ain't goin' to do?'

His voice grated against the early part of the day; and the masterful way his thumb hung in his belt angered me. I hated him now as much as I had ever hated him, as much as when we were twelve and thirteen and he was the bully among all of us cousins, all of us grandsons and granddaughters of the one man called Lipscomb. I hated him too for being a truck driver who made more money at truck driving than I did at farming.

I said, 'Keep your mouth shut, or take that damned truck and get it off this place!'

He looked at me in surprise — and silence. His thin mouth opened slightly.

At my elbow Mub said, 'I di'n't mean no harm! I di'n't mean no harm! Hit jes' heah in my soul. Cain' lea' dis place.' In her voice was strange puzzlement at her own certainty of feeling.

Curtis, crouched in front of me, was saying, 'Maybe you want to put me and my damned truck off. Hunh?'

Mub's breath jumped into her. 'Oh, Lawd, Lawd! Don't yawl fight heah on ol' Mub's porch! Oh, Lawd!' She pulled at my arm. I shook her loose.

A new feeling was in me: I felt that there was strength enough in me to put him off. I hated him enough for that.

Mub wailed, 'Ol' Mub'll leave heah! Ol' Mub'll lea' dis place, if yawl'll quit yawl's fightin'.'

'Glow ain' leavin'. Glow stayin'.'

The voice of the tall bronze woman was hard and prideful. All of us looked at her.

Mub said, 'Glow, chile!' There was fear in Mub's voice.

Curtis stepped toward Glow. 'Gimme that flashlight!'

'I'll gi' it to you side yo' head.'

I said, 'Glow!'

She didn't look at me.

All three of us sprang together at Glow. Curtis reached her. A swift movement of his hand — he wrenched the light from her, struck at her. She raised an arm. The light glanced off it. Curtis stepped back.

'White-blooded ——!' he said.

She stood away from him, taller than he was, prouder than he. Her lips curled as in a smile. But there was no smile in her voice. She said, 'Maybe I white-blood', maybe I ——. But I mo' Lips-comb than you.'

I caught his arm as it went up. I said, 'Don't hit my niggers, Curtis!'

He whirled, jerked loose, made for me. I swung. And I felt the thing I had always wanted to feel: the hard gristly grinding of my knuckles into the giving flesh of his face. I struck again with my right, and caught the descending flash-light on my left forearm. The arm went dead. But I swung again with my right; saw him stagger down the loose boards of the porch toward the edge, and hit him again as he fell away from me toward the ground.

He reached for his knife as he got up. Swiftly I brought my own out, heard the metallic click of the blade, saw the momentary flash of moving light on the shiny steel. I waited for him to come toward the porch.

He stood there in the yard, blood showing around his mouth. When he spoke the blood in his mouth made him blubber as if he were crying. But he wasn't crying. He said, 'Don't come at me, Johnnie. I'll cut you' th'oat — like a pig.'

He backed away from the house. He said, 'You can get some nigger-lover to move 'em, but not me.'

He spat blood onto the ground.

None of us said anything to him. We watched him leave. The throbbing

motor of the truck beat against us like a huge mechanical heart. Then, after we had waited, silent, long enough, the truck was gone, bumping up the field.

I stepped down to the ground. I said, 'Dammit, Mub, I guess you'll have to stay here and starve and climb trees to get out of high water. Being as you're so hell-bent on it, I don't give a damn. Papa won't either. He'll hope you drown.'

I looked up at Mub. Her ageless crinkled face smiled foolishly on me. 'Yassah, Mist' John, hit purty turr'ble in 'is low-life swamp — purty turr'ble.'

I picked up a splintered piece of the porch and began to whittle at it. I didn't look at Glow, or say anything to her. I had only the impression of her, quiet, tall, bronze, standing behind old Mub.

I said, 'I'll get on back,' and turned, and started walking across the yard toward the field road.

The road went up a slope, and on each side of the road were the brown dead fields of December. In the sorrieness of the fields there was the end of a time. But as I went up the slope the day broadened and was liquid pale over the land, and the east reddened toward sunrise. And there was a feeling in me that there was a something which would not die, even when December was in the land and spring was far through frost and desolation from us. This was time's end; but the end was a bitter, fighting end. And there would remain something enough to reclaim the land and make of it earth again.

At the top of the slope I turned and looked back toward the house of Mub and Glow. I saw them go slowly from the porch into the house — the tall woman first; the little ageless one last: both of them old and going toward death there on the land that was theirs because they had lived out their days upon it.

And I was glad. For I was young and full of strength, and the morning was bright in the land.

TEN WERE SUNK

BY A CONVOY GUNNER

I

THE saloon buzzed faintly, and warm air drifted in through the open ports. On deck the sun shone; a solid shaft came through the central port and scattered itself among the knives and forks, reflected from the bald patch on the mate's head, dazzled his eyes, and spilled over his plate. The bald patch was brown and weatherbeaten, with a small fuzz of light hairs beginning to grow again, impeding the progress of a fly adventuring there. The fly, exploring outwards from the smooth centre, was beginning to get bogged amongst the stubble when the steward came in and flashed a plate onto the table, upsetting the fly into a clumsy retreat.

'Salt fish or mince collops, sir?'

'Mince collops,' I said, rather too definitely, for the Captain turned on me inquiringly. 'Nice bit of salt fish, this,' he said.

'I don't like salt fish very much, sir,' and, feeling rather strongly about it, added, 'At least not this sort of salt fish.'

The Captain looked hurt, as though I had implied that he salted the fish himself. 'It's the same sort they have at home,' he said. 'They eat barrels of it in Cardiff. Why, at Easter time the fish-mongers run out — can't get enough of it.'

I thought of the people of Cardiff, and Lent, and looked at the rapidly disappearing piece of greasy yellow ling on the Captain's plate, shuddered at the vicious smell (like a fish-shop dustbin on a hot

day), and decided there was maybe more in the remark than was at first apparent.

I started eating my collops, while the Captain swiveled his chair and went out muttering, 'Barrels of it.' The second was also eating it with relish.

'I don't believe for a minute that any ordinary person could eat that fish,' I said. 'It must be some other sort of salt fish they live on in Cardiff — the smell alone, apart from the look of it, would convince anyone it was bad, without having to taste it.'

'It's no worse than some sorts of cheese,' said the mate.

'No,' I said, getting warmed up a bit, 'but most sorts of cheese at least don't taste the same way they smell, and this is exactly —' The raucous noise of the klaxon came down from the bridge, calling us to action stations. We all gulped our tea and ran for tin hats.

On the bridge the sun shone warm for a moment on our backs and then disappeared behind a cloud. We had come to look on clouds as abetting the enemy, and I felt a cold shiver not altogether due to the sudden shadow cast over us — it might well be a more sinister shadow we were sailing into. All day long we had been on the alert, with enemy planes hovering around the horizon, waiting for a chance to break through the ring of escorting craft. We were the biggest ship in this convoy, and an obvious target if the chance came. Our own *Catalina* toured around too, on an inner

circuit, but her job is submarines, and not enemy aircraft.

There appeared to be two aeroplanes this time, moving in opposite directions, only still a longish way off. The sun came out again, and warmed me as I stood tin-hatted in the starboard bridge gun position. The gun was shiny blue steel, sleek like the back of a porpoise, and seemed firm and efficient and quite friendly. The grip was warm in my hand as I checked the strips of bullets, with their pale harmless-looking silver heads, and saw the tiny pin was pushed out to show they were properly pressed home and ready for action.

I swiveled the gun round a time or two, squinted through the sights, and then concentrated on the enemy planes. They looked like Heinkels, and were still manoeuvring a long way off, though not quite so aimlessly as before, I thought.

The ship was spread out below me, gently wallowing along in a slight swell, looking very quiet in the sun, the worn decks slightly polished by years of feet and weather — more than twenty-five years in all the oceans and every sort of weather, from tropical sun which made them too hot for rubber shoes to icy blizzards blowing from the Poles, coating them with frozen spray; sometimes deep in green foaming water or wet from warm English rain. And in one minute, or five minutes' time, they might be a mass of twisted steel and fire. I tried hard to realize that — to get some sort of perspective into what might happen, some sense of immediacy. In wartime at sea this thing and many others may happen without warning, and everyone who goes to sea knows it — and yet no one really seems to know it at all.

I felt that if only I could really grasp that in no time at all this thing might happen to us I should have captured some sense of reality, and connected two things which always eluded connection. Perhaps the ship with all its experience was too impersonal a subject for such a

revelation, and I had better try and apply it to myself.

Then one of the planes turned inwards towards the centre of its circle, and another cloud passed overhead. Behind me they were anxiously looking for the second plane, which disappeared while we were watching the first. Then the cloud moved away from the sun, the hum turned to a whine, and what had been a mere minnow on the horizon emerged as a great silver bird, getting larger and larger. 'Fire a little ahead,' I thought, 'so he'll fly into it — that must be five hundred yards. This is it!' Suddenly I pressed the trigger, and everything seemed to open up at once; I heard only the first stuttering explosion in the general roar.

As I swung my gun into an upright position I saw what looked like a flight of swallows coming towards us, but my brain didn't connect until I saw a huge fountain of sea rise up just beyond us and blot out the rest of our line. What had been smooth blue swell was sprouting white mushrooms round a giant pillar of foam, as machine-gun and cannon shells overshot their mark. 'Missed,' I thought, and, while the word filled my mind, jammed another strip into the gun, clicked the bolt to 'automatic,' pointed it to starboard, and eased the strap of my tin hat under my chin.

The second plane had disappeared into the cloud, stretching away over the starboard beam, and in another second or two would break the edge of the cloud as he stooped down on us. I could no longer hear the engines. I saw the sun on the edge of the gun pit; the ochre paint looked dry and bleached, the rivet heads cast long shadows; over the edge, far below, was blue sea smudged with white.

I thought, 'In a few seconds from now you may have ceased to exist; what are you thinking about?' Another level of consciousness suddenly flashed horrible mutilated images across my mind, to be immediately suppressed by the stronger

questioning one, trying to find some connection between the present and eternity. There was no connection at all — the sun and the color of the sea, perhaps, the rounding off of a story in someone else's mind, which had been part of my mind, the only realities. This silver shape that was even now emerging, growing larger, aiming a death that would tear us to pieces if it could, was completely impersonal, rather beautiful, and incredibly vivid now, a black silhouette against the sun, hanging in space, forever crystallized in my mind — as impersonal as the gun I held pouring bullets up at it in a fiery stream. And then a noise arose out of all that blanket of noise, engulfing me, and I was no longer holding the gun, but picking myself up from the corner of the gun pit, wiping something from my eyes, all I could see a tower of brown streaked with white, and then away above it the silver shape tipped on its side, zigzagging across the sky. . . . The tower of water gradually subsided, as the ship shook herself and appeared again, still a ship. Across her crooked wake a huge brown patch settled down and spread out, smaller ones away beyond it.

The planes were rapidly becoming minnows again, chased by little puffs of smoke. A great humming silence seemed spread over everything. The rest of the convoy looked completely as usual; a lamp began to flash from the Commodore: 'C-o-n-g-r . . . ' 'Congratulations,' and again 'Congratulations.' Someone handed me the lamp, and I flashed back at him: 'Thanks.' 'Should have said, "Thank you,"' I thought. 'Nice of him — very nice of him.'

'The Commodore sends his congratulations, sir,' I said. The Captain's face slowly came unfrozen, and he looked pleased. An escort was flashing from astern — I missed the beginning. 'Do you want us?' I said. 'Yes,' he flashed back, 'have you sustained any damage?' 'No,' I said, 'I don't think so' — I remembered 'Thank you' this time. All

over the ship men were talking in little groups.

Some of them fired in the air with imaginary guns, made swooping movements with their hands; all the ones from the starboard guns had their faces blotched with dried brown patches of cordite and sea water. (The two Heinkels had dropped all their bombs and gone away. Their machine guns and cannon had all gone wide; we must have embarrassed their gunners a little.) I turned round and found I could hear with my other ear. The mate was grinning broadly and gesticulating — 'Like a bluebottle fly,' he said. 'He pulled out and buzzed off like a bluebottle fly.'

I joined the group, taking off my tin hat and letting the breeze blow through my hair, smiling happily at the image the mate had conjured up. Nothing had happened to us. The sun still shone and the ship had steadied on her course again — that dark silhouette against the sun, which had been the last thing reflected in so many dead eyes, had already mixed its identity with the bluebottle fly of the mate's fancy. These things happened to some people, but not really to us. We went below to try to restore order to our cabins, and talked until the sun went down; as it sank the Commodore's submarine flag went up. We felt a little proud about the message he had flashed to us, as though in some way we were responsible. We hoped at least they had taken some of our bullets back with them, and we had kept on firing. This Commodore was easy on the flags, too — the sort of commodore we liked.

II

It was a lovely evening, warm with a cool breeze, and magnificent banks of annuli round the horizon, gray and white and gold, with a pale turquoise-blue background getting deeper as it rose towards us — away on the starboard side an opalescent mist over everything, a thin veil from crimson to blue

rising from the sea, and, following it, darkness. It moved in an arc above us, and slowly dropped its veil before the golden mountains, turning the green sky blue and then purple, the darkness from below following it until the last spark died; the mountains of cloud became pale gray shapes, and night had swallowed the last of the day.

It was a night of star shells, bursting torpedoes, and thudding depth charges. In the morning the Commodore had gone; all that marked his going had been a small flurry of bobbing white lights in the water — a very small flurry, hardly any sound after the double explosion, only star shells going up around and ahead of us.

The Commodore and more than a hundred with him — most of them still in their bunks, with that last magnificent sunset tight behind their closed eyelids, I hoped. The two torpedoes had done their deadly work so quickly that perhaps for most of them there had been no time for that last undignified moment of panic. They were not alone — the first gray light saw ships sliding into empty positions, re-forming the convoy. By the time the sun rose we had a new commodore.

Far away astern, escorts nosed around among abandoned boats and rafts and wreckage, picking up the final survivors. In the half-light, lamp messages flickered between them, odd scraps of news, names of ships, instructions. With full daylight a smaller convoy, completely orderly, nosed its way through the smooth grayish swell, and before the watch ended the enemy aircraft flag flew from all mastheads. . . .

And so it went on. All day we watched the silver minnows cruising round the horizon, sometimes a larger black one. If one came too close, little black puffs would appear behind his tail, or ahead, and the sun would catch his wings for a moment as he wheeled away. One hot afternoon one of the ships lagged behind; the minnows grew more active, but no

low clouds came to help them. They lost themselves in the sun, and suddenly, around the laggard, the sea rose up in tall white mushrooms, none of them very near, but near enough to bring him pointing up with a very creditable wave around his tank-like bow. The two planes flashed in the sun, small and silver in the blue as they wheeled away. A few puffs followed them; nothing else happened.

Our tin hats would get hot, and our eyes tired with continual watching. Sometimes for a short hour or two no warning flag flew at the masthead, and everyone who could slept — an uneasy sleep ending with a jerk of gunfire or klaxon, or the jarring hammer blow of a depth charge. The cheerful reaction to our first bombing had long ago disappeared; we longed for those elusive minnows to come near enough to have a crack at them. We knew too well what happened after their daylight reconnaissance — what the night would bring. We no longer believed as firmly that such things didn't really happen to us. Something else was taking the place of that blessed shock-absorbing screen, which by now had worn very thin.

No one spoke of it particularly, only our reactions to the warning hooter had speeded up — we no longer stopped to gulp our tea. At night those on watch would find the bridge full of misshapen life-jacketed forms that appeared silently at the first explosion. All night long small murmuring groups appeared and disappeared on the decks and hatches. When a star shell went up during an attack a row of palely illuminated faces would be seen at the rail. On the fo'c'sle, or the poop, or amidships, everyone was waiting.

Sometimes a night would pass quietly; sometimes bedlam was let loose, and a patch of little red or white lights twinkled past us, or broke out abeam; faint shouts, rather high-pitched, calling names; sometimes singing, in high, slightly hysterical voices; once a sudden sharp blood-

curdling screaming following a hiss of escaping steam, then a second explosion, and silence again. Every morning the same little convoy steadily ploughed its allotted course, getting gradually smaller, always re-forming — washing hanging out between derricks in the sun, breakfast bells tinkling down on the wind at eight bells, bright flags on the halyards.

III

One gray morning a destroyer answered someone with his lamp, 'Has — any morphia aboard? If so, advise using one quarter gr —' The lamp went out of focus. I was leaning against the side of the gun pit, watching the strip of bullets in my gun catch the light as the ship rolled slowly. The destroyer's message sent a chill down my spine — I always tried to think of it as a sudden break, just a cessation of being. That message was a grim reminder of pain: lying stiffly on a narrow bunk in a stuffy cabin smelling of antiseptic, everything swaying gently from side to side. I hope whoever it was had the morphia — a small ship at sea is no comfortable place for badly wounded men. I thought of an afterdeck with a crowd of bareheaded men, a faint drift of a hymn on the breeze, and white shapes slipping into the green water. I was glad some flags were wanted then; I couldn't thrust the goblin images away so easily now, and some sort of action helped. I kept thinking of the ten little nigger boys — must be lack of sleep, I thought — we were all thinking that. The flag was the enemy aircraft signal, and there was a heavy mass of gray cloud overhead.

I slept after breakfast, heavy sleep, and woke too hot in my clothes. It was a tin-hat afternoon, gray and close. The clouds cleared just before sunset with darkness suddenly following. The aircraft signal changed to the submarine flag.

The first torpedo must have been meant for us; someone a little ahead on

the beam stopped it — a tug, small and black against our own black silhouette, loaded with survivors. We had envied the men on the tug; we thought she would be the last of the little nigger boys, she was so small. In a little over a minute she had twizzled round and sunk; we could hear someone calling to his mates in the water; their little lights bobbed very near us and were left astern. We stood about on the bridge waiting for the next. An hour or more went by; some of the figures disappeared below or lay down somewhere in the dark.

Suddenly there was another explosion, to port this time, and a little ahead. We were all there again, waiting — a small blue flame flickered where the torpedo had struck, went out, flickered again, brighter.

With no warning but the small blue flame there was suddenly a 'whoosh' as though a piece of celluloid had caught fire — for a moment the whole ship was silhouetted from end to end, small and black against the orange background; no upper works, just a black hull which slowly disappeared in a vast orange fire.

Above it rose a column of curling black smoke, orange at the base, slowly rising and spreading in a solid pillar, the slow smooth swell reflecting it. We hadn't dared to light a cigarette before; now we were illuminated as though a red searchlight were turned on us. We were all gathered in the gun pit on the port wing of the bridge, as though in the box of some Grand Guignol theatre. It was a very quiet theatre. There was no sound except a soft crackling noise; the column of smoke rose in a solid rolling shaft, broadening out above our heads, lit from the flaming sea until far away above us it disappeared into a black sky filled with pale stars; the star shells that thudded up around us were no brighter than matches struck in the sky.

Round the white-hot mass on the water brilliant little groups of flames sprang up on the edge of the fire — we thought at first they were survivors

making a desperate effort to escape the creeping flames. They would sparkle for a moment and go out; then a tongue of flame would creep after them, light them again, and join the main blaze, only to be mocked by other tiny sparkles starting up farther away, and again being engulfed. We knew a few minutes before there had been men on the tanker, sailors and mates and cooks and firemen, but that had been a few minutes ago; now we couldn't tell it had been a ship any more.

I think we had all forgotten our own ship and the submarines the escorts were desperately searching for — that Norse funeral of living men held our attention until the glow of it was far astern, and the smoke from it had spread until it blotted out the stars. I wasn't conscious of any sound except the faint crackling, and someone blaspheming vividly and softly behind me — there wasn't much to say anyway. The air was full of the sweet sickly smell of burnt paraffin.

We went below in twos for a shot of something. By torchlight in the steward's tiny cabin were two bottles and glasses; I chose brandy. Later on there were more torpedoes, more star shells, less attendance on the bridge. Towards dawn we heard gunfire from over the horizon (the mate and I were alone) — heavy guns, then pom-poms, then the whole lot in a rising crescendo, and suddenly silence; one star shell soared into the gray dawning sky above the horizon, hung suspended, and went out. We had listened with rapt attention, as though to some lovely music. As the star shell sank we shook hands and smiled again. Part of the score had been wiped out, a small part, but it seemed to thaw us out, and after that we talked. I began to wonder how long one could go on like this; tried to examine my thoughts and reactions, found they were all screwed up in a tight ball in my head: no past, no future, just the immediate present, the cool fresh wind and a whole body the

only things one could hold on to — anything beyond that brought too many emotions, and emotions bred fear. It became a matter of getting enough sleep somehow, so that the ball didn't become too tightly wound and break somewhere.

'This might become quite a situation,' I thought, 'if it goes on much longer and we are still afloat. Really too much like the little nigger boys to be funny any more.' We all looked much the same — a little drawn around the eyes, perhaps. We said and did the same things — neither much more nor much less. But every sudden bang, or even a tense quick movement, made us jump. 'Just one night in bed would make all the difference,' the mate was saying. 'Just one night in bed, in pyjamas — or even one day without those bloody flags.'

It was a long, hot day, with fish for tea — no one made any remarks about it. Only a week since, splattered with burnt explosive on the bridge, we had laughed about the bluebottle fly. We were up there again when the ship ahead started flashing at us, the lamp very clear and bright: '[Our convoy number] will proceed on course — to anchor in the — [a neutral port].' We repeated it to each other, wrote it down, grabbed the lamp to pass it on. My heart suddenly felt like a singing bird. Word was passed round the ship, and I was back on the bridge again. My head felt full of flying wings, as though a too long imprisoned cage of pigeons — familiar threads of thought into the past and future, and other presents — were suddenly loosed. They circled round to feel the air, and then fled on their joyful passage. The evening regained its color, the past events their perspective — the ball was unwinding.

As the evening fell we turned into a lighted estuary, and a final depth charge marked the full stop to our sinister passage. As though we had passed into a magic circle, we lit cigarettes on deck, hung over the rail, turned on all the lights, and, later, slept.

THE OPPOSITION TO WAR

BY RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

I

WHAT may turn out to be the most important and characteristic trait of the times we live in is the existence of a universal and deeply rooted opposition to war.

This sentiment is so general and so new in some of its manifestations that it will take the perspective of history to analyze it fully and to appraise correctly its influence on the state of mind and on the behavior of the millions of men and women who are involved directly or indirectly in this war.

Though, as far back as one can trace the history of mankind, there have always been men to contrast the blessings of peace with the horrors of war, war in past ages was accepted as a necessity. The warrior was surrounded with an aura of respect. He was glorified by the poets, and the conqueror often received the tribute reserved to a god. Men recognized the horrors of war, but they also praised its glorious and heroic aspects. They also believed it was useful and profitable because, up to a fairly recent past, there was no better way for a people to enrich itself than to make war on others and plunder them.

The idea that war does not pay is a modern idea. It could not have been thought of before our time because it is only in our time that this may have become true. Wars of the past, implying the acquisition of new territory and the subjugation of new people, were undoubtedly profitable to the victor. Wealth was directly connected with the

amount of land under the control of a ruler, because under the economics of scarcity which prevailed everywhere, and in the absence of transportation, more land meant more food, and the annexation of more people meant more labor to cultivate the land. In other words, the ratio between the cost of a successful war and the profits it brought in were not what they are today.

Our forefathers knew as much as we do about the horrors and devastation of war, but they seldom doubted that such sacrifices were worth while. Even when they fought for other motives than conquest, such as preserving their independence, there was a clear connection in their mind between obtaining victory and improving their condition. They preferred peace, no doubt, as we do ourselves, but when they plunged into war they seldom had the moral scruples or the misgivings that characterize the modern civilized man. They did not feel that war in itself was a regression or a denial of their purposes and ideals. Quite the contrary: war in most cases appeared as a means of achieving progress, or benefiting both the conqueror and the conquered (as, for example, the Roman conquests or the conquest of America by the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and other Europeans in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries). In other cases, wars enabled a people to liberate itself from an oppressor, and that objective was usually considered sufficient in itself.

The contemporary man, however, has

another conception of war. The ratio between the possible profits and the certain sacrifices has changed in his mind. The latter tends to overbalance the former. The industrial developments of the last hundred years, as well as the facilities of transportation, have destroyed the idea that more land means more wealth, more people more profitable work. The average man knows that he does not have actually to own a wheat field to eat bread or a vineyard to drink wine. He knows that the necessities of life can be produced in superabundant quantities and transported anywhere in the world. He knows that the fundamental problem of today is not one of production but of distribution. War obviously cannot solve that problem. It can only make it more insoluble, as proved by the terrible conditions now existing in Europe owing to the disorganization brought about by the war.

The contemporary man may not know how to improve his spiritual, economic, and social conditions in time of peace, but he realizes that peace is the prerequisite condition for any approach to the problems that confront him. He realizes, too, that the interdependence of nations and continents as it has developed in our time tends to make war not only increasingly more disruptive but obsolete as a method of settling the difficulties both of the individual and of the nation. The damages and the destruction caused by war under modern conditions are so vast, so far-reaching, and so obvious that it has become difficult, sometimes well-nigh impossible, to persuade the modern man that it is nevertheless necessary for him to fight, even when his very existence is at stake.

Believing that even the victor will come out of a war impoverished and generally worse off than before, he tends to obliterate in his own mind the very notion that the people who make war on him are his foes. He prefers to think they are temporarily misguided by their leaders, and that, were it possible to

make them see the light, they would stop making war. The modern civilized man cannot understand why other men — presumably equally civilized — want to make war when he himself is so profoundly attached to peace. And, since he is unable to explain this paradox, his inclination is to deny that it exists. Thus, when war does come, he finds himself in the curious predicament of having to fight without even the primitive incentive of hatred or the desire for victory. Each argument for war turns into an argument against war. Even the supreme reason, which is the survival of the nation and of the individual, becomes a contradiction in itself. 'Why should I go to war to save my country,' asks the average man, 'when I know that war in itself is an unmitigated evil that will probably debase and perhaps destroy both my enemy and myself?'

Moreover, the whole logic of Western civilization cannot be justified if war is accepted as a method of settling human conflicts. The Western man believes that he is master of his own destiny, which means that he must reject the idea that war is unavoidable, for the simple reason that war — contrary to other calamities, such as plagues, diseases, earthquakes, floods, and so forth — is man-made. With the increased consciousness of this fundamental distinction between natural calamities and those which he brings upon himself, the modern man's horror of war has increased, all the more so since his success in combating disease, famine, poverty, and in reducing the damages caused by the forces of nature, has been very remarkable.

II

War — man-made war — remains the one great scourge toward the elimination of which no progress has been made. After twenty centuries of gradual emancipation from primitive and irrational barbarism, the modern man is still periodically confronted with the greatest of

all absurdities: the willful and organized destruction of human life and property, and all the self-inflicted suffering that war brings in its wake.

When war occurs, therefore, it must be justified by motives which, from the point of view of 'civilized' thinking, are somewhat artificial, or at any rate regressive — such as the bare instinct of self-preservation, or the renovation of ancient myths, usually quite barbaric, like the whole set of nonsensical dogmas (the master race and the 'blood and soil' theories, the cult of the warrior, and so forth) that have enabled Hitler to rehabilitate war and even to sanctify it.

But neither the rationalization of self-defense nor the rejuvenation of archaic myths offers any satisfactory answer to the average modern man, be he a German, a Frenchman, an American, or an Englishman. Whether he fights or refuses to fight, whether he shows bravery, resignation, or apathy, the fundamental and baffling questions remain ever present in his mind: 'Why must I make war? Why must I destroy to avoid destruction? And if it is true that we as well as our opponents are our own masters, why do we make war when we obviously prefer peace?'

It may be that some men have always asked themselves such questions, even in the most savage periods of primitive history. But the important fact is that today practically all men ask them. The point of view of the few men of wisdom, which expressed itself rather exceptionally in past centuries, has now become the point of view of the man in the street. The Western man of the twentieth century has finally learned his lesson. He does not need any further demonstration that war is not only inhuman and evil, but also senseless and futile. And yet we live in a time when this lesson has to be unlearned, when we have to rehabilitate within our own selves instincts which our reason has condemned as barbaric, or create new reasons and new impulses to

justify our plunging into what we want to avoid.

Sir Nevile Henderson records that Göring told him one day that the British had to be 'brutalized' in order to survive. There is no doubt that Göring himself has accomplished that feat with the help of his Luftwaffe, if what he meant was that the British should recover their fighting spirit, but both the advice and the consequent result throw a good deal of light on the fundamental dilemma of these times. The Nazis, having 'brutalized' the Germans, are now forcing their opponents to 'brutalize' themselves, — because there is no other choice, — but the accumulated teaching of twenty centuries of civilization cannot be forgotten in one day. In fact the whole conflict in which we are engaged revolves around this question: Is it possible for the Western civilized world to stop the barbaric assault launched upon it by Germany without itself reverting to a state of barbarism?

Or, to put the question in a more concrete form, can we demonstrate to the average man on our side of the fence: —

1. That, although everything he knows and feels about the evilness of war is true, he must nevertheless make war now?

2. That he must therefore either forget temporarily everything he has been told about the senselessness and uselessness of war, or find new reasons for having recourse to war?

3. That if he cannot do these things he must nevertheless agree to sacrifice many of the spiritual and material achievements of civilization on the mystic premise that the sacrifice in itself will ensure, somehow or other, the salvation of this civilization?

III

If the problem presented in this fashion approximates the reality of the situation, I believe one can say that it has not

been solved as yet. Even if it be admitted that most of the people who oppose Germany are fighting for the defense of civilization, their behavior up to now has not demonstrated that they have overcome the formidable inhibition of the anti-war feeling. They are at war, no doubt; but no war, as far as history can record, has ever been fought with less enthusiasm, with less conviction of the necessity of waging it, and with less faith in the prospect that victory will bring about a better world. The complexity of the issues involved, and the recognition that the world is engaged in a dual conflict of rival imperialisms and revolutionary upheavals, have greatly contributed to the confusion of mind of the individuals and of the nations who are involved in this crisis. The aims are dim, and even certain oversimplifications, such as the denunciation of Hitler as a new Cæsar whose intention is to dominate the world, or the efforts to rally the free people for the defense of their liberties, have not been sufficient to overcome the inhibitions and the doubts of the leaders or the apathy of the common man.

The most interesting aspect of this universal lack of enthusiasm for war is that it is but slightly affected by the varying conditions of the war itself. Neither victory nor defeat seems to influence perceptibly what might be called the potential of combativity of the modern man. There have been great feats of heroism in this war, prodigious battles, and demonstrations of courage and of the spirit of sacrifice which prove that man, in his nature, remains unchanged. But the important fact is that the reaction of world consciousness to such deeds has been dulled as by some tremendous repressive force which tends to prevent the average man from being stimulated or inspired by these examples. His opposition to war remains the same, as if he had developed some sort of immunity to all the emotions which inspired his forefathers to take up arms through an

instinctive impulse to fight and obtain victory.

Certain people, and first of all the British, have shown a courage and a fighting spirit which cannot be questioned. In fact the British, and they alone among the highly civilized nations of the West, have been able to re-create within themselves the spirit of unity and resolution which has allowed them up to now to withstand, in the face of practically hopeless odds, the forces of destruction launched against them. They alone today have what is called a good morale, which means that the individual citizen has sufficiently identified his own particular interests and his ideals with those of the community, so that he has, in advance, made the sacrifice of everything he owns, including his life. Harmony has been established between the individual Britisher and the community to which he belongs. In the midst of danger, suffering, and death, many say that they have, for the first time, found a certain peace — the kind of peace which comes from the knowledge that one's existence is truly coordinated with other existences, that the individual is part of a whole, and that the nation has a common aim.

But if the English have a good morale one must not forget what price they have had to pay — what price they are paying daily — to obtain it. Up to the capitulation of France, the English morale was no better than that of the other nations involved in this war. The unity they have now found, their dogged resolution to resist destruction, is born of a certain intensity of despair. In this sense they are singular and great, but in this sense too they show how deeply affected they are by the universal opposition to war: it is because they have no choice but war that they are now fighting with such heroism and with such peace among themselves.

The Germans too are fighting with courage, it will be said. And this is true of their troops, or at least of that spear-

head of fanatical young men Hitler has specially trained, both technically and psychologically, to carry on the blitzkrieg. Among this corps, who form an élite, the concept of man as a warrior has been developed to a supreme degree. The German aviators, the parachutists, the crews of motorized divisions, and in general all the specialized parts of the German army that have actually done the fighting and assured the long list of Nazi victories, are undoubtedly imbued with a combativity and a spirit of sacrifice that cannot be questioned. But all observers agree that this high quality of morale is not universal in the German army. It is said that France was actually conquered by 200,000 men, the élite specially trained and mentally conditioned by intensive Nazi education. But there are innumerable stories concerning the fairly low morale of the German army of occupation now quartered in conquered countries — ordinary German soldiers whose main preoccupation does not seem to be new conquests and more battles, but the desire for peace and the wish to go home.

As for the morale of the German civilian population, as good an observer as Mr. Joseph Harsch, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, writing in March 1941 at the height of Germany's triumphs, had this to say about it: —

There is almost no public or private enthusiasm for the war [in Germany].

There is widespread cynicism about Dr. Joseph Goebbels's propaganda.

There is no deep faith in the Nazi war cause.

There is no general enthusiasm for the Nazi Party, or confidence in its integrity or the loftiness of its aims.

There is intense weariness over protracted privation, rationing, and strain after living in what has amounted to a state of war for eight years. . . .

But when all this is said the plain fact remains that civilian morale is entirely adequate for Hitler's purposes, and there is not the slightest prospect of these moods being translated into any action against the régime

or against the war effort in the measurable future. It is bad morale according to democratic standards of civilian morale. It is just as bad as the morale of the armed forces is good. But under dictatorship such as that in Germany today, such deficiencies become almost meaningless.

This diagnosis of Germany's state of mind contains many lessons. It shows that the successes of Hitler have been possible not on account of any real fighting spirit among the German population as a whole, but in spite of the absence of it. Hitler has concentrated his effort on developing a high morale and a spirit of total sacrifice in the army, and he has succeeded (so far, at least, as the actual combatant units are concerned). But all his attempts to overcome the apathetic condition of the masses of the population, their fundamental anti-war attitude, have been fruitless. The fact that the German temperament is inclined to passivity and blind acceptance of discipline has helped him to carry on the most aggressive form of war against a deep current of opposition to any form of war. It has not reversed that current.

Mr. Joseph Harsch says that the German civilian morale is bad, 'according to democratic standards.' It might be more correct to say that morale in Germany is as bad as it is in the democracies. And there is no better indication of the universality and the intensity of this curious opposition to war in the midst of war itself, regardless of victory or defeat.

IV

With necessary allowances for each particular situation, the same attitude towards war has existed in all the countries opposing Hitler, but, symptomatically enough, it has been much more marked in those which can be considered highly civilized (from the point of view of Western standards) than in the more primitive.

A good morale, both among the civilians and in the army, — that is, a uni-

fication of national consciousness in the presence of war and a merging of individual interests into that of national consciousness, — was evident in Poland when that country was invaded by Germany. It was present in Finland when Russia attacked her. The Greeks showed similar heroism, and the Serbians actually overthrew their government because it had made what they considered a humiliating treaty with Hitler. In all these cases the morale of the people and of their soldiers was what one might have called 'normal.' Their fighting spirit was brought up to a pitch and stayed there. There was practically no dissension among them, no hesitation as to what they should do. Even against the greatest possible odds, with practically no other prospect except defeat, they fought to the end.

The same can be said of the Russians, who have astounded the world not only by their unsuspected skill in meeting Hitler's war technique but by their courage and patriotism. This has been explained, in the complacent democracies, by saying that the Russians were fighting with so much heroism not because they were defending Communism, but because they were defending their land, Mother Russia. Be that as it may, it is interesting to note that the Western highly civilized people have been actually surprised to find that the 'godless,' 'barbaric,' or, let us say, backward Russians could fight so well. But the explanation may merely be that the Russians, like the Poles, the Finns, the Greeks, and other less highly 'civilized' people, have retained towards war an attitude which I would call more 'normal' than the western Europeans and the Americans. This does not mean that they enjoy war, but merely that they are less confused than the Western people when the brutal choice between war and destruction is presented to them.

No such unity of purpose, no such acceptance of total sacrifice, no such morale existed among the people whose civiliza-

tion was more complex, who had grown to depend more on the intricate mechanism of Western industrialism, and whose political life also had, during the last twenty years of the post-war period, been more directly subject to the dissolving forces of Western anti-war education.

Without minimizing the heroism and suffering of hundreds of thousands of men and women of the Western democracies, there is no doubt that the Scandinavians, the Dutch, the Belgians, and the French did not enter this war or fight it with the same disregard of individual sacrifice and of future consequences as did the less complex people of Poland, Finland, Greece, or Russia.

In all cases, and regardless of whether the war was really on or in its 'phony' stage, there was the same tendency to evade it by all possible subterfuges, including some that were not particularly honorable, the same persistency of doubts of the advisability of fighting, the same division of counsel when it came to weighing the advantages of pursuing the fight to the limit or saving something through compromise or surrender.

Underlying such events as the surrender of the Belgian King and his army or the French capitulation in Bordeaux, one senses the profound lack of faith of millions of civilized men of the Western world in the necessity of defending not only their independence but even their soil by waging war. The horror of war remains stronger than war itself, even in the midst of war, and when it was proved that the whole psychological approach to war — based on defense — was a fallacy, whatever morale there was disappeared. Those who had placed their faith in 'neutrality,' which is a form of legal defense, succumbed when that talisman proved futile. The French, having relied on the Maginot Line, had no time to re-create for themselves a new strategy and a new morale when the Maginot system failed. All these nations had hoped that the full impact of total war

upon them could be either kept away or avoided altogether by a limited effort on their part. In the same manner as Léon Blum used to say that he wanted to introduce as much socialism into the capitalist system as that system could bear without destroying it, the Western people opposed to Hitler tried to preserve as much peace in a state of war as the phenomenon of war could stand.

The theories of Liddell Hart that defense is preferable to offense and that it assures victory were nonsensical, as amply proved in this war. But they were accepted and applied by the military leaders of the democracies because they corresponded so well to the psychology of the people. Defense and offense are two aspects of war which cannot possibly be separated if one understands war to be a conflict of forces the purpose of which is to destroy the opponent. The use of one form of tactic or the other is determined by the changing aspect of a war. But the democracies were psychologically committed to defense because the word seemed to imply a limited effort, a sort of state of lesser war. A country that proclaims that it is compelled to *defend* itself feels itself less warlike than the country that takes the initiative of attacking. To take up arms to protect oneself appears less immoral than to invade another country. But, whether true or not, it does not change the fact that as soon as war exists the choice between defense and offense becomes merely a military problem.

Hitler, in spite of the reluctance of his people to go to war (which was slightly less than that of the democratic people), in spite of the bad German morale, has never been encumbered by such fine distinctions in planning his strategy. He or his generals have clearly understood that the conduct of a war cannot be determined by peacetime inhibitions.

But the fact that the Western democracies and the neutrals were bound to the theory of defense, both psychologi-

cally and strategically, cannot be understood fully without an analysis of the causes that made them adopt this attitude. The defensive attitude was predetermined, so to speak. Given the mentality of the Western people, their ideas of war, and the education they had received during the twenty years that separated World War I and World War II, there was no possibility for them to accomplish overnight the fundamental transformation from pacifism to full war-mindedness that was necessary to meet the crisis. Still clinging to peace, they slipped into war. They behaved like a man who has fallen in the water and who struggles desperately to reach the shore, but whose frantic efforts will not prevent him from drowning if he does not know how to swim.

The Maginot Line mentality, the pitiful faith of the European neutrals in the magic of neutrality, as well as other manifestations of the purely defensive attitude of the Western people, are expressions of a state of mind that exists also in America. Such formulas as the Monroe Doctrine, hemispheric defense, national defense, and so forth, whether used by the isolationists or by their opponents, reveal the universality of the anti-war sentiment, the reluctance to face reality as it is, and the fatal tendency to approach it step by step.

But this confinement to pure defense is only one of the manifold aspects the anti-war feeling has assumed. Other manifestations are to be found in all fields of thought.

Leaving aside pure pacifism and various doctrines of non-resistance to force, we find that in recent years certain schools of thought of a semiphilosophical or mystical nature have grown in influence and greatly contributed to the demoralization of the Western people and of their leaders. Among them can be noted the Buchmanites, the partisans of the Oxford Group, or the queer and equivocal fraternity of so-called Men of Good Will. In these groups — or travel-

ing with them — we find the strangest assortment of people: political appeasers, such as Chamberlain in England and the Socialist leader, Paul Faure, in France; humanitarians like Herbert Hoover or the King of Belgium; befuddled or suspect fanatics like Rudolph Hess, and confused poets like Anne Lindbergh.

All of them are the products of this great movement of non-acceptance of war that has developed in our world in the last twenty years. Many are sincere idealists and express some of the noblest aspirations of mankind. Others are fools, or cowards, or Quislings on the make. They are all united by one characteristic, however, which is that — willingly or not — they help to divide and demoralize. In many instances they are the apostles of sheer defeatism, which, under the conditions of this war, can only mean surrender to force and ultimate annihilation.

The anti-war sentiment finds another form of expression in what is called 'realism.' The realist is the man who, having weighed all the visible factors in a given situation and having found that the odds are against him, decides that fighting is useless. He will not engage in a war if he cannot have the assurance of victory. And, as this assurance can never be given to him, he will always oppose war because it is always, to him, synonymous with defeat.

Georges Bonnet, in France, was a typical 'realist.' He felt that France, with its low birth rate, its bad morale, and its attachment to peace, was no match for the dynamism of Nazi Germany. France, in his eyes, was a sick old woman that any violent shock would kill. He saw with a realistic eye all the poisons that made France weak and vulnerable, but his 'realism' was not an antidote — it was merely more poison.

There are many Georges Bonnets in America, too, 'realists' who, although they cannot argue that America is weak and sick, nevertheless fear that it could not survive the test of war. Democracy

would perish, they say. America is not prepared to fight. Let us wait for the enemy. Let us die on our shores.

V

When the last war ended in 1918, the power of the victorious democracies was so great and so obvious that it did not seem possible it could ever be challenged again. The belief in peace in those days was apparently justified, because it was supported by the overwhelming superiority of the victors. And these victors wanted peace. In spite of their disunity, their inability to organize the peace they had won, there was no prospect that the world would be at war again. War was absurd and criminal. No one in his right mind wanted war. War had been eliminated.

And yet, in less than twenty years, this immense will to preserve peace deteriorated in such a way that war once more became a possibility — a probability, and very soon a fact. Frightened and powerless, the 'peace-loving' people clung to their illusions. As they were shattered, one by one, they felt that their own power was dwindling. They could not organize resistance. They could not unite. They had nothing to stop Hitler with except their own hatred of war, their own unwillingness to fight, and their bad morale.

And so, one by one, they entered the war — or rather were forced into it — reluctantly, without songs and without heart. They were not prepared for it, either materially or mentally. One by one they waited for the onslaught, always hoping to the last that, by some miracle, it would not come, that they might be spared. Whether weak or strong, they considered themselves victims, and their preoccupation was always to prove their innocence rather than to help one another. They glorified in selfishness. 'Our national interest,' they said, 'commands us to defend ourselves and ourselves alone. Why fight for

Czechoslovakia? Why fight for Danzig? Why fight for England?' And when, one after the other, they fell, those who had lost all would say, 'We were wrong to fight at all. Why did we help the Czechs, and the Poles, and the English, and the Greeks? . . . They have dragged us into defeat.'

Every time a new disaster took place those who were still out of immediate danger said, 'Let this be a lesson to us.' Hundreds of books and thousands of articles have been written describing what happened to those who thought themselves secure, and how it happened. The technique of Hitlerian aggression is, in fact, so well known by now that a precise vocabulary — brand-new — has been invented to describe it, a vocabulary which every man, everywhere in the world, understands. 'War of nerves,' 'fifth columnists,' 'Quislings,' 'peace offensive,' 'infiltration,' 'tourists,' 'strategy of terror,' and so forth, are words we read or hear several times a day. We know what they mean. We know that they are the weapons which Hitler has created and which he himself has defined as intended to produce 'mental confusion, contradiction of feeling, indecisiveness, panic.'

But although we know how these weapons work, although we understand the mechanism of this war thoroughly by now, we are still incapable of opposing any real defense to them. Each country, whether already conquered or threatened by Hitler, remains vulnerable to his methods of internal dislocation. The example of Austria did not help to save the Czechs. The invasion of Denmark and Norway did not convince the Belgians and the Dutch that their own neutrality was no protection.

The reason for this is not to be found in the superiority of German arms alone,

nor even in the perfection of German propaganda. In fact, the 'mental confusion, contradiction of feeling, indecisiveness, and panic' which Hitler refers to as his best weapons have not been forged by him. His success in this line is due to his ability to exploit a state of mind which already existed when he came to power, but which he alone understood and appraised correctly. The confusion was there, the disunity was there, the uneasiness was there, the blindness was there. They were the conditions under which the Western world lived, and *wanted* to live, ever since the end of the First World War. They were — and they are still — our inheritance. And until we succeed in repudiating this inheritance, and in replacing it by something that will protect us against confusion, division of counsel, and chronic lethargy, there is little chance that Hitler will be stopped except by the exhaustion of his own momentum.

What this 'something' will be, I do not know. It may eventually spring out of this very anti-war force, out of this unwillingness of men to fight other men which seems so universal and so little affected by the evolution of the war itself. This Second World War may be only a sort of relapse, and it may be that when it is ended the reconstruction of peace that started in 1918 will be taken up again and carried on more successfully.

This may be so. But in the meanwhile the world is facing one of the greatest attempts at universal disintegration ever undertaken. It is at war, and the question is whether this war will be won in spite of the reluctance of the Western peoples to overcome the long spell of anti-war sentiment which for twenty years has been their main conviction, and to which even today they still cling.

THE HAMLET OF FRANKLIN STREET

BY PHILIP GOODMAN

I

IN Franklin Street we all called him 'Mr. Mephisto' because of his pointed beard, his raked brows, his cunning eyes, and what seemed to be, but wasn't, his sneering smile. He was A. Lincoln Ladd, head of the Ladd Institute of Dramatic Art and Correct Posture.

The Institute occupied the parlor and the entire second floor of the Ladd home, which was nearly opposite our own. How the Ladds came to choose Franklin Street for the Institute can be explained by the precept that where wood is being chopped splinters are bound to fall. Franklin Street and its environs formed the *faubourg* of the uppish bourgeoisie, whose children were ready-made prospects for courses in how to sit, stand, walk, and speak affectedly. The Ladds knew perfectly what they were about.

Over the mantelpiece in the parlor hung a painting in oil of Mr. Ladd as Claude Melnotte in *The Lady of Lyons*, one of his best portrayals, if the press of the small towns along the Mississippi and as far west as Topeka may be believed. In those days — sadder and yet happier, as Mr. Ladd often recalled — he was but a barnstormer, little dreaming that one day he would have his own school like the famous Nelson Wheatcroft's in New York. Of course, his school was not so large as Wheatcroft's, but, as he explained, this was in its favor, for at Ladd — he always said 'at Ladd,' as one would say 'at Yale' or 'at Princeton' — the student body was not so large as to preclude individual

instruction. And yet the student body at Ladd could not be called small. At one time the enrollment reached twenty-seven.

The parlor was not used for classroom purposes. It served as reception room and matriculation office, and there were several comfortable chairs in the room for consultations between a parent and Mr. Ladd, or between a student and Mr. Ladd. At such times Mr. Ladd would draw the sliding doors that led into the hall, not so much for the sake of privacy as for concentration.

In the space between the two parlor windows there was a large, hand-lettered wall motto which read: 'The holiness of attitude is rewarded on earth.' The thought was Mr. Ladd's own, but modesty and taste forbade him to add the ascription 'Ladd.' In the enormous sitting room at the rear of the second floor there was another of Mr. Ladd's mottoes, hanging above the mantel. It read: 'Attitude is rectitude.' This too was un-ascribed.

Mr. Ladd was profuse with such concisions of thought, all of them combining nicely ethics and æsthetics. As I often heard him say, if all the world *were* a stage and men and women were only players, it would be a far more beautiful world. It was the mission of his life to make such a world — at seventy-five dollars a semester, books extra.

The faculty at Ladd was composed of Mr. Ladd and the woman we all knew as Mrs. Ladd. She was a fubby, chubby

little lady who might have been sixty or forty, one's guess depending upon a choice of clues: sixty if you considered the bygoneness of her own barnstorming anecdotes, forty if you considered only her rouged complexion. When I was at Ladd, at the age of seventeen, Mrs. Ladd had two phases: professional and domestic. Professionally, she divided the pedagogical duties with Mr. Ladd; domestically, she cooked and did all the cleaning, and even scrubbed the white stone steps and window trims, but this she would do early in the morning so none of the neighbors would see her. In this way the fact of the Ladds' not having a servant was kept from all the blind neighbors, of whom there were none in Franklin Street.

Professionally, Mrs. Ladd divided the pedagogical duties with Mr. Ladd, he taking the advanced students, she the beginners. When, at the end of a semester, each group would give a play in a regular theatre, it was difficult to understand how the Ladds were able to distinguish advanced pupils from beginners.

In certain of the plays Mr. Ladd himself would participate, especially when Shakespeare was given.

'It were sacrilege,' he always said, 'to let a student read the lines of Lear or Hamlet. Besides, it were better for a student to see how these *should* be played than to see them butchered.'

For Lear Mr. Ladd's beard could easily be hidden behind a flowing false one, but for Hamlet, refusing to shave off his own natural ornament, he was thrown squarely upon the resources of pure histrionic illusion. What happened was a Hamlet who looked like the grandfather of his own mother, the Queen, played by Adele Statz, one of the 'more promising' students. Adele wore a wig and was heavily made up; Mr. Ladd wore his beard and wrinkled black tights over his spindles.

'Won't it look funny?' I asked Mrs. Ladd, one day at rehearsal.

'The incongruity will only be momen-

tary,' she assured me, 'just for the bat of an eye on Mr. Ladd's first entrance. After that, artistry will remove the beard and create the illusion of no beard.'

The playing of Hamlet with a beard was made the subject of a class talk by Mr. Ladd a few days before the play.

'The great actor,' he declared, 'makes the unreal real and the real unreal.'

This was commendably terse and full of pith, but I didn't understand it. He went on:—

'It is the supreme task of an actor to reveal the soul of the character he is portraying. When the soul is seen, the outward details of the character become unimportant and disappear. Now take, for example, my own Hamlet, which all of you will have the privilege of seeing next Friday afternoon. I am told by those whose opinion I value that what the audience sees is not my beard, but only my suffering, Hamlet's ineffable suffering, the suffering that the Immortal Bard wrote with his heart's blood.'

II

Whatever it was that the audience saw, it could not have been so acute as what it felt. What suffering there was was not Mr. Ladd's alone; he shared it bountifully.

All went off well — or well enough — that Friday afternoon till the graveyard scene in the fifth act was reached. Then came a mishap. Mr. Ladd, turning from Horatio, asked to examine Yorick's skull. Jakey Seil, who was playing First Gravedigger, must have handed it to him carelessly, for the thing, made of plaster, fell from Mr. Ladd's hand and smashed to smithereens. At first the audience snickered only mildly, but the kid who played Second Gravedigger laughed so convulsively that somehow it infected the whole house, and gradually the laughter swelled to a boisterous wowing that drowned the 'Alas, poor Yorick' speech. Mr. Ladd stepped to the footlights and implored the audience to be orderly.

'Quiet, please!' he shouted, holding his hand aloft. 'Let us have quiet! The play must go on.'

But Mr. Ladd was up against a three-alarm uproar, the blaze of hilarity having spread even to the members of the cast, who by now had come from the wings to see what had happened. In the crisis, his appeals having failed, Mr. Ladd had the admirable presence of mind to order the lowering of the curtain; it had the signal effect of subduing the laughter, proving once again, if such things need proof, that there is nothing like a cool head in an emergency.

After a few minutes Mr. Ladd came before the curtain to make a brief speech. He was greeted with hand clapping which he acknowledged with too many bows. Then he spoke.

'As it is getting late,' he said, 'and the scene we've just played was in the last act anyway, I think perhaps no harm will be done if we bring our endeavors to a close at this point.'

Clearing his throat, the better to put a choke in his voice, he continued: 'I must thank the audience for having given our efforts today such a generous reception. I count it as a tribute not only to Mrs. Ladd and myself for our labors, but to what the students themselves are accomplishing at Ladd.'

With this he back-bowed off, saying, 'We thank you, we thank you, we thank you,' and there seemed to be more wrinkles than ever in his oversized tights.

Backstage looked like a convention of locusts, with everybody telling everybody else how wonderful was the performance. Mrs. Ladd, puffy and nervous, and beady about the forehead, was surrounded by parents and friends, receiving congratulations.

'It was perfectly wonderful,' said Adele Statz's mother. 'How does the play end?'

'Hamlet dies,' said Mrs. Ladd. 'He takes poison.'

'Oh, heavens!' exclaimed Mrs. Statz. 'I'm glad I didn't see it.'

Far upstage, hemmed in by more parents and friends, stood Mr. Ladd and Jakey Seil, having it out in a battle of lungs.

'You're supposed to hand it to me, not throw it at me,' Mr. Ladd shouted angrily.

'I can't help it if you've got butter fingers,' said Jakey, resenting the blame.

'It's not a football, you clumsy fool!' Mr. Ladd burst out, with alarming vehemence. 'It's a skull — a human skull — Yorick's skull! You ruined one of Hamlet's finest speeches for me.'

The thought of the loss must have melted his tone to butter, for he struck an attitude that was pure Armour and, in his liquescent best, said: 'Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Jakey. He was a fellow of infinite jest, who hath borne me on his back a thousand times, whose lips I've kissed I know not how oft.'

He took Jakey's hand in his own, smiled a little sourly, and spoke with the deep compassion of a school head named Ladd who had an eye on the matriculation for another semester by a pupil named Jakey.

'Reconciliation is friendship's firmest cement,' he said.

It was all sixes to Jakey, for he was through at Ladd anyway. But Mr. Ladd had not yet been told, and Jakey seemed still to be a good prospect for a reorder.

At this point Adele's mother came up to spray compliments all over Mr. Ladd.

'It was perfectly wonderful,' she said, shaking his hand. 'I'm so glad you stopped before you took the poison.'

Adele, still in the make-up of the Queen, joined us and stood alongside of Mr. Ladd, holding his arm. She would look up at him as he spoke and sup admiringly on his every word, a kind of lassitude coming over her under the spell of his voice.

'I thought Adele was very good, too,' said Mrs. Statz, with every justification.

'She has some rough spots,' Mr. Ladd replied, casting a mysterious code glance at Adele, 'but I'll smooth them out —

won't I, Adele?' As he said this he gave her a slight squeeze, and one could not but think that the relationship between tutor and pupil can be one of the most beautiful in all the world.

III

That same week Mrs. Ladd came to see my mother about my enrolling for the next term. She reported that Mr. Ladd had said it would be a pity for me to quit just as I was beginning to show such marked progress.

My mother's reply was that she would have to talk it over with my father, which was no less than the truth. My mother thought she could detect a change in me since I had started at Ladd; my father was certain *he* did. He said: 'You'll be a damn nance if you keep on going.'

We wrangled it out, and his argument seemed to be that what I was getting was not poise but pose; that in the case of a girl it didn't matter, for all girls, more or less, are born with pose, but for a boy to add lavender and lace to his manner meant the unfitting of him for the higher qualities of manhood. That winter I must have gone completely cuckoo, practising the lordly graces that express the Holiness of Attitude, for I recall getting one evening a magnificently aimed kick from my father for putting on fancy airs round the house. The house wasn't large enough for two sets of airs, however dissimilar — his and mine.

Before signing up for the second term I first made certain that Adele Statz was returning. Adele was unlike other girls. She was tall and dark, with languishing eyes that sometimes gave you a funny feeling in the pit of your stomach.

'Of course I'm going back,' she said when I asked her. 'Professor Ladd has offered to coach me privately.'

When Mrs. Ladd called again to get my mother's answer, the answer being favorable, she spent a good part of the afternoon with us in our parlor. Over

coffee and cake — and later a glass of Tokay, and still later three good pulls at my father's Bourbon — she told us that she had met Mr. Ladd in her early barn-storming days.

'It was in Jackson, Mississippi,' she said. 'We both were members of a traveling troupe. I was young, and Mr. Ladd was young, and we both were lonely, playing strange cities where we didn't know a soul.'

Averting her eyes and looking wistfully into her glass of Bourbon, she said, 'I guess it was a case of love at first sight.'

That had been thirty-three years ago. She was younger then — and not stout.

'Mr. Ladd was very proud of me,' she said, again looking into the Bourbon.

They played together when they could and separated when they had to.

'The separations were always hard,' she said, with the kind of sigh that tells of hardships braved. 'There were temptations, but I was always loyal, as God in heaven knows.'

She sipped her Bourbon.

'We've had our good times and our bad times, but we've taken them all together,' she said. 'Naturally, I must make allowances. You always have to with an artist. Sometimes I think I might have been better off had I not been married to a genius. Geniuses are so peculiar. You never know when they're going to bite. But they don't mean to hurt. They're more like children.'

When my mother asked Mrs. Ladd to refill her glass, Mrs. Ladd politely indicated that she had had enough, without actually saying so.

'Go ahead,' my mother insisted. 'That's what it's here for.'

Completely convinced, Mrs. Ladd poured herself another drink and went on: —

'I've tried to be a good helpmate. When Mr. Ladd's memory began to fail about twelve years ago and he gave up the stage, it was I who suggested that we both take up teaching. I thought it

would make a permanent home for him — something he had never had — and still give his genius something to work on.'

My mother commended her foresight.

'Yes,' Mrs. Ladd said, 'we were very successful at the start in Chicago. I had my own servant and we were able to save quite a little money. But then things took a turn. Mr. Ladd got sick and I had to keep him in a sanitarium for nearly three years. Nervous breakdown. His mind was a blank. But, thank God, I was able to give him the best of medical attention. I took a position in a department store, and with my salary and what we had saved we managed to pull through. You can do an awful lot when you have to.'

She wet her lips with the Bourbon and my mother said her bravery had been rewarded.

Mrs. Ladd corrected her. 'It hasn't been rewarded yet,' she said, 'if you except Mr. Ladd's recovery. We still have a hard struggle making both ends meet. I do all my own work. I clean and cook, and even scrub the floors. But I don't mind. Mr. Ladd has his health again, thank God, and I think there's room for a school like ours in this neighborhood. It'll take a little time before we get known, but Rome wasn't built in a day, I always say.'

When Mrs. Ladd had gone, my mother said, 'I'd like to see them get on. They deserve it.'

The second term, at least for me, was a waste of time and money. Of the old girls, only Adele and Sadie Voulk returned. In fact, the classes had become preponderantly male, with about sixteen boys to four girls, which is hardly enough girl to go around. It wouldn't have been so bad had not Adele taken an unaccountable chill to me. It was the kind of chill that almost boasted of some other fellow having cut me out. Who the fellow might be I didn't know, except that I knew it was no one at Ladd, for there she gave none of us so much as a blink.

One afternoon I caught her coming out of the reception room. I stopped to speak to her, but she ran past me and cut straight for the street. One sliding door was open a little, enough to have let Adele through, and in the parlor I noticed Mr. Ladd before a mirror straightening his hair and beard with his pocket comb. For the purposes of a conclusion, it wasn't much to jump at; but it was something — it was enough to warrant my watching Mr. Ladd and Adele closely and sitting on the bench in the hall when the parlor doors were closed, waiting for one or the other to come out, always with a ready-made explanation on my lips to excuse my being there.

I caught them a few times, but each time Mr. Ladd opened the door it would be with such guiltless apathy that I began to doubt the cleanliness of my own mind for having suspected the worst. As the term wore on I became indifferent to Adele, to Mr. Ladd, and to the closed doors. I began to cut the Tuesday class and then cut the one on Friday as well. I made no secret of it to my parents, and my father said, 'At last you're coming to your senses.'

That spring the Ladd Institute was to give *Romeo and Juliet*, with Mr. Ladd as Romeo and Adele as Juliet. Mrs. Ladd, we heard, was to make her first appearance in many years as the nurse. Mainly because of her liking for Mrs. Ladd, my mother thought she would like to attend. But the performance never came off. This Romeo and this Juliet took their love, not to some distant sky, but to parts unknown, for the note that Mr. Ladd left behind for Mrs. Ladd spoke only of his love for Adele and hers for him, and said that only together could they find happiness in this world.

'Try to forgive and forget,' were Mr. Ladd's last words.

On the day Mrs. Ladd moved from Franklin Street she came to see my mother, to say good-bye and to thank her for our patronage. She hadn't yet made any plans for the future.

DEDICATION

(From a German Prison Camp)

BY JOHN BUXTON

I SEE before me England, whose am I
Living, and when I die.
My names are names she gave me at the font;
I speak the speech she taught me; and, by and by,
When I was far, England was all my want.

'When I was far!' who am a prisoner now
Save as my thoughts allow
Some liberty to dream of being free,
To dream I stand on England's rocky prow
Where it thrusts Westward through the cloven sea.

Oh! I can see you standing at my side
Watching the Wild Goose tide
As you so often stood a year ago,
My dear companion, my delightful bride,
To whom all joy and all my faith I owe.

We met upon the island, you who brought
Speech that the New World taught,
Who turned my eyes then first toward the West,
And I who came from Norway, where I sought
Among her fells and forests strength and rest.

Later I left you for the North to fight
For things we claimed as right —
For Peace and Liberty, high-sounding names
That flaunted on our banners in men's sight.
And there we failed of all our boasting claims.

And now I cannot know where you may be
For my captivity.
But, for our love, the one thing still known true,
This poem shall be yours, who taught it me,
Turning me from the Old World to the New.

ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA

II. *Triumphant Return*

BY SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

I

THE first homeward passage from America to Europe was far more difficult and dangerous than the outward voyage of discovery. As *Santa María* had been wrecked near Cape Haitien, at a time when Martín Alonso Pinzón was off on an unauthorized gold hunt in *Pinta*, Columbus ran up his admiral's pendant aboard *Niña*, and sailed her home. He overtook *Pinta* near Monte Cristi. The two caravels shoved off on January 16, 1493, and stayed within hailing distance of each other until February 13, when a severe cyclone blew them apart. When that storm was almost spent, Columbus sighted the island of Santa Maria in the Azores, stayed in and about it for ten days, and then proceeded toward Spain. Off the Portuguese coast another twister overtook *Niña*, blew out all her sails but one, and forced Columbus to put in at Lisbon. After refitting, he sailed for Palos, the original port of departure, on March 13, 1493.

Pinta in the meantime had sailed steadily to the east and north, making port in the last week of February before the second cyclone overtook her. Owing to Pinzón's miscalculation of his position, the harbor he made was Bayona in Galicia, over 300 miles north of his intended landfall. Martín Alonso had been insubordinate during the voyage, and Columbus feared lest he should beat him home with the news. That is exactly

what *Pinta's* captain had in mind. He sent a message across Spain to Ferdinand and Isabella at Barcelona, begging permission to proceed thither and acquaint their Highnesses with the discovery. The Sovereigns replied with a complete snub, declaring that they chose to hear the news from the Admiral himself. So Martín Alonso set sail from Bayona with his tail between his legs, as it were, and doubtless torn between the hope that *Niña* had gone down and fear for the safety of his younger brother, her captain.

In the meantime, during the night of March 13-14 *Niña* was rolling southward, covering the 85 miles between Cape Espichel and Cape St. Vincent in her usual gallant manner. Before sunrise the dark profile of the Sacred Promontory loomed up on the port bow. As Columbus wore ship, turned eastward under the lee of the cliffs, and fired the traditional salute, he must have thought of the famous Portuguese infante Dom Henrique, who had made that wind-swept cape his home, and wished that he could have reported his discovery to a sailor prince who would appreciate his dangers and difficulties. In any case, the Admiral sighted the beach where he had swum ashore with an oar as a common seaman seventeen years before. Wind came light on March 14, and sunset found *Niña* off Faro, southernmost harbor of the Algarves.

Pinta was then rounding Cape St. Vincent.

At sunrise on the fifteenth day of March the Admiral 'found himself off Saltés,' took his bearings on the pine-clad summit of the Cerro del Puntal, stood off and on until the ebb was spent, 'and at midday with a flood tide entered by the bar of Saltés within the harbor whence he had departed on August 3 the preceding year.' The round voyage was completed in exactly thirty-two weeks.

'Of this voyage I observe,' says the Admiral, 'that it hath miraculously been shown . . . by the many signal miracles that He hath shown on the voyage and for me, who for so great a time was in the court of Your Highnesses with the opposition and against the opinion of so many high personages of your household, who were all against me, alleging this undertaking to be folly, which I hope in Our Lord will be to the greater glory of Christianity, which to some slight extent already has occurred.'

Thus, with a pardonable pride and a characteristic lack of grammar, Columbus concluded his Journal of the most momentous voyage in the world's history, when *Niña* was fairly anchored in the Rio Tinto off the town of Palos.

Close in her wake sailed *Pinta*; the same tide took both caravels across the bar and up the river. As *Pinta* rounded the promontory where La Rábida stands guard, and Martín Alonso was straining his tired eyes for the first sight of his native town, someone forward pointed ahead and shouted, '*La Niña, señor Capitán!*' And, by Saint Iago, there she was, snuggled down as pretty as you please, might have been there a month. Thought we had shaken off that Genoese upstart forever near the Azores; but he beat us home with the news after all. Queen Isabella's pet foreigner — probably kissing her hand now, and basking in the royal sunshine.

That finished poor old Martín Alonso. Already a sick man from the hardships

and exposure of the voyage, mortified by his snub from the Sovereigns, he could bear no more. Without waiting for *Pinta's* sails to be furled, without reporting to the flagship, or so much as hailing his brother, Martín Alonso Pinzón had himself rowed ashore, went to his country house near Palos, crawled into bed, and died.

Both caravels and their passengers and crews were the objects of much admiring curiosity on the part of the people of Palos and Moguer. Many years later one Juan Roldán remembered well the *bodas y banquetes*, the parties and banquets, that were held there in honor of the heroes. Another citizen recalled how he had visited *Niña* with a committee of inquisitors who at that time were combing Palos for Jews and heretics; how they saw the Indians aboard, to whom doubtless the inquisitors would have given the 'third degree' had they been able to make themselves understood; how the Admiral had shown them some of the gold masks presented by an Indian cacique, and taken a knife and cut off a bit of pure gold and presented it to him. A highly tactful way to treat an inquisitor!

Columbus, who had already dispatched the Letter on the First Voyage to his Sovereigns overland from Lisbon, now sent another copy by way of Seville, where there was an official courier who spent his time traveling back and forth from the court. A special messenger delivered a letter to the Admiral's mistress at Cordova, together with a report to the municipality 'concerning the islands that he had found.' The city fathers were so pleased with this attention that they tipped the messenger nine golden ducats — but, unfortunately for us, they lost the letter.

The Sovereigns were holding court at Barcelona diagonally across the peninsula, an overland journey of some 800 miles. Columbus, with painful memories of muleback riding in Portugal, at first intended to go there by sea. But the

arrival of Martín Alonso the same afternoon put a different complexion on the matter. Haste was a consideration. Yet he could not start by land until a messenger returned from Barcelona with the desired permission to proceed. Accordingly in his letter to the Sovereigns, which was dispatched immediately, Columbus requested that the reply be sent to Seville.

After spending almost two weeks with Fray Juan Pérez and his other friends at La Rábida, Columbus proceeded with ten Indian captives to Seville. He entered the city 'with much honor on the 31st day of March, Palm Sunday, having fully realized his object, and there was very well received.' The Indians were lodged near the Gate of the Imágenes, where Bartolomé de las Casas remembered staring at them as a boy; the Admiral probably put up at the Monastery of Las Cuevas, where he always stayed on subsequent visits to Seville.

Holy Week in Seville, with its alternation of abject humility and superb pride, penance and pardon, death and victory, seemed at once a symbol and a fitting conclusion to his great adventure. The daily processions of the brotherhoods with their gorgeously bedecked statues of saints, the ancient ceremonies in the Cathedral — rending of the temple veil, knocking at the great door, candles on the great *tenebrario* extinguished until only the one representing the Light of the World remained, the washing of feet on Maundy Thursday, the supreme passion on Good Friday when the clacking of the *matraca* replaced the cheerful bells, the consecration of the paschal candle, and the supreme ecstasy of Easter morning — all that moved Columbus as no worldly honors could, and strengthened the conviction that his own toils and triumphs fitted the framework of the Passion. And it was pleasant to receive the congratulations of old friends (we always knew you would make it, old man!), to be presented to nobles and bishops, to dine with the

alcalde and the archbishop and the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and to be pointed out in the crowd as the man who had sailed to the Indies and back; to have choice young caballeros introduced by their fathers in order to plead with Señor Almirante to take them to the Indies, and they would scrub decks or do anything he asked.

What the Indian captives thought of it all we are not told.

On or shortly after Easter Sunday, which fell on April 7, Columbus's cup of happiness overflowed on receiving a letter from the Sovereigns, addressed to 'Don Cristóbal Colón, their Admiral of the Ocean Sea, Viceroy and Governor of the Islands that he hath discovered in the Indies.' No quibbling about titles, no proofs of discovery required, but all that had been promised, promptly and generously conceded. It was short and to the point, with not a word too much or too little; titles and privileges confirmed, royal command to attend court, and a blanket order to prepare a new expedition to the Indies.

Immediately after receiving this, Columbus drew up a memorial to the Sovereigns containing his ideas of how the colonization of Hispaniola should be effected and managed. This document, highly realistic in so far as it recognized that gold was the only object to draw colonists to Hispaniola, shows the Admiral in a new rôle, that of pioneer law-giver to the New World.

Sending this letter ahead by a swift courier, the Admiral set forth from Seville clad in the garments and using the state suitable to his new rank. With him traveled Juan Niño, the loyal master of *Niña*, a few servants, and six Indians. These carried brightly colored parrots in cages, and wore their native *guayacas*, ornaments and belts studded with polished fishbones 'fashioned with admirable art, together with a great quantity and samples of finest gold, and many other things never before seen or heard tell of in Spain.' The rumor had gone

before that Columbus had discovered new lands called 'Las Indias' with a strange race of heathen and amazing things; so all along the way to Barcelona the people flocked from far and near to see the show. Nobody — not even an Irishman — loves a parade as does a Spaniard; the Admiral did not lack popular attention and applause to enliven his long journey. In early April, moreover, Andalusia is at her fairest, with trees in full leaf, fruit in blossom, the fields green with young grain, and the pastures fresh with young grass.

Traversing the great rolling plain of Andalusia, the cortège on the second or third day entered Cordova by the Moorish stone bridge over the Guadalquivir. Here Columbus saw his two sons Diego and Ferdinand, visited his mistress Beatriz Enríquez de Harana and his old friends; here too he was entertained by the municipality, whom he had especially informed of the discovery. The cavalcade then crossed the Sierra Morena into Murcia, reached the coast at Valencia, and followed the coastal road through Tarragona to Barcelona, where it arrived between April 15 and 20. 'All the court and the city came out' to meet the Admiral, says his son.

Next day Columbus was publicly received in the Alcazar with appropriate pomp and solemnity by the King and Queen. He entered the hall where the Sovereigns held court with a multitude of caballeros and nobles; and among the best blood of Spain his fine stature and air of authority, his noble countenance and gray hair, gave him the appearance of a Roman Senator, as he advanced with a modest smile to make his obeisance. As he approached Ferdinand and Isabella they arose from their thrones, and when he knelt to kiss their hands they graciously bade him rise and be seated between them and the Infante Don Juan. An hour or more passed quickly while the Sovereigns examined his plunder and the Indians and their

trappings, asked him a multitude of questions about the islands, and discussed plans for the next expedition. Then all adjourned to the chapel royal, where the *Te Deum* was chanted in honor of the Great Discovery, while tears of joy streamed from the Sovereigns' and the Admiral's eyes. At the close of the service, Columbus was ceremoniously conducted as a royal guest to the lodgings that had been provided for him.

This was the height of his fortunes. Never again would he know such glory, receive such praise, enjoy such favor from his Sovereigns. A more subtle man, one who worked only for material reward, would have taken it forthwith and retired, leaving others to colonize. But Columbus was not that sort of man, or he would not have made his discovery. He must hold the islands gained for Spain, extend his discoveries, make contact with the Grand Khan, find the mines of gold, begin the work of conversion. The task that God intended him to perform had only begun.

II

For five or six weeks Columbus remained with the court at Barcelona, taking a prominent part in the great festivals of Whitsuntide, Trinity Sunday, and Corpus Christi, attending state dinners, receiving people who wished to go to the Indies, advising the Sovereigns on diplomatic matters, and making plans for the Second Voyage. Unique and memorable was the ceremony of baptizing the six Indians. King, Queen, and Infante Don Juan acted as godparents; to the Indian first in rank, cousin of a cacique, they gave the name Fernando de Aragon; to another, Don Juan de Castilla, and to a third, Don Diego Colón. 'Don Juan' remained attached to the royal household, 'where he was as well behaved and circumspect,' says Oviedo, 'as if he had been the son of an important caballero'; but he died in two

years' time. The others accompanied Columbus on his Second Voyage, but only two survived it.

The most important man in the kingdom after Ferdinand was Don Pedro Gonzáles de Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo and Grand Cardinal of Spain. Las Casas extols his wisdom and ability, his warm and generous nature, the splendor and munificence of his state, and the favor that he enjoyed with the Sovereigns; indeed his character was such that no one was jealous of his power, and it was said 'that the Cardinal carried the court with him; for when he was in the court, court was held, and when he was absent there was no court.' At a banquet given by this great man, Columbus was accorded the place of honor, and treated with the ceremony of the *salva*, usually reserved for royalty—which meant that every dish offered to him was first tasted by the host, and then served covered.

To this ceremonial occasion was attributed the famous egg story, the only anecdote about Columbus that everybody knows. We may as well translate the 'original source' of it, Benzoni's *Historia del Mondo Nuovo*, the first Italian history of the New World, which came out in 1565:—

Columbus being at a party with many noble Spaniards, where, as was customary, the subject of the conversation was the Indies: one of them undertook to say: 'Señor Cristóbal, even if you had not undertaken this great enterprise, we should not have lacked a man who would have made the same discovery that you did, here in our own country of Spain, as it is full of great men clever in cosmography and literature.' Columbus made no reply, but took an egg and had it placed on the table saying: 'Gentlemen, you make it stand here, not with crumbs, salt, etc. (for anyone knows how to do it with meal or sand), but naked and without anything at all, as I will, who was the first to discover the Indies.' They all tried, and no one succeeded in making it stand up. When the egg came round to the hands of Columbus, by beating it down on the table he fixed it, having thus crushed a little of one end;

wherefore all remained confused, understanding what he meant: that after the deed is done everybody knows how to do it; that they ought first to have sought for the Indies, and not laugh at him who had sought for them first.

Unfortunately this egg story had already done duty in an Italian biography of the architect Brunelleschi. Moreover, a Spanish courtier, unless very drunk, would hardly dare address an insolent query to the guest of honor of the Grand Cardinal of Spain; and a self-made admiral at his first gastronomic dinner would probably have found something better to do than juggle a hard-boiled egg. Benzoni used the tale, I feel certain, simply to illustrate a point about Columbus that the belittlers in his own time, like the detractors of ours, always evade. If the voyage was easy and obvious or based on previous information of America, why did Columbus have such difficulty in obtaining the meagre equipment and few men that he needed? His 'Enterprise of the Indies' had been rejected by the kings of England and France, twice by the king of Portugal, and at least twice by Ferdinand and Isabella, before they consented to support it. Furthermore, Columbus had taken out no patent on the enterprise. His advocacy over a period of at least eight years had made it public property. Europe had thousands of ships, tens of thousands of seamen, capable of making the voyage. Why, then, did not someone else beat him to it? Obviously because the faith and the will were lacking, save in the stout heart of Columbus. So the egg story has merit, like a fable of La Fontaine, even if it is not true.

Columbus as a newly created nobleman required a grant of arms as outward and visible sign of his rank; and on May 20, 1493, the Sovereigns issued letters patent conferring the right to augment his father's simple arms (blue bend on gold field with a red chief) by the gold castle of Castile, the purple lion of

Leon, and 'some gold islands in waves of the sea.' Later he added, as a fourth quarter, five gold anchors on a blue field, and relegated the Colombo family arms to an arched point in the base.

It was also necessary, from Columbus's point of view, that the rights and privileges granted him conditionally at Granada on April 30, 1492, should be expressly and formally confirmed, now that the conditions had been fulfilled. He was, accordingly, confirmed in his right to appoint and remove all judges and other officials in the Indies; to hear, judge, and determine all suits civil or criminal, and to enjoy all other things properly appertaining to the offices of viceroy and governor, including the obedience of all persons living within the said islands and terra firma; whilst all who sailed upon the Ocean Sea, defined as the ocean west and south of a line drawn from the Azores to the Cape Verde Islands, were required to obey him as Admiral.

Almirante was a title of Moorish origin, meaning simply 'the sea lord,' which the mediæval kings of Castile* used to designate a great officer of state whose business it was to administer the royal fleets and dockyards, and to exercise what is still known as admiralty jurisdiction. It was his duty to settle disputes among fishermen and in the merchant marine between owners, mariners, and merchants, and to take cognizance of piracy, mutiny, and all other crimes committed on the high seas or on tidal rivers. All these matters, for the narrow seas and the Canaries, were exercised by the Admiral of Castile or High Admiral, who held court at Seville. What Columbus wanted was jurisdiction over his own discoveries and the route thither, where he did not wish the Admiral of Castile to interfere. The *Almirantazgo*, or office of admiral, was as necessary for the control of men afloat as the vice-royalty for the government of men ashore. That is why Columbus was created Admiral 'of the Ocean Sea' or 'of

the Indies' — both titles were used in official documents. At a line drawn from the Azores to the Cape Verdes, where the High Admiral's jurisdiction ended, that of Columbus began. I imagine that whenever his fleet crossed that meridian outward bound on the three last voyages, Columbus caused a gun to be fired and had some officer tell the seamen that they'd better behave themselves, since the Admiral now had power of life and death over them from that point on. But the office and title of Admiral had then no implication of commanding a fleet.

Columbus would have been more than human if he had not relished the favor of the Sovereigns, the friendship of the great and the admiration of lesser people, at Barcelona. But he did not tarry there merely to bask in social sunshine, to have his privileges confirmed, and to indulge in his unpopular habit of saying 'I told you!' to the courtiers who had made fun of the Great Enterprise. Ferdinand and Isabella wanted him on hand in order to give information and advice on delicate negotiations with Portugal and with the Holy See. They must secure Spain's title to his discoveries, and to whatever future discoveries he or others might make in the same 'region of the Indies.'

We need not dwell on the complicated diplomatic history of the four bulls issued by Pope Alexander VI in 1493, at the behest of his good friends Ferdinand and Isabella. The most important, the second bull *Inter cætera*, drew the famous line of demarcation between Spain and Portugal: the meridian 100 leagues (318 nautical miles) west of the Azores and Cape Verde Islands. West of this meridian all future discoveries should belong to Spain; east of it the king of Portugal might enlarge his empire.

Columbus undoubtedly suggested the demarcation line. In his Letter to the Sovereigns on the Third Voyage, he says, 'When I sailed from Spain to the Indies, I found straightway on passing

100 leagues to the west of the Azores a very great change in the sky, the stars, the air temperature and the ocean; and I used much care in verifying this. I find that from North to South in passing the said meridian of 100 leagues beyond those islands, the compass needles that formerly varied to the eastward, now varied to the westward a full point. . . . And also I found the sea there full of weed, whilst up to this meridian not a single spray of it was encountered. I also found the sea, on arriving there, to be very soft and smooth; it never made up even when the wind was stiff. Also, I found westward of the said meridian the temperature of the air to be very mild, and no change in the quality winter or summer.'

In other words, the meridian 100 leagues west of the Azores marked the division between European and American conditions, between boisterous winds with high seas and gentle trades blowing over a 'sea like the river of Seville,' between cold weather and perpetual spring-time. So the *Inter cætera* bull, prompted by Columbus, took an imaginary meteorological boundary and made it a political one.

According to Las Casas, it was an entomological boundary as well. Speaking of the fauna of the Indies, he remarks on the absence of lice and fleas. 'As a general rule the ships and people who follow the sea are so crawling with this "fruit," that for him who goeth to sea for the first time it is no small anxiety and travail; but for the Indies voyage we have a singular thing to remark: that up to the Canaries and 100 leagues beyond, or in the region of the Azores, many are the lice that breed; but from there on they all commence to die, so that upon raising the first islands of the Indies there be no man that breedeth or seeth one. On the homeward passage to Castile, every ship and person proceedeth clean of these creatures, until they attain the aforesaid region of the ocean, whenceforward, as if they waited

upon us, they presently return in great and disturbing numbers.' Undoubtedly it was an advantage to leave such 'fruit' on the Portuguese side of the line.

By the time Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote*, it had been demonstrated that the mariners' little insect companions had overcome their prejudice against a voyage to 'the Indies,' but were reluctant to pass the Equator. During the adventure of the Enchanted Barque on the river Ebro, the Knight of the Woe-ful Countenance, imagining that he is sailing over the ocean sea, bids Sancho Panza search himself for vermin, in order to ascertain whether or not they have crossed the line. Sancho finds 'more things than one' on his neck, from which Don Quixote is forced to conclude that the Enchanted Barque still sails in north latitude!

III

Now let us see how the greatest piece of news since the coronation of Charlemagne was spread throughout Europe, and what people thought of it.

Apart from the ancient and universal method of mouth-to-mouth, news of Columbus's First Voyage spread in two ways: by copies of his own Letter to the Sovereigns, and by private letters. The Letter to the Sovereigns, composed partly at sea before rough weather set in, concluded at anchor in the Azores, and postscripted at Lisbon, was a succinct and accurate digest of the voyage, except for the identification of the lands he had discovered. Columbus claimed that he had discovered certain islands 'in the region of the Indies,' and believed Cuba to be a promontory of China. He related, accurately enough, the sort of climate he had encountered, the gentle and hospitable nature of the Arawak Indians, their complete 'state of nature,' their possession of gold ornaments indicating near-by mines, and the likelihood that some of the new woods

and plants of which he had taken samples were exceedingly valuable. He reported the presence of cannibals on islands that he had not seen. Disagreeable incidents such as the near-mutiny and the insubordination of Pinzón were not alluded to, and no mention was made of the loss of *Santa María*.

This letter, dispatched overland from Lisbon in early March 1493, reached the Sovereigns at Barcelona well ahead of Columbus, and they took every measure to give it full publicity. Several copies were made for important members of the royal household. One of these, endorsed to Luis de Santangel, the official who had persuaded the Queen to order the Voyage, was printed in Spanish at Barcelona, very badly, as a four-page folio pamphlet. Another manuscript copy, endorsed to Gabriel Sánchez, the Treasurer of Aragon, was translated into Latin and printed at Rome about the end of April, 1493, as a small eight-page pamphlet entitled *Epistola Cristoferi Colom*. It rapidly became a 'best seller.' Nine different editions of the Columbus Letter, printed in Latin in 1493 or 1494, have been found by bibliographers; and there were several editions of a metrical paraphrase in Italian verse.

Many Italians were then established in Spain as merchants, diplomats, or churchmen, and a number of their letters written to friends and patrons in Italy about the great discovery have been preserved. As early as the last week of March, 1493, the Signory of Florence received a letter from Spain stating that certain youths (*giovani*, probably a scribe's error for *genovesi*, Genoese) with three caravels had gone in search of new countries 'not already seen by the King of Portugal,' and had discovered a very great island inhabited by naked people. They found considerable gold and a river whose sand was mixed with gold, as well as cotton, pines, cypress trees, and spicery.

The earliest Italian letter about the

voyage to be preserved intact was written by an Italian merchant of Barcelona named Hannibal Zenaro to his brother at Milan on April 9, 1493. Zenaro says, in part, that 'a certain *Colomba* with four caravels in 34 days arrived at a great island inhabited by naked people of olive complexion, without any skill in fighting and very timorous. . . . From this island they then passed on to other islands . . . two of which are each of greater extent than England or Scotland, and the other greater than all Spain. The aforesaid *Colomba* has left there some of his men. . . . In that island they say they have found pepper, lignum aloes, and a mine of gold in the rivers, i.e., a river which has sand with many grains of gold. And the people there, it is said, navigate with *canne* (canoes) which are so big that the largest hold 70 and 80 men.'

The recipient of Zenaro's letter gave a copy of it to the Ferraran envoy at Milan, who sent it on April 21 to his master, the famous Ercole d'Este, who was keenly interested in voyages and discoveries. As his court was a centre of scientific inquiry as well as of humanist learning, we may be certain that news of the discovery spread fast among the virtuosi of Northern Italy.

On April 22 an architect named Luca Fancelli writes from Florence about the discovery to his patron, the Marquis of Mantua. Fancelli does not mention the name of Columbus. He says that in sixteen (!) days vessels of the King of Spain 'discovered certain islands, among others a very large island toward the Orient which had very great rivers and terrible mountains and a most fertile country, inhabited by handsome men and women, but they all go naked, except that some wear a leaf of cotton. . . . The country is most abounding in gold.' Allegretto Allegretti, a Sienese diarist, noted on April 25 that he had heard 'from many letters of our merchants in Spain, and from the lips of many people,' that *Cristoforo Colombo*

(the first time his name is given correctly) had found islands with gold, spicery, and people of strange customs, and had left a garrison of eighty men on one island; 'they consider our men as gods.' The Duke of Milan's agent at Bologna reported on June 17 that *Columbo* had found some 'southern islands in the crossing of the Indian Ocean' inhabited by 'simple and naked people whom they tried to capture, treating them with liberality and humanity.' Battista Fregoso, a former doge of Genoa, noted in his 'Chronicle of Memorable Words and Deeds' for 1493 that *Christophorus Columbus natione Genuensis* had safely returned from India, having reached it in 31 days from Cádiz, as he proposed to do.

In contrast to the celerity with which the news spread in Italy, it seems to have reached Northern Europe very slowly. The great Nuremberg Chronicle was printed on July 12, 1493, without any mention of the discovery; and two days later a Nuremberg scientist wrote to the king of Portugal, urging him to undertake a western voyage to the Indies, in complete ignorance that Columbus had taken the trick. As for England, the earliest evidence that anyone there had heard about Columbus's First Voyage is in a letter from Ferdinand and Isabella of March 28, 1496, to their ambassador at London, referring to news from him that 'one like Columbus' (John Cabot) was trying to persuade the king 'to enter upon another undertaking like that of the Indies.' One would suppose that Ferdinand and Isabella would have seen that copies of the Pope's bulls reached the court of every seafaring nation; but no copies of any such communications have been found in the archives of any European state except Portugal.

From such letters and chronicles as have been unearthed it is clear that Columbus's discovery struck the European imagination as a unique combination of the marvelous united to the

truth. Scientific and literary curiosity was equally aroused. The points in Columbus's discovery that chiefly interested people were the new things that recalled something very old, like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The one touch of nature that made all newsmongers kin was the naked natives, especially the women who wore nothing but a leaf. Naked women were much less common in 1493 than today. All Europeans of that era were overdressed, according to our notions; and women were not accustomed to strip or bathe in public. Completely naked Negroes had been seen by the Portuguese discoverers in equatorial Africa; but whatever the Portuguese saw in the Dark Continent they did not tell. So Columbus's story of men and women going winter and summer without clothes was news indeed.

Another group of facts that aroused comment were the lack of religion among these natives, their timid and generous nature, and their ignorance of lethal weapons; these characteristics, combined with their prelapsarian innocence, suggested to anyone with a classical education that the Golden Age still existed in far-off corners of the globe. Fascinating to all was Columbus's statement that 'most of the rivers' in Hispaniola 'yield gold,' for everyone knew the legend of King Midas and the River Pactolus, for which the Portuguese had been vainly searching the west coast of Africa. Europe was short of specie, and any new gold strike, as in our own day, made a story of universal appeal. The exact location of these marvelous discoveries apparently interested nobody; the possibility that Columbus had opened up a new sea route to the Indies, and thus damaged the commerce of Italian sea-ports, did not occur to any letter writer of that nation.

Supposing there had been a popular press in 1493, and reporters with a scent for 'human-interest stuff,' one can imagine that Columbus's Letter on his

First Voyage, when 'released to the press,' would have been promptly cabled to Italy and written up something like this in the rewrite room of the *Corriere de Genova*:—

GENOA MAN SEES NAKED NATIVES

FINDS GOLD IN RIVER SANDS

RICH STRIKE FOR KING OF SPAIN

Colombo with Three Ships reaches Golden Islands near India — Men Bear No Arms and Women Wear No Clothes

BARCELONA, *March 20.* Our correspondent has heard a strange story of a discovery made for King Ferdinand. Captain Colon, said to be Genoese, reached new islands near India sailing 33 days across the Ocean Sea from the Canaries, in fleet of 3 caravels. Reports climate always summer, people living in state of nature; women show no shame although wearing only small fig leaf; men wear nothing but birds' feathers in hair and gold jewelry on arms and legs. The Christians were received as gods from Heaven, on an island bigger than all Spain, says Colon, and given all they wanted. The natives have no priests or lawyers, having neither religion nor laws, and their only weapon is wooden spears. Their boats are made of a single tree and carry 70 to 80 men. Rivers in this country are full of gold, asserts discoverer, who has put in at Lisbon and is on his way to this city to see our King. The royal press bureau refused to affirm or deny the report.

Hon. G. Sanchez, Secretary of the Treasury, when interviewed, said, 'This is good

news, if true. It will justify public confidence in the administration and bring back prosperity.' His Eminence, the Grand Cardinal of Spain, gave out this statement: 'God alone should be thanked for so great a blessing to Spain. I hope that this glorious opportunity to extend the Catholic Faith will appeal to our frivolous college students, and turn their minds to higher things.' Dr. Gomez, well-known professor of geography in the University of Salamanca, when informed, expressed doubt, said he knew Colon years ago, and considered him an impostor. India cannot be reached in 33 days, says Prof. Gomez. Most well-informed people believe the story, and a public reception is being planned for Captain Colon when he arrives at Barcelona. The Navy Department refused to confirm or deny a report that the King would promote him to Rear Admiral.

Our reporter, after research in old city directories, identified the discoverer as Cristoforo Colombo, son of Mr. Domencio Colombo of this city. Fr. Luigi, former teacher of the discoverer, looked up the school records in the presence of our reporter and said he remembered Cristoforo as a good boy, strict in his religious duties, who failed to receive a diploma because he was weak in geography. The father of our distinguished fellow citizen is a retired wool weaver living in the St. John Baptist ward. Contacted at his home, Mr. Colombo was told the news. He said, 'It does not surprise me at all. Chris was always a boy for the girls and the money. I said he would come to no good leaving Genoa and going to Spain.'

(To be concluded)

THE DUEL

BY ROBERT RICHARDS

I

MOST of the things my grandfather knew about John C. Calhoun were passed on to him by his father, Martin Foley. He knew the memory better than he knew the mortal, but he hated both equally. Young Calhoun used to come to our house — my great-grandfather's, I mean — and they say even the Negroes trailed him about just to hear him speak. You could be a nobody, squatting on a half acre of land without slaves or cotton, and John Calhoun would tip his hat to your woman and pass the time of day. You could come storming up, bitter at something he had done, and he would look at you with those deep-set eyes but never raise his voice while he talked. His mouth was thin and straight, like a piece of wire, but he guided the right words out.

My grandfather had a direct method of explaining his feeling toward Calhoun. He talked in an undertone, forming part of the words with his restless hands. 'Take one of your dogs and train him for birds, son. Train him hard every day from the time he's a knot-tail in the puppy yard. Then bird season comes, and what does he do? He flushes a rabbit. His belly is empty and crawling, because that's the best way to hunt a dog, and he sees this lazy rabbit creeping along. Off he goes for the cottontail, forgetting all you taught him, forgetting all those times you got down on your knees and begged him to stay on point. Cause why? Cause he's a no-good dog, that's why. He looks good, he stands good, but he ain't good.'

Then he would lean back and blink slowly. 'What would you do with a dog like that? Why, you'd give him to the niggers for a rabbit dog, that's what you'd do, and like as not, when he was chasing rabbits, he would point quail.'

There was never time for a reply because he would raise his hand for silence and let his voice drop until you could hear a mouse running through the kitchen walls. 'That was old John C. Calhoun, son. He was just another bird dog that took to running rabbits.'

They felt things about Calhoun down in South Carolina. They still feel them, I guess. They thought he wasn't like other folk, and the weaknesses of the flesh passed him by. He had his mind on what was best for South Carolina, they told each other, and he didn't have time for whiskey, women, or cards, as some do hint about Henry Clay.

My grandfather sneers when you tell him that. 'Calhoun fought a duel, and loved a woman — right here at Bete Noir!'

To get to the beginning, my great-grandfather was an Irishman from County Cork. He never had much of an education himself, and I believe that is what he loved most about John Calhoun. The land upon which Martin Foley lived was left him by his uncle, and he sailed for Bete Noir with barely enough possessions to keep him together, but he had the Irish ability to adapt himself to new conditions and he had the Irish love for land. When he had been in South Caro-

lina five years, they tell me, no man looked more the planter's part; no man was more correctly attired.

They shared more in common than you might believe, these two. Calhoun, born the son of simple Patrick Calhoun in Abbeville District, was not in any position to be great shakes in South Carolina. He grew up on the wrong side of things, and he was eighteen before he got a lick at the world outside. He could ride a horse, he could shoot, but he didn't know a Latin verb from a pig's eyebrow until he was almost twenty.

My great-grandfather wouldn't have known a Latin verb if he met it face to face, up until the hour he died, but he came to Bete Noir a low-down Irishman and he remained to make all South Carolina drink with him. He had a way that was all his own, and people liked him for it. John C. Calhoun knew all about such things. He too came down into the tidewater with no purple on his shoulders.

My grandfather never admitted it, but they must have sat in the great room often, with the fire eating at the logs, and smiled at how far they had come.

Then there was the girl. She wasn't any ordinary girl, the old man always maintained, although he could not say for sure, because she was middle-aged before he was tall enough to judge such things. Her name was Sally Brateen, and her father was Hank Brateen, who made his living ferrying people across Finley's Creek, which split Bete Noir's fields in twain. Finley's Creek was more than a creek most of the time because the drainage was poor and the heavy rains dumped all their water to stay until the hot sun picked it up. When the water was low, and you could wade a horse across, there was no way of knowing what Brateen did to earn his living, but the Negroes whispered he was a witch doctor.

Martin Foley told my grandfather this Brateen was horrible enough in appearance to be most anything. He let

his beard grow down to his waist, and he had black eyes which never stopped moving when you were in the room with him. They began at your shoes and went up and down, up and down. My grandfather said you couldn't get one of the slaves to go into his rooms at Benje's Tavern if you offered immediate freedom and a ticket to Canada.

Foley and John Calhoun wanted to cross Finley's Creek one day, or so the story goes, and they walked beneath the tree to strike the metal ring suspended there, which always brought Hank Brateen with his flat-bottomed boat. Then they saw the girl, and my grandfather says even Calhoun swore in a soft, strained voice.

She wasn't any girl you might meet on a river's bank. She stood there barefooted, in a mud-splashed dress, but both men uncovered their heads. They did it unconsciously, too, just as if it was the right and proper thing. 'Pardon me,' said Martin Foley, always quick with his tongue. 'We are waiting for the ferry.'

She laughed, and the old man said it was more than Martin Foley could stand, or Calhoun either. 'Why, I'm the ferry today,' she said.

The girl pulled the bow of the boat against the muddy bank and Calhoun climbed into the stern, but Foley would not go past the bow because he was too busy with his eyes. He hadn't seen a thing as beautiful since he left Ireland during June when the green things pushed aside the mists and you could find the cows without slipping in the dew. She wouldn't talk on the trip across; she pulled at the oars, and she pulled with the wisdom of one who knew.

'Do you do this for a living?' asked Martin Foley.

'No, I do it for fun.' She laughed, and the sun caught the curve of her lips. Young Calhoun looked and wondered, and he must have felt how tightly drawn his own lips were, pulled across his teeth like a bit of thread. He sat there, my grandfather told me, without muttering

a word, because in those days it was all politics and he didn't know the things that women wanted to hear. Later on, when he settled down with Floride and lived in a great house at Fort Hill, he used to go into Charleston during the proper seasons and pay his compliments. In those early days he was a serious man with the coming fight against Britain burning inside him.

They landed on the opposite shore, and this hulk of a man, Hank Brateen, was waiting. Martin Foley was the first upon the bank. 'Where does this beautiful child come from?'

Brateen laughed a husky laugh: 'I reckon she's my daughter.'

My great-grandfather frowned into Finley's Creek. 'That's strong labor for a girl.'

'She don't work all the time. Not at night, she don't.' Hank Brateen hid one hand deep within his beard and winked. It was an evil wink, the old man said. It left no doubts as to his meaning.

II

Martin Foley was more direct than most men, and he wasted no time in stating his intentions when he and John Calhoun were striding down the tiny road which led through the hills to Bete Noir. He tapped his gloves against his leg. 'John, that girl is mine.'

It might have been humorous to Calhoun, but it wasn't. He found life too full to push aside for humor, and he never fathomed even gentle pleasantries; not because he lacked perception, but because his mind would be far away. So it didn't seem odd to him that Martin Foley should warn him from a woman, when he was known throughout the Abbeville District for his chastity.

Great-grandfather Foley wasn't chaste; he was an animal, with an animal's appetites. There were rumors, even so far away as Charleston, that half the babies born to slaves on his place were black Irish and he never troubled to deny

it. There was no reason for Calhoun to feel surprised when Martin Foley marked himself another venture. It was to be expected. It was one of those things which happened regularly, just as cotton grew best when the sun came out hot and strong. That's the way my great-grandfather was, and all his friends knew it.

They hadn't had time to catch their wind on the veranda at Bete Noir before Martin Foley dispatched Tiny Will, a young slave, trotting toward Finley's Creek with a note in his hand. It was addressed to Hank Brateen and it said, in part, 'You and your daughter meet me at Benje's Tavern tonight.'

If it hadn't rained, John Calhoun would have gone on his way, and he would have left this story before it really started, but the skies opened up and the water came down until the roads were flooded. 'You'll have to come with me to Benje's,' said my great-grandfather, though he would have preferred the trip alone.

Calhoun preferred, for his part, to sit in the library and watch the fire, or to pull forth one of the many books which Martin Foley would never read, but his polite background forbade such a suggestion. The mud was too thick to trust the slender legs of any of the blooded stock, so two of the field hands carried my great-grandfather and John Calhoun the half mile to the tavern.

Benje's was filled with smoke, as taverns always are, and no matter where you looked some drunk was occupying a chair. My great-grandfather and John Calhoun were hard put to find seating space at all. Then Martin Foley saw the girl. She was between Hank Brateen and another man; there were three or four others at the table.

Foley crossed slowly. 'Did you get my message, Hank?'

'I got it.'

Martin Foley rubbed his hands together slowly. 'Let's move to another table.'

Brateen looked up and laughed. There

was a great deal of impudent malice behind his words. 'These gents are buying the drinks; we stay here,' he said.

Martin Foley would have killed him on the spot, but Calhoun caught his hand and kept it from sliding inside his coat to reach the pistol butt. My grandfather always said the girl meant as much to Calhoun as she did to Foley, but he had a cool legal mind and he saw they were on the losing side. He uttered no words to the girl at all, but pulled my great-grandfather back.

One of the drunkest at the table stood up. 'Join us,' he invited, and giggled down in his throat.

John Calhoun shoved Martin Foley into a chair which Benje managed to produce from somewhere. 'All right, we're in,' he agreed.

There was a fight in the wind — Foley knew that, being Irish. He didn't intend to drink. He was going to remain sober and face this out. He wanted to enjoy the feel of his fist when he pounded deep into the flesh of Hank Brateen. He wanted to grasp that long black hair in his fingers and pull and twist until he could feel the pain of it.

So they sat and faced this light-fingered death, because that's what it was. There wasn't a man at the table that night who wouldn't have killed them for the brightness of the buttons on their coats. That is why Martin Foley wouldn't drink, and that is why he sat balanced on the edge of his chair, ready to start throwing things first, if they must be thrown.

Two times the rounds were made, and two times the glasses filled, but the liquor remained untouched in the cups of my great-grandfather and his friend, Calhoun. They remained tight-lipped and quiet.

'What kind of thing is this?' Brateen demanded. 'When a man won't drink the toddy he buys?'

'Your belly is wet,' said my great-grandfather. 'You be content.'

Calhoun smiled and he looked straight

into the eyes of Hank Brateen. 'I'll drink with you,' he said. 'Forget about my friend.'

There are those in South Carolina who won't believe this, but my grandfather says it is true: John C. Calhoun drank down the two glasses of Bourbon before him; he did it slowly and easily too, and then he reached across for Foley's. 'Drink hearty, gentlemen,' he said. They stared amazed at the four empty glasses.

The old man claims Calhoun got drunk — not just a middling drunk, the way you might get before you realize it, but a real skunk drunk. He wobbled on the seat of his chair, and he made strange noises. There are many people who believe that he never laughed in his life — that is, never laughed aloud, like anyone else. He did that night.

He sat there until the rest of them began to nod, and he was pouring from his sixth bottle when Hank Brateen slipped beneath the table. When Hank went, the rest of them followed; it was a wholesale surrender. They lay on their backs beneath the table, and there was Martin Foley, still sober, staring at Sally Brateen.

III

No words ever passed his lips to tell it, my grandfather said, but John C. Calhoun loved Sally Brateen. Drunk as he was, he kept his eyes on her frightened face and one arm held Martin Foley. It was young Calhoun, not my great-grandfather, who helped her take Hank Brateen from the floor and carried the bearded giant senseless up the stairs to his room. Martin Foley followed and he would have stepped inside, but Calhoun turned when Brateen was across the bed. 'We'd best go home, Martin,' he said.

Sally Brateen's hand pinched his shoulder, and the fire of it must have fed that thin, gaunt frame with something it had lacked ever since he was a boy, roaming the highlands of South Carolina. Sally Brateen's hand touched

John Calhoun, but her eyes were for Martin Foley. 'Good night,' she said.

Martin Foley decided that night it was time for him to take a wife. Sally Brateen was the woman he wanted. My great-grandfather was a sincere man, who believed in God and hell, but he couldn't control himself. He needed someone on hand to use the whip; he saw that someone in Sally Brateen. There was strength in her will to guide the two of them.

John C. Calhoun realized how my great-grandfather felt. He listened to these words of desire, but kept his own counsel. There was gloom in his eyes, and something near despair, when he heard this talk about Sally Brateen. The same judgment that told him Sally could never love a lanky man with a twisted mouth and bright stubborn eyes told him too that she deserved something better than Martin Foley. Here was a man who knew all the joys of license, and who suddenly decided they were not for him. John Calhoun held no faith in this newfound philosophy. 'You won't last six months,' he said to Martin Foley.

From here the story greatly varies, depending upon those who tell it to you, but my grandfather says that John C. Calhoun, just before he went away to the legislature for the first time, walked over to Benje's Tavern and climbed the stairs to Hank Brateen's rooms.

Martin Foley found him there talking to Sally. He was talking, and nothing more, but he was in her room alone and it was after six in the evening. Such evidence seemed too strong for my great-grandfather, who was never overbright. He struck Calhoun across the face.

The great man never uttered a word, but walked out the door.

'Oh, you fool, you fool!' cried Sally Brateen, and she pushed Martin Foley out into the hall and refused to let him reënter.

Then, of course, there was the duel.

They say John Calhoun was a long time answering Foley's challenge. That

he retired to his living quarters and left the second waiting outside while he pondered. Martin Foley had said plainly it was to be a duel, or a horsewhipping, and Calhoun could take his choice.

There were several things to make the great man pause and think it over. First, from boyhood he had been brought up on horseback, with a gun near his hand. To be sure, since his schooling venture in the East at Litchfield, he didn't shoot as much now as he once had, but he was still a good marksman.

Martin Foley was an extremely bad shot; even his slaves chuckled when he went after birds because he never returned with enough for a meal. Those few that graced his saddle were usually brought down by a companion's bullet. That has been a shortcoming of our family all the way down the line.

John Calhoun could kill Martin Foley. Even as he read the note, he knew that.

To accept the challenge meant that young Calhoun would have to spill the blood of a man he liked, and then too there was no deciding just what reaction such a thing might have on the career of a man on his way to the state legislature.

To refuse meant certain disaster, because then Martin Foley would attempt to make good his threat of a public whipping.

Calhoun returned to the messenger after half an hour. 'I have my choice of weapons?'

'Naturally.'

'All right. Tell Martin Foley I will fight him.'

There was no smile on John C. Calhoun's face when he uttered those words. His face and voice were grim, and his eyes burned their way into the messenger's brain. They say the hapless second almost stumbled over himself as he fled.

'Here's where he showed his training,' my grandfather said, pointing a finger at me. 'He went against his breeding and did a thing no gentleman would do, boy. He showed himself for a rabbit hound,

all right, this fellow Calhoun. He sat down and thought it all out, then did it the way that suited him best, and not the way it should have been done. He didn't fret about nobody but John Calhoun, you can bet on that!

They met beneath the oaks at Bete Noir.

Sally Brateen had gone to Calhoun the night before. She had knocked at his door, and quailed before the grimness of his glance when he answered the summons. She had asked him to be generous and forget this awful thing; to go on his way to the legislature and leave Martin Foley in the field with his gun.

'You love him, don't you?'

Sally Brateen had answered, 'Yes, I love him.' Then the door closed sharply in her face, and the gaunt man was gone. She had reached forth to knock again, but withdrew her hand, knowing he would not return to face her.

Now Sally Brateen came through the early morning damp to plead with Martin Foley. 'Forget this duel and I'll marry you today,' she told him. 'We can leave Bete Noir forever.' But Martin Foley was a stubborn man. He refused to listen to her words, and awaited the coming of John Calhoun.

Sally felt that she was saying good-bye for the last time; she could see his young strength limp and shapeless against the ground. Pushing back her bonnet, so all those about could see her face plainly, she kissed Martin Foley on the cheek. He stood straight and still, with his hands down close to his sides. 'You must go,' he told her. 'You have stayed too long.'

Calhoun came shortly after dawn, riding a gray horse, instead of coming in a carriage as most gentlemen would. His second carried no pistol case, and no doctor accompanied them. 'Are you planning to use my pieces?' Martin Foley demanded in surprise.

'Guns?' queried John Calhoun. 'Come, who mentioned guns?'

'This is a duel, John.'

'To be sure, but not a duel with guns.'

That was a blow to my great-grandfather. None knew better than he the small chance he had with pistols; practically no chance at all. Now it was to be with swords. Martin Foley drew himself up proudly. He had never held a cutting edge in his life. 'So, it's to be with steel?'

'Steel?' Calhoun said. 'Why steel?'

My great-grandfather became angry then. "'Tis bound to be either guns or steel. This is a duel, you know.'

'Not at all, not at all,' replied the great Calhoun. 'The choice of weapons is mine. Right now my boots look good enough for me, Martin.'

'Your boots, John?'

'Why not? We're to be allowed one kick each, you see. The one who knocks the other farthest naturally wins. Shall we match for honors?'

The men on the field heard him, but they didn't believe. The tightness within them relaxed, and they leaned forward in the half light to scan his face. What kind of joke was this? What madness for a man to bring with him to a duel? John Calhoun stood quietly, without removing his greatcoat, and then they realized he meant what he said: that he had come to this field to fight in the early dawn with his boots, and nothing more.

My grandfather couldn't say who laughed first; it happened spontaneously. One minute there was death beneath the oaks, calm but certain in the wind, then there was breathing, and laughter. First it was a whisper, then a guffaw, then one continuous roar. Men held each other by the shoulders to support their mirth; several collapsed and rolled in the grass.

Laughter cut the heart from Martin Foley. It was one thing to feel the sudden burning of a bullet through your stomach, — a man could prepare himself for that, — but it was too much to fit yourself for death and then here was mirth before you. Martin Foley grabbed his cape and rushed from the field; none

followed, or tried to make him stay. He mounted a horse, they say, and fled to Savannah.

John Caldwell Calhoun went on to the legislature, and then later to Washington — you have heard of him.

And Sally Brateen?

She brought my great-grandfather back to Bete Noir a married man.

You see, that's why my grandfather calls John C. Calhoun a rabbit dog: according to the rules, he should have shot Martin Foley. He should have left him bleeding in the grass. Instead, he made a laughingstock of him for a time, but he let him live to marry and have strong sons. 'He was a politician, boy, that's

why he didn't do it,' my grandfather told me. 'He was afraid of what other folks would think when he got to arguing and making laws. He was just like that old bird dog and the rabbit, by golly. That's the thing his belly wanted most.'

But I don't know about that. Sometimes I think my grandfather is just getting too old to remember things — things that used to be important, even to him. He's forgetting there was a girl named Sally Brateen — a beautiful girl with a laugh that pulled at a stubborn man's frown.

He's forgetting there's a thing inside a man that a bird dog never knows, and it ain't politics either.

PRELUDE FOR THE ENSLAVED PEOPLES

BY MARGARET McGOVERN

THESE lanthorns we of bone,
Burning, going out alone,
These lanthorns we of bone —

These lanthorns we enmesh
More than the cringing flesh
Bared to the conqueror's lash;

These lanthorns we enmesh,
For evil or for good,
In the remembering blood
More than its ebb and flood.

Crusted or flowing blood,
Hearts living or of stone,
More than us will atone
These lanthorns we of bone. . . .

MUSIC UNDER DICTATORSHIP

BY NICOLAS NABOKOV

THIS does not seem the proper time to discuss certain similarities in the dictatorships of Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany. However, it is highly important for us to remember that, although these countries are now engaged in war, they are both dictatorships, having among great differences certain inevitable likenesses. I shall attempt to show in this article how the implicit evils of dictatorship reveal themselves in the governmental policies toward one of the arts — music. Of course I am forced to base my analysis of the Russian musical situation on activities that preceded the German invasion; to discuss the policy toward music in Germany is a simpler task, since the internal life there has not been dislocated to the same drastic extent as in the invaded countries.

Germany is the land of the Gestapo, of concentration camps, superorganized war industries, and Jewish persecution. But these generalities do not explain everything. For instance, Germany also boasts three hundred thousand choral organizations, active now in wartime, several hundred fairly good symphony orchestras, an excellent state-subsidized opera house in almost every important city, innumerable musical conservatories filled to capacity, and yearly musical festivals still being held at Salzburg, Munich, and Potsdam. Only recently the Institute for Foreign Cultural Relations invited 'foreigners' to come to a session of a musical summer school in Salzburg and Potsdam, and in the very impressive catalogue one finds the names

of such excellent musicians and pedagogues as Giesecking, Backhaus, Krauss, and Schünemann. Eminent musicologists of Old World repute such as Schering and Schünemann are writing books in Germany and editing works of the great masters.

The U. S. S. R. produces a greater amount of fairly well written contemporary music than any other country, and most of this music is not only printed but also performed. The Soviet Government spends a considerable amount of money for the propagation of musical culture in the various federal republics of the Union.

How can one reconcile these diametrically opposed facts of dictatorship and seemingly free cultural activity? The answer is that the life of a people under any régime is a most complex phenomenon and cannot be explained by any generalities such as 'land of the Reds' or 'land of the Gestapo.'

On the one hand, the U. S. S. R. is a federal union based on fundamental principles of internationalism, and thus is interested in promoting the international element in art. On the other hand, the Soviet Government encourages and fosters the development of national schools of music based on the folklore of the various peoples of the Union.

Germany, quite to the contrary, is in the eyes of the Nazi Government an unassailable 'fortress of the German spirit,' and therefore every great musical work of the past, all contemporary pieces, — in short, all musical activity,

— must be regarded from this point of view. Furthermore, while Russia has but a very short musical tradition, Germany has been in the last few centuries the leader of western European musical culture, and has a tradition which goes back as far as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Therefore, Russia needs a tremendous output of music to satisfy the newly awakened appreciation of its music-loving people, whereas Germany can always rely upon the works of Wagner or reinterpret in an *urgermanisch* way the compositions of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Bach.

I

I should like to describe in some detail the musician's life in the U. S. S. R. as it was before the German invasion. The Soviet composer, by the law of his country, belongs to a union of composers, authors, and performing artists. In order to be elected a member of such a union he is required to pass a test which, as far as I can ascertain, is entirely professional and absolutely nonpolitical. Once a member of the union, he benefits considerably from his prerogatives. When he writes a piece of music, he is remunerated according to an established scale of prices per page for the various kinds of composition. Publication of his work is guaranteed. Frequently there is a long delay, but this is due mostly to a lack of technical equipment rather than to the interference of authorities or unwillingness of the union's publication committee.

The Musgiz (State Musical Publishing House) is controlled by the musicians themselves, of course, under the watchful eye of government representatives. Furthermore, the work of a composer-member of the union is almost always performed, and thus he comes in direct contact with the Soviet public. Hence he has a definite social status, based on a certain amount of economic security, which few composers of so-called 'seri-

ous music' have in the United States. In addition, there is a great demand for new music in the U. S. S. R. from all sorts of organizations, governmental and otherwise. The composer, even a moderately good one, acquires a certain amount of prestige and is regarded by the people as being among the cultural leaders.

Perhaps the most interesting activity in the cultural life of the Union is the growth of musicological research in the folk music of the various nations inhabiting the Union. Since the middle of the twenties, and until 1941, a steady stream of collected folk songs and dances with fairly good musicological comments — and fairly bad harmonization — have been appearing in Soviet Russia. These collections contain the music of peoples concerning whom little was known before the Revolution: Georgians, Armenians, Tatars, Turkmenians, Lapps, and others. This work was carried out with great zeal by eminent Russian musicologists and was financed by the government. Other forms of research have resulted in new editions of the works of Russian composers of the past century, particularly Moussorgsky (including his very interesting notebooks), and the publication of memoirs, scientific and epistolary literature, and the extremely illuminating correspondence of Tschaikowsky.

However, behind the imposing surface of Soviet musical activity, developments have taken place which have been detrimental to the creative spirit. After the murder of Kirov (Stalin's personal friend), a wave of terror spread over the Union. The artistic life of the country did not escape this wave. Censorship was tightened, individual musicians were persecuted for alleged 'bourgeois' tendencies, and an 'official' style appeared, a style which is definitely reactionary, unimaginative, and unexperimental. Endless discussions of 'formalism' were held in the Union. 'Formalism' began to mean everything which,

in the eyes of the Soviet Government, was evil.

Actually, what the government wanted the composers to do was to establish a style in music that would be easily understood by the masses, and the masses, in the opinion of the government, were uneducated and had bad taste in art. The explanation is very simple; the government leaders themselves, including Stalin, judged the case of the masses by their own standards, which, unfortunately, are not high. Most of the leaders are artistically half educated, and naturally prefer everything that is obvious and easily understandable. As a result, the composers of the Soviet Union have evolved an oversimplified style in which experiment in harmony, counterpoint, or form is excluded. Thus the new music of the U. S. S. R., including that of its best composers, has little personality and progressive meaning. Looking through many scores of symphonies, piano concertos, chamber music, operas, and piano sonatas, one finds that they all look alike, and it becomes difficult to distinguish one composer from the other.

Of course one might easily make the same remark about much contemporary music. However, Western composers are at least attempting to be more personal and advanced than their Soviet colleagues. These negative factors of the new 'official style' come to the fore especially when the composers embark upon some patriotic project such as an overture to the Twentieth Anniversary of the Establishment of the 'Buriato-Mongolian Republic,' or simply an Ode to Lenin. Here the music begins to border on complete nonsense and to sound like a potpourri of military marches and a Franck symphony.

Folklore, in my opinion, is another dangerous, sentimental trap into which Soviet composers fall very readily. Folklore is good in its place, but at the present time progressive contemporary composers well realize how unendurable is music based almost entirely on folk

themes. Furthermore, folk arts of various nations are more similar than dissimilar (being products of the same impulses and economic conditions), and thus it is difficult to find fresh folk sources. This insistence on the use of folk material is perhaps one of the few negative sides of the Soviet policy in developing the cultural life of every small federal republic of the Union. By following the lead of the government to the letter, artists lose their perspective and forget that the musical culture of the twentieth century needs universality rather than provincialism.

Of the many composers of the Soviet Union only two are known in America: Prokofiev and Shostakovitch. Prokofiev is universally recognized as one of the masters of contemporary music. He spent a major part of his life abroad, mostly in France. There, after the World War, he had his first brilliant successes. Prokofiev's position in Russia is a highly privileged one. Universally admired, patronized by the government, he is regarded as Soviet Russia's greatest living composer. Until recently he was allowed to travel abroad, a unique privilege for a Soviet citizen. Of course, even Prokofiev has to conform to a certain extent, and write such pieces of 'patriotism' as an 'Ode to Lenin' on a text by Lenin. What is particularly discouraging is to see the trade-mark of the 'official style' in Prokofiev's recent musical output. Certain of these scores — for instance, his ballet, 'Romeo and Juliet' — are full of trivial and obvious themes, conventional harmonies, and a general artificial simplicity. In scores like 'Peter and the Wolf' this simplicity is genuine, but in larger works it is disconcertingly unauthentic.

Shostakovitch is well known to the American public. Having been in 'disgrace' in the U. S. S. R. for several years, he emerged in 1937 with a triumphant performance of his Fifth Symphony in Leningrad. This work obviously bears the 'official' stamp. Despite its great

success in the United States, it seems to me less convincing than his First Symphony. It is rhapsodic, emphatic, and voluble, yet always reminiscent of late nineteenth-century music. At times it is banal and even trite; and the underlying 'political' subject — a sort of bus ride from the time preceding the Revolution to the light of Stalin's constitution — does not improve the work. His quintet for piano and string quartet, which was first performed in Moscow on November 23, 1940, and won him the Union's highest reward, is an attractive piece, every bar of which rings absolutely true.

Many other gifted composers of the young and old generations active in Soviet Russia suffer from the same governmentally sponsored policy of artificial simplification. One name especially deserving mention, for it is little known in America, is Miaskovsky. Miaskovsky is one of the 'old guard' composers. He is older than Prokofiev, and has written eighteen or nineteen symphonies. It is unfortunate that most of them are unknown to the American public, for Miaskovsky is certainly one of the best living symphonists. His somewhat old-fashioned and academic symphonies are full of a particular melancholic charm; his thematic language is as personal as that of Berlioz. However, even the ascetic and independent Miaskovsky has submitted to the general trend in Soviet Russian music. His Symphony Number Seventeen bears the stigma of the 'new' style. It is full of obvious folk material, and the whole harmonic structure has become even more conventional.

To sum up the musical production of the Soviet Union, one may say that the composers are technically better trained and equipped than many in the United States; yet there is a certain provincialism in everything they create. They conform readily to reactionary doctrines of art, they lack a sense of experimentation, and this gives to most of their music a colorlessness and impersonal uniformity.

II

The façade of musical activity in Germany is much more impressive than that in the Soviet Union. All the old famous institutions seem to be prospering; new names have emerged, among both performers and composers. Well-known musicians such as Strauss, Giesecking, and Furtwängler are actively engaged in building the *Kultur* of the Third Reich. But actually, behind this façade, the picture is grim, far more so than the one in the U. S. S. R. For the wrongs which are done to Russian cultural life are — or at least are claimed to be — of a temporary nature. The policy of cultural reaction and provincialism is not necessarily a permanent feature of the Soviet régime. The Nazi *Kultur* is, on the other hand, an ideal *which has been attained*. Its doctrine is permanently incorporated into the law of the State, and its philosophy is unchangeable.

The first thing to do in studying Nazi Germany is to rewrite the dictionary. Such terms as 'culture' are certainly not synonymous with what the Nazis call *Kultur*; terms like *Volk*, *Blut*, *Erde* (people, blood, earth) mean something entirely different to the Nazis from what they do to us. It is very often difficult to understand what this new 'meaning' includes. New sciences are practised in Germany, such as *Rassenpsychologie* and *Erbbiologie* (racial psychology and biology of inheritance), sciences which are considered as exact as chemistry or mathematics. The term *Wissenschaft* (science) itself has acquired a new significance, for there can be the true Aryan *Wissenschaft* and the perverse Jewish *Verfallswissenschaft* (science of decline).

The same confusion of ideas and terms occurs when the Nazis enter the domain of art. Music is, according to Hitler, 'exclusively the language by which man expresses his stream of overflowing emotions and feelings.' To him, music has nothing to do with intellectual reasoning. He continues, 'Our composers know

that the real godfather of a work of music is the overflowing *Gemüth*.' Rosenberg adds, 'Music is only one part of a total cultural war waged by the German Reich against the elements of decline,' and another Nazi spokesman, Walther Kuhn, writes that 'the predestined art of the German people is music which spontaneously grows out of their prehistoric past in a blood and earth determinism.' One can easily see that our own concepts and values cannot comprehend this confusion and nonsense. Yet, unfortunately, it is just such *Ersatz* philosophy that now dictates the cultural destinies of the German people.

The musical life of the country is organized and governed by a set of laws first promulgated by a special decree of Hitler in September 1933. This edict incorporated all cultural activities of the country into one *Reichskulturkammer* (RKK, State Office of Cultural Activities). The RKK has several subdivisions, one of which is the *Reichsmusikkammer* (RMK). The Minister of Propaganda and 'Public Enlightenment' is *ex officio* president of the RKK. To him are attached several special advisers whose task is to take care of the various branches of the RKK — radio, theatre, fine arts, and music. The Minister of Propaganda, thus the president of the RKK, is Goebbels, and his advisers in the musical fields have in the last years been Drewes, Röder, and Ludwig. Before 1933 all of them were obscure people, and their only fame was that they had been party members from an early date. Yet it is they who advise Goebbels on the musical policies to be adopted by the RMK. The president of this RMK has no independence whatsoever. The position is nominal, and the occupant thereof must blindly execute the orders of his superiors. Until 1935 the president was a certain Mr. Ihlert, a musical bureaucrat with great party zeal. Since then the position has been occupied by Peter Raabe, an older man, once conductor of a provincial opera house. He is a weak

and insignificant, yet fervent, lackey of the régime. He must obey orders from Goebbels and he has done so faithfully.

Last year the RMK published a booklet, *Das Musikrecht*, containing the laws and decrees of the RKK which concerned the musical life of the nation. In this edifying piece of writing one first discovers that every person who wants to pursue his musical profession publicly must be a recognized member of the RMK. The next law states that 'membership in the RMK may be refused or withdrawn from anyone if certain facts come to the attention of the President of the RMK which make that person unreliable and unfit for the exercise of his profession.' What this means is simply that anyone whom Goebbels or his 'stooges' do not trust cannot follow his musical profession in Germany. Only 'pure Aryans' are admitted as members of the RMK. One must therefore 'prove' one's Aryan ancestry. This is a very complicated process, necessitating the certificates of one's grandparents on both sides, and the legalization of these certificates at the *Reichsstelle für Sippenforschung* (Governmental Bureau for the Study of Ancestry).

A special ordinance of the RKK deals with the publication of music and books on music in the Reich. The RMK is advised to exercise careful supervision over everything that is being published. Permits for publication must be obtained from the RMK. These permits may be withheld if the President of the RMK decides that the publication is 'contrary to the needs of the State.' In order to open a music store or publishing house a permit is necessary. Another permit to exercise the teaching profession is required. Once this permit is granted, the teacher must make a report about every one of his students. A special questionnaire has to be filled out, giving detailed information — the name, age, religion, parentage, and race of the student. A teacher is not allowed to advertise in newspapers or in magazines without the

approval of the RMK, and the fees he asks for his instruction are established by the RMK.

All these laws give the RMK — and, in the final instance, Goebbels — complete control over the musical life of the nation. Actually, these laws do not operate as tightly as Goebbels would like, but this is only because the free musical tradition is so firmly entrenched in Germany that it takes time to modify and, finally, to curb it to the will of the Party. Legally, the State has absolute power over the musician in the practice of his profession, but in fact much of the musical life of Germany still escapes the rigidity of these regulations.

The average programs of the concerts and the repertoires of the opera houses in Germany have undergone little change since the rise of the Nazis to power. The programs are still based chiefly on the works of Beethoven, Brahms, Bruckner, Haydn, Richard Strauss, and lately Mozart (who for a long time was taboo because of his freemasonry). Towering like an idol above all stands the late 'Führer of Bayreuth,' the 'mythical *Urgermane*,' the 'pre-Nazi Nazi,' Richard Wagner. (The epithets quoted are taken from Nazi literature about Wagner.) The works of Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart are trifles in comparison with this 'highest achievement of the German spirit,' this 'precursor of Hitler,' and this 'genius of German blood and soil.' His influence goes far beyond the 'frontiers of music.' He and Nietzsche were 'the first authentic German thinkers who, in the time of decline and corruption, raised their mighty prophetic voices and showed the German people their destiny.' He was 'the first farsighted anti-Semite whose anti-Semitism was born on the solid ground of natural racial instinct' (Karl Richard Ganzer, *Richard Wagner und das Judentum*). Wagner's work is played over and over again in the opera houses and concert halls of Germany. Research concerning his music, his literary work,

and his life is carried out with ever-increasing zeal. The Führer and his entourage make yearly pilgrimages to Bayreuth, and the whole of the German people are called to stand in awe of every note and word 'the bard of Bayreuth' has written.

No doubt the Nazis have good reason to admire Wagner. There seldom has been a more confused thinker, a more insipid and obvious poet ('torturer of the German language,' as Rilke used to call him), a more blatant, ungrateful, and brutal anti-Semite than Wagner. It is quite enlightening to read his *Judentum in der Musik*, as well as his recently published *Diaries for King Louis II of Bavaria*. In both of these books Wagner foreshadows Rosenberg or even Goebbels himself.

Contemporary music contributes only a minor part to the average German concert program, and this part is surely the drabdest of all. The more advanced contemporary composers and the most gifted ones have left the country. Hindemith left Germany in 1937, but actually has had little music performed there since 1933. A young and highly promising composer, Mohaupt, left in 1938. Others escaped at an even earlier date. The place of these people has been taken over by older composers. Their harmonic language is conventional; their technique is sound but uninteresting; and in normal times they would probably never have been well known outside their native provinces. A few of these, especially Gräner, Julius Weissmann, and Grabner, are now quite prominent and occupy high positions in the Reich. There are, undoubtedly, a great number of talented young men in Germany whose works are occasionally performed, but the best of them live secluded lives in the provinces and do not actively participate in the musical life of the country. Those who do participate in this musical life are either faithful Nazis or opportunists and conformists.

Two names of old repute dominate the

'contemporary' musical scene, Richard Strauss and Pfitzner. Both are very old men who definitely belong to the nineteenth or the early twentieth century, and do not represent anything progressive. Strauss is well known in America, and there is little new to say about him except that in Nazi Germany he seems to prosper as never before. He had his quarrels with Goebbels because of his collaboration with Stefan Zweig, but now his position is firmly entrenched as the Number One living German composer. Pfitzner is little known in America, and let us hope will remain so. He had a considerable following as far back as the twenties. Many German towns then held *Pfitzner Wochen* (Pfitzner festivals). He is a highly prolific writer, and among his many works is an endlessly long and endlessly dull opera, *Palestrina*, which won him great fame in Germany. His music is definitely old-fashioned, 'routine-romantic,' imperfect in form and academic in spirit.

The amount of foreign contemporary music played in Germany is limited. However, contemporary Italian music is fairly well represented, and there are a few scores of Ravel, Prokofiev, and Stravinsky which are still performed. In Nazi Germany the rest of modern music falls under two headlines, *verboten* and *unerwünscht* (undesirable). *Verboten* is every work by a composer of Jewish origin or with Jewish ties, and *unerwünscht* includes most of the music of the twenties and early thirties, which, in the eyes of the Nazis, represents the period of German decline and *Verjudung* ('Jewification').

Since the beginning of the war a new kind of 'patriotic' music has been steadily appearing, and it is with the themes of this war that it is essentially concerned. A typical example of such music is a Sonata for Viola and Piano by Gerhardt Meyer: First Movement, 'The Battle'; Second Movement, 'The Fallen Heroes'; Third Movement, 'Songs and Legends of the War.'

The racial and anti-Semitic policy of the RKK is a separate problem. This is the ugliest scourge of the Nazi régime, and it is well known to the American public. However, few people know to what extremes, to what minutest detail the Nazis have gone in the pursuance of this racial policy, how methodically they have organized racial discrimination and Jewish persecution. A dictionary giving all the names of Jewish and *verjudete* musicians has been published under the auspices of the RMK. In it you will find names like Mendelssohn and Hiller next to Schönberg, Weill, Heifetz, Hubermann, Kreisler, and others. The preface to this dictionary warns the German people to be careful about their tastes in music, for 'no one knows to what extent the Jews have influenced and polluted the German mind.'

An 'official' author discusses the question of the *Mischling* (in Nazi vocabulary, 'part-Jew'). He comes to the conclusion that 'in so far as some people mature only very late in their lives and acquire their full psychological personalities only at the age of sixty, and in so far as psychology has proved that certain hereditary traits may appear and disappear at irregular intervals during their lives, there should be found a scientific method of establishing at what periods the work of a *Mischling* represents Aryan tendencies and at what period his work is Jewish.' One could find innumerable quotations of the same irrational order which indicate to what lengths the Nazis have gone in their persecution and hatred of the Jews. In the past a good half of Germany's best musicians were of Jewish origin.

The performing artist in Germany, soloist or orchestral musician, has his life well organized by the RMK. His fees are strictly regulated; they are based on professional skill and reputation. Thus Giesecking, for example, is paid more than a second-rate pianist, but the difference between his fee and that of his inferior colleague is smaller than the difference

in the United States. The salary of the orchestral musician varies from 150 to 170 marks monthly for four hours of work a day, and from 220 to 250 marks monthly for seven hours of work a day. The variation depends upon the quality of the player and the cost of living in the different provinces of Germany. For every extra hour of work which he is obliged to give, if called upon by the RMK, he receives one mark and 50 pfennigs. This is a much lower standard of wages than in the United States, but it is reasonably good pay in Germany and sufficient to maintain a middle-class standard of living. However, these price scales have simply been taken over from those of the old Social Democratic professional unions and adjusted by the Nazis to present conditions. A soloist, if he wishes to go on tour in a foreign country, must receive a special permit from the RMK so that his appearance will not conflict with that of another German artist in the same country.

Since Goebbels's edict of October 1936, musical criticism is tolerated only within the bounds of newspaper reporting. The expression of personal opinion is discouraged. All criticism is carefully censored and brought 'in line with the wishes of the German people and the needs of the Party.' Criticism, in such Nazi organs as the monthly *Die Musik*, lauds everything that is in line with the Party and slanders everything else.

There has been less interference in musicology than in the other musical fields. Monumental works like Schöne-mann's edition of Beethoven's notebooks and Laurentz's work on Wagner are standing examples of an excellent scientific tradition. But even in this field the doctrine of German superiority, of nationalistic megalomania, has exercised its negative influence. Writers stress the *urgermanisches Element* of German music, and minimize such obvious facts as, for instance, the influence of the Italian sixteenth century.

Since this war began, considerable changes in the musical life of Germany have occurred. First, a crusade against England has been launched in newspapers and magazines. England, which was always described by the Germans as a land without music, has become the source of all cultural evil. Some Nazi writers have gone so far as to say that 'since Shakespeare England has been culturally extinct,' and that Purcell was the only English musician whose music resulted directly from North German influences (*sic!*). The greatest change, however, has taken place in the concert life of the Reich. The German State now sends out its best orchestras, operatic troupes, and soloists to perform for its armies in occupied countries. Inhabitants of these unfortunate countries are not admitted to the performances, and in Paris, for instance, the German soldiers are advised not to attend concerts organized by the French. The censorship over the musical life of the occupied countries is absolute, and no concert organization or radio station may perform a program without the approval of the German authorities. The performance of works by German composers, even Bach and Beethoven, is discouraged. German music is thus reserved exclusively for the Germans.

This is a brief and necessarily incomplete picture of the musical situation under the Russian and German dictatorships. It is clear that in such an atmosphere music cannot develop freely; it is clear too that the musical life of those countries, however full it may seem on the surface, is nothing but a façade behind which lies a great despair. It is evident also that no really great work of music can be born from such systems. However, there are in these countries highly gifted musicians who will, once free of dictatorship, take their places again in the international musical culture of the Western world.

'SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE . . .'

BY JOHN MASON BROWN

'HELLO,' you splutter, having slipped on the sample of Cashmere Bouquet in your hotel shower, grabbed a towel, and rushed to the telephone, carrying enough water with you to make you welcome in the Dust Bowl.

'Hello, John,' a friendly voice answers. 'This is Tom.'

'Who?'

'Tom.'

Although Raymond Gram Swing, bidding the world 'Good evening,' could not be more distinct, you say, 'I'm awfully sorry. The connection's so bad I can't quite hear.'

'Hello — John?'

'Yes.'

'Hello, John. This is Tom.'

'Yes?'

'John, this is Tom Hewlett.'

'Oh. Hello, hello. How are you?' You hear these words as you speak them, but more plainly you hear a voice within you saying, 'Tom Hewlett, Tom Hewlett, Tom Hewlett,' as if by repeating the name enough the proper associations will follow, just as a whole poem can sometimes be recalled by doggedly re-saying its first words.

'Remember?'

'Of course. Don't be silly.' This is not a lie. You do remember. Rather you will remember if only someone prompts you — just a little. It's not your fault if you can't remember names. It in no way means you dislike the person whose name you have forgotten. You didn't ask to be born this way any more than Josephine desired to fail Napoleon dy-

nastically or than Jack petitioned pre-natally to be a Ripper. Your wife would know, bless her. She never forgets a name; your long suit is faces. Together you do quite nicely. Even single-handed you don't abandon hope. It will come back to you — in a very short time. Meanwhile trial balloons are in order.

'How are all of you?'

'What?' asks Tom.

'I say, how are all of you?'

'We?'

'Yes.'

'Why, the gang's fine.'

'Oh — that's good.'

The gang. Is this a clue? Or a red herring? Of course. Tom Hewlett was the fellow who was orphaned when you were both at college, and who has been living out here ever since in a proud state of bachelorhood. Or was that Frank Nevins? No, it must have been Tom. Frank Nevins went into the diplomatic service. He's been in China. No, Nicaragua. Or was that Eddie Behn?

'What?' asks Tom, wondering what could have happened during the pause.

'I say, "That's good."'

'When did you blow in?'

'Early this morning. At six-thirty-seven,' you add, delighted to be definite about something.

'When are you pulling out?'

'Twelve-eleven,' you continue, gaining confidence by the minute.

'Evelyn wants you to come out to the house for dinner when you're through this afternoon.'

'Evelyn?' you ask, applying the towel to the forehead, this time to perspiration.

'Yes, Evelyn.'

'Oh. That is nice of her. How is Evelyn?'

'She's fine.'

'Good.'

'And Dan sends his best.'

'Who?'

'Dan.'

'How is Dan?'

'Fine.'

'That's good.'

'By the way, John, can you come to-night?'

'I'd like nothing better.'

'Francis and Freddie will be waiting, too.'

'Francis and Freddie? How nice.'

'And Susie's looking forward to seeing the Ole Massa.'

'Is he coming too?'

'Well, you said you were, didn't you?' Tom asks with just the smallest show of impatience. By now you are in an indigo funk. 'Incidentally,' Tom adds, 'can you be in the lobby at six-thirty? It takes quite a while to drive out to Cherrywood. Either Dan or I will come by for you.'

'Fine,' you reply, pausing for a moment in an attempt to summon enough courage to ask Tom for a bill of particulars. But, just when you think your courage is about to find its voice, to your horror you hear Tom say, 'Okay,' and hang up.

You go back to your shower, your heart heavy, your head reeling. Perhaps the hot water will help, you think, exposing yourself to a lobster's fate. No, the cold. But neither the hot nor the cold comes to the rescue. Then you dress hurriedly, and descend to the dining room for a solitary luncheon. Although people seated at near-by tables may think you are chewing your consommé, soft boiled eggs, and tea with odd vigor, what you are really doing is muttering to yourself the names of Tom Hewlett and his gang.

During the lecture that afternoon you have to fight against calling William Saroyan Tom Hewlett. You ask the chairlady if by any chance she has seen Tom Hewlett lately.

'Tom Hewlett?' She is obviously puzzled.

'Yes. We went to college together, I think.'

'Sorry. Never heard of him,' is her answer. 'They must be newcomers. You see, a lot of people have moved here since the defense program got under way.'

Returning to the hotel, you write your wife a long letter asking her who Tom Hewlett is. You know your itinerary makes it impossible for you to get an answer for three days. Still, you convince yourself it would be nice to know even by then.

At six-twenty-five, as promised, you go downstairs and wait so long at the desk that the clerk finally begins to eye you with suspicion. Just when you are about to explain your mission, a ruddy, dark-eyed man walks into the lobby. Yes, the face is familiar. You would spot it anywhere. The only question to be decided is whose face it is.

'Hello, John,' says the owner of the ruddy complexion. 'Good to see you. How the hell have you been?'

'Fine, and it's good to see you.'

'Henry's out front.'

'Henry? How is Henry?'

'Hitting on all fours.'

By now your friend with the ruddy face has led you to his car. To your surprise no one is in it.

'Well, we better push off,' says he.

'Oughtn't we wait for Henry?' you ask timidly.

'Henry's waiting on us,' he laughs.

'Where?'

'You're riding in him, you nut!'

'Oh,' you say, wondering to yourself why there are people who can't be content to call a Buick a Buick or a Ford a Ford.

For the next few minutes Henry

requires so much manipulation through traffic that there is very little talk.

Being a Southerner, and therefore hating a pause in a conversation as much as a Vermonter can resent an interruption to a pause, you again send out your antennæ.

'You're looking well.' This seems a safe way of breaking the ice.

'Never felt better.'

'How's Dan?'

'Dan? What's the matter with you tonight, John? Do you feel all right?'

'Why, yes.' By now your heart is using your shoe as a retaining wall.

'Don't you mean Tom?'

'Yes, Dan, I do. You know, your tongue gets so tired lecturing you can say almost anything when you're through.'

A great weight is off your mind. You are really happy at last.

'How's Tom's business?'

'Couldn't be better,' Dan replies.

'Has the defense program boomed it?'

'Not exactly,' Dan answers, glancing at you quickly to see if you are joking. 'Obstetricians haven't yet had the time to receive any benefits.'

'That's right,' you say, laughing uproariously. 'Oh, by the way, speaking of obstetricians, are Tom and Evelyn happy?'

'Tom and Evelyn?'

Although something tells you this is the wrong question, a strange stubbornness manifests itself. 'Yes. All I said was, are they happy?'

'Tom seems so.'

'And Evelyn?'

'Gay as always.'

'Any children yet?' You are really very proud of this question, thrown out as it is at the world in general.

'Well, I guess Tom hopes not,' is Dan's reply.

'Yes, I guess he does,' is all you can think of saying, wondering what could be the matter with Tom anyway.

'You know bachelors,' Dan chuckles.

'Tom's a great fellow, though. He's been awfully nice to us. Does things for us all the time. Like telephoning you this morning when Evelyn was down at the paper and I was tied up at the office. The children are crazy about him.'

The children! Suddenly the clouds begin to lift. 'How are the children?' you ask, still afraid of making a misstep.

'Oh, Freddie and Francis are grand.'

'Freddie must be pretty big by now.'

'Growing bigger all the time, but Francis is still much taller.'

'Where are you going to send Freddie to college, Dan?'

'Smith.'

'Smith?'

'Yes. You see, Evelyn went there, and Frederica's heart is set on it.'

'I see. Time certainly does change things, doesn't it?'

'Yep. Just think, she was only in the eighth grade when you saw her last, and in another year she'll be in college.'

'And Frances, Dan. Where are you sending her?'

'Harvard.'

'Oh. Let's see, now. What class will he be in?'

'Class of '45.'

'Well, well. Just imagine.'

By now Dan has driven Henry up the driveway to a very pleasant white colonial house with green shutters.

'Here we are!' cries Dan.

'My, how good it is to be here again!' you exclaim, because after all you have seen this house before.

'Not here!' Dan answers. 'We just moved in last spring.'

'But it is like the old place, isn't it?' you hear yourself insisting with unfortunate pertinacity.

'Not quite. You see, we were in an apartment downtown.'

'That's right. But it was an awfully nice one, wasn't it?'

'We hated it,' says Dan with wonder-

ful amiability. 'So did black Susie. Oh, by the way, Susie's having fried chicken for you tonight. Remember how you liked it before? The night you ate so much of it we called you Ole Massa. Susie said she knew you would be as starved for Southern cooking up here as she is. She's got a wonderful memory.'

Once inside the front door, you see two nice children you could swear you have never seen before, inasmuch as they have shed their former selves since last you saw them. You recognize Evelyn, and are delighted to see her. Furthermore, you have no difficulty in telling her from Susie. For this you are profoundly grateful.

Now the whole happy experience of three years ago comes back to you. Everything except Dan's and Evelyn's last name. You become panic-stricken as you realize you can't possibly express the gratitude you know you are going to feel by sending a bread-and-butter letter addressed to 'Mr. and Mrs. Dan.' The children offer no help. They only say 'Mother' and 'Daddy.' Although you hope Susie will come to your aid, she limits herself to a very occasional

'Mr. Dan' and 'Miss Evelyn.' When cocktails are served you take a peek at the napkins, but the 'H' with which they are marked keeps its secret. Finally, in desperation you begin to slip books out of the bookcase. But as these either are uninscribed or have their fly-leaves covered with inscriptions reading, 'Merry Christmas to dear Evvie, from Dan,' or 'Merry Christmas to Dan darling, from Evvie,' they do not help.

The telephone rings and Evelyn answers it. 'Tom's so sorry. He can't come,' she says, returning. 'He was counting on seeing you. But he's been called over to West Arden on a case.'

'I'm sorry, too,' you reply. 'Awfully sorry. I'd like to see Tom.' What is more, you mean it. Tom Hewlett has begun to arouse your curiosity. You have earned a view of him.

Just as dinner is announced, you spy a framed picture on the hall table. The face looks vaguely familiar. By now everything seems so safe that you are sure you are taking no chance at all.

'That's a good picture of Tom,' you say, with great aplomb.

'Tom?' asks Dan with some surprise. 'Why, John — that's Frank Nevins.'

CHRISTIAN WORLD REVOLUTION

BY PRINCE HUBERTUS ZU LOEWENSTEIN

I

THE political, economic, and intellectual order of the future will be determined by the outcome of the struggle between agnostic statecraft and living Christianity, which are contending for leadership the world over.

In this process of revolutionary transformation and revaluation of all values, victory will come to those who hold the confidence of the peoples and satisfy their thirst for justice, peace, and truth. With the reawakening of religious and spiritual forces, which we witness in our day, Christianity should be assured of ultimate triumph, if its leaders live up to the greatness of their task.

Conceived as a divine institution, the Catholic Church is beyond the storms of the ages, and in matters of faith and morals provides her children with an infallible guide. In all secular questions, however, the practical application of religious precepts has been left to individual reason. There is ample room, and liberty of action, for the most divergent opinions, even for heated discussion and enmity, as during the Spanish civil war, when Catholics the world over seemed divided into hostile camps.

When I analyzed Catholic temporal policy in the *Atlantic Monthly* in September 1938, the general confusion created by Fascism, which culminated in the international witches' Sabbath of Munich, extended also into the ranks of Catholicism. The sham social program of Naziism and Fascism was by some mistaken for the Christian corporative state

which Pope Pius XI had advocated in the encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*, and many were deceived by Hitler's pose as defender of Christianity against Bolshevism. Catholics in many countries hoped that Hitlerism, though its despotic and totalitarian nature had been condemned by the late Pope, could be persuaded by 'appeasement' to abandon its policy of religious and racial persecution. The same hope may have prompted the German Bishops, in January 1937, to call upon the faithful to rally around the Führer in his defense against Communism.

In 1938, Catholic papers in England demanded that Czechoslovakia, a 'bastion of Bolshevism,' should be surrendered to the Nazis in order to preserve 'peace.' Resistance to Hitler and Mussolini on Spanish soil was denounced as aid to Communism.

Since Fascist lawlessness has plunged the world into war, a profound change has taken place. Catholic condemnation of totalitarianism of the Right, Naziism and Fascism, has become almost as general as the uncompromising rejection of Communism always was.

Pope Pius XII, in the first encyclical of his reign, *Summi Pontificatus*, of October 1939, sharply denounced the dangers of nationalism and totalitarianism, with their doctrines of racial or national superiority, their ruthless domination over the sacred rights of the family, the individual, and society.

When Hitler attacked the Soviet Union, he apparently hoped that Catho-

lic dislike for totalitarianism of the Left would override the aversion toward totalitarianism of the Right, and that those Catholics the world over who had been pro-Franco during the Spanish civil war might now become supporters of the anti-Soviet 'crusade.'

However, when Pope Pius spoke to the world on July 6, it became manifest immediately that all Fascists-at-heart had hoped in vain. There was no endorsement, direct or indirect, of Hitler's 'holy war' in the address. On the contrary, it denounced the persecution of the Church by forces of 'black paganism'—which was aimed directly at Naziism.

Those who are acquainted with the viewpoint of the Holy Father—'Pastor Angelicus' as he is called by the ancient prophecy of Saint Malachi—were not surprised at his determined stand. When I had the honor of being received by the then Cardinal Secretary of State in 1935, during a visit to Rome, I was struck, not only by his extraordinary and saintly personality, but also by his detailed knowledge of men and circumstances.

As the principle of liberty of action in temporal matters applies also to the individual or collective stand of members of national hierarchies, it would not have been impossible for the German or Italian Bishops to adopt a policy at variance with that of the Holy See, which is orientated on universal rather than national lines. Yet, to my knowledge only one high prelate of the Axis countries, the Archbishop Carlo Margotti of Gorizia, explicitly endorsed the 'new order' in a pastoral letter of July 1941, and asked for prayers to God to concede triumph to its 'crusade' against Soviet Russia.

The German Hierarchy, when they published their joint pastoral letter shortly after the start of the Russian campaign, not only refrained from any reference to the 'holy war,' but on the contrary asserted that in Germany

'the very existence of Christianity was at stake.' Count Clemens von Galen, Bishop of Münster, one of the most outstanding members of the German Hierarchy, publicly denounced National Socialism in even more vigorous terms. He delivered a sermon in his see city to attack the high-handed flouting of the judicial processes by the Gestapo, 'which will lead our German people and our country to ruin,' and denounced the 'danger-free' victories won by the 'secret police in the German fatherland over unarmed German men and unprotected German women.' In a letter of protest addressed to the Nazi Minister Dr. Lammers, he called the Gestapo 'the domestic enemy' and asserted that the political course of Naziism would, according to the experience of history, lead Germany toward destruction by inner rottenness and decay.

The increasing persecution of German Catholicism, now embracing one half of the total of ninety-six million inhabitants of 'Greater Germany,' proves that its resistance against Naziism is general. Priests are called up for army duties, contrary to the provisions of Canon Law and previous practice in Germany, in such numbers that a serious shortage of clergy is expected. All Catholic publications, which since 1933 had enlarged their distribution by seven million readers, have been suppressed. Of the Catholic faculties of Germany only two, Munich and Vienna, are still functioning. The suppression of 20,000 Catholic secondary schools has deprived over three million pupils of religious education.

The moral strength and courage with which German Catholic prelates are resisting persecution and waging their war on despotism have put the Christian people into the foreground of the fight for liberation. In this they are strengthened by the close alliance that today exists between Catholics and Protestants. Lutherans are looking to Catholic bishops for guidance, while Catholics are

offering prayers for Pastor Niemöller, the imprisoned Protestant martyr.

II

Not only in Germany but in all Nazi-occupied countries the Catholic and Protestant peoples are suffering increasing persecution. Today Hitlerism is not any more, as some believed for a number of years, a primarily Jew and Red baiting system; it is an organized drive to wipe Christianity from the face of the earth. This I consider providential, for it has made Christianity everywhere the leading factor in the coming revolution of the enslaved. It is widening the rift between the Nazi Party and the German Army, which according to many reports, recently confirmed by Dr. Jan Masaryk, is looking with increasing alarm upon the Gestapo crimes in the occupied countries. Men like Bishop Count von Galen would probably not be in freedom any more were it not for the influence of some Army leaders. If these leaders should ever decide to oust the Nazi régime from power, they may hope that the popular support enjoyed by Catholic and Protestant opponents of totalitarianism will afford a basis for a coming de-Nazified government.

Catholic priests — Cardinal Hlond, Primate of Poland, states in a report to the Holy See — by their example of courage and devotion to their people are looked upon as natural leaders also by Protestants and Jews. In Holland, the Hierarchy has decreed that no one belonging to the National Socialist Party or its affiliates, or known to support it to any considerable extent, shall be admitted to the sacraments. Cardinal Van Roey, Primate of Belgium, has excluded the Rexists and called upon the people to redouble their determination and resist moral repression.

In France, the Pétain government has caused a conflict of conscience for Catholics. Since the beginning of the century, when Church and State were strictly

separated and public education laicized, Church and Government had been at odds. When Marshal Pétain, a friend of General Franco, became head of the State, there was a possibility that the French Church would see in him a champion of her cause, particularly as he himself was anxious to win active Catholic support. Though his régime was authoritarian, he renounced the principle of a single state youth organization that in Italy and Germany had set Church against State. Education was to become religious once more, and the laicist attitude of the Third Republic towards marriage and family was abandoned.

But as the French Church is closely bound to the people, she has not been willing to identify herself with a régime which in all other aspects has become increasingly totalitarian. The Catholic organizations on whose support Pétain had counted have been directed by the Hierarchy to confine their activities to purely religious, apostolic, and social aims exclusive of any partisan politics. This was reported by the *Osservatore Romano* of August 13, 1941, and was interpreted in Rome to mean that the French Hierarchy clearly wished to dissociate itself from the present régime.

Individually, members of the Hierarchy have even gone further. The Bishop of Montauban publicly called the appointment of Admiral Darlan 'a fatal mistake for our country.' Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons and Primate of France, Archbishop Jules Saliège of Toulouse, Bishop Delay of Marseille, to mention only a few, take every opportunity to demonstrate their adherence to the fundamental principles of the dignity of man. Thus, when the synagogue of Marseille was shattered by a bomb thrown by French Fascists, the Bishop made public a letter to the Grand Rabbi of Marseille in which he characterized the outrage as a 'criminal attack against which every religious person must raise his voice, and pray for its prompt punishment.'

III

While neither in England nor, with certain exceptions, in America do Catholics harbor illusions about the nature of the Nazi-Soviet war, there is strong ideological apprehension against the alliance with Russia. However, a policy of practical coöperation has been sanctioned in England by the Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Hinsley himself, in the following statement to a Catholic member of Parliament:—

‘Our country with our allies is fighting against the immediate Nazi attempt to subjugate Europe. No one who knows how antichristian the ideas and the practices of the Nazis are will for one moment be deceived by Hitler’s latest pose as the champion of European civilization, or think that it has become in any way less vital to resist his attempt to enslave the continent.’

In America, shortly after the invasion of Russia, prominent Catholic members of the Fight for Freedom Committee issued a statement to the press favoring aid to Russia, on the ground that Hitler was the first enemy. This constitutes another noteworthy change of attitude as compared to Spanish civil war days, especially in view of some of the signatories.

The Committee received indirect support from Bishop Joseph P. Hurley of St. Augustine, who, just previous to his consecration, had spent six years as an important official of the Holy See at the Vatican State Department. Denouncing Naziism as the chief danger, Bishop Hurley gave wholehearted endorsement to the foreign policy of the Administration, which at that time had already made public its program of aid to Russia. Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy, while retracting nothing that separates Catholicism and Communism, took the same stand, and so did many other Catholics.

However, it is safe to state that these spokesmen represent a minority of Cath-

olic opinion. The majority of the American clergy, the Catholic press, and probably also of Catholic laymen continue to be opposed to collaboration with the Soviet Union. A nation-wide poll recently conducted among the Catholic clergy by the Catholic Laymen’s Committee for Peace showed that, at least among the 38 per cent who answered the questions, 90.2 per cent were ‘not in favor of the United States aiding the Communistic Russian Government.’

In the controversy of American Catholic opinion on this issue, the Vatican would make no move one way or another to influence it. But *Civiltà Cattolica*, organ of the Italian Jesuit Fathers, reiterated that the Holy See did not consider the Russian campaign as a crusade of any sort.

Hope has frequently been expressed that Russia might return to Christianity, or at least put into practice the provisions of her Constitution of 1936 that guarantee freedom of religion and worship. The recent move by President Roosevelt to induce the Russian Government to establish true religious freedom met with enthusiastic approval among American leaders of all denominations. It is unfortunate that Vice Commissar S. A. Lozovsky, acting as official spokesman for the government, contented himself with pointing to the respective article of the Soviet Constitution, which has so far remained theoretical. The keen disappointment that this statement produced both in Washington and among the American people no doubt influenced the outcome of the Catholic poll on aid to Russia.

The religious situation among the Russian people, though, is different from the official attitude of the government. Competent observers like the exiled Russian scholar Anatole V. Baikaloff, a frequent contributor to the London *Catholic Herald*, or Helen Iswolsky, daughter of the Czarist Foreign Minister, assert that nowhere in Russia are the forces of religion extinguished, and that

the government has lost the moral fight with religion over a period of twenty-three years.

The Russian Church, in spite of all the persecution it has suffered, sided openly with the people against the aggressor when the country was invaded. Metropolitan Sergius, Patriarch of the Orthodox Church, read Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral of Moscow, filled to capacity, while thousands crowded the square outside waiting to receive benediction. Prayers for the victorious defense of the national soil were ordered in all churches of the country.

The reconquest of Russia for Christ will be more likely if the social program of Christianity is pushed forward without compromise. If the Russian workers and peasants received the gospel of social justice and human dignity, the hope should not be wholly fantastic that the banner of Christ may be raised again on Russian soil.

The poll of the Catholic Laymen's Committee for Peace also revealed that 91.5 per cent of the replies received did not favor the United States' engaging in a shooting war outside the Western Hemisphere. This Catholic policy of nonintervention has sometimes been interpreted as either a leaning towards Fascism or an outgrowth of Irish sentiment that does not love Hitler more but England less.

I have carefully scrutinized the main Catholic publications in the United States and talked to a cross section of Catholic priests and laymen. My conclusions are identical with those reached by the prominent American scholar Professor Theodore Maynard, who has recently made a most critical analysis of the situation. It is the pro-Franco stand of many American Catholics in the Spanish civil war and publications like Father Coughlin's *Social Justice*, with its anti-Semitic undertone, that have left the impression that American Catholicism is pro-Fascist. Of course, there are Catholic Fascists, just as there are

Protestant and even Jewish Fascists. But the overwhelming majority of American Catholics have clearly recognized that Catholicism and Fascism are incompatible, whatever some may have thought about a possible *modus vivendi* a few years ago. Father Gerald Walsh, S. J., of Fordham University, has with admirable clarity put the problem into this fundamental formula: As Jesus Christ is the only God-man Catholics recognize, the quasi-divinization of a Führer in Germany, of a Duce in Italy, of a Caudillo in Spain, and all sorts of 'god-men' in other parts of the world, is an aberration from the Christian faith; it is hardly less damaging to society than the neopagan conception of state omnipotence and economic absolutism.

The condemnation of Naziism by American Catholics during the last three years has become increasingly vigorous. The reports of the National Catholic Welfare Conference news service on Nazi persecutions of Church and religion in Germany, Poland, Yugoslavia, and the other occupied countries are carried by the whole Catholic press, and there are frequent editorials and articles on the same subject.

As far as the 'Irish sentiment' is concerned, its existence is undoubtedly a powerful factor, though only in Boston, Baltimore, Detroit, and a few other places does it represent anything like a majority view. This sentiment is not identical with a desire for genuine peace which insists on the overthrow of the dictatorships. It is purely nationalistic and would change overnight if Ireland were invaded by the Nazis. As things stand now, it results in an advocacy of appeasement, instead of aiming at peace between liberated nations. Appeasement is the very last thing that German Catholics would want. They have not been fighting, suffering, and bleeding for years for their convictions to be told in the end that they must range themselves with the Nazis.

Equally immoral is the attitude of

those who consider that 'this is none of our business; we are too far away to be in danger.' It would be the negation of Christian brotherhood and of the very dogma of the unity of all in Christ.

IV

Genuine peace, on the other hand, is the strongest revolutionary program. It is in fact the only means for overthrowing Hitlerism from within by mobilizing the German people against their oppressors. Genuine peace is more than the cessation of hostilities. It must be a concrete conception of a freer, a happier society, in which, according to human knowledge, the recurrence of new despotic movements will be precluded. The vision of it must be so real, and the hope for its realization so mighty, that it will drown the roar of the guns, until the longing of all the enslaved has forced it into being. The Christian peoples, Catholic and Protestant alike, know that, while politicians of all kinds are still thinking in terms of yesterday or indulging in vague generalities, it is the living Christ only in whom there is freedom, and a new beginning.

When Pope Pius XII, on Christmas Eve of 1939, announced his five-point program for such a peace, his leadership was accepted by Christians of all denominations. It is today the tie that unites Germans and Frenchmen, Slavs, Italians, and Anglo-Saxons. Nowhere did these five points receive such enthusiastic and unanimous response as in Great Britain. In a move unprecedented for four centuries, the Anglican Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, joined their names to that of Cardinal Hinsley, Primate of the Catholic Church in England, to give public endorsement to the Pope's peace program. Since then, the General of the Salvation Army, representatives of the Unitarian Church, and the heads of churches in Armenia, Czechoslovakia,

Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland have associated themselves with it in England.

These five points are, in short: First, the assurance to all nations, great or small, of their right to life and independence, with reparation of any infringement of these rights, not by the sword, but by the rules of justice and equity. Second, delivery of all nations from the slavery of armaments. Third, avoidance of past errors in creating or reconstructing international institutions, and establishment of some juridical institution to guarantee loyal fulfillment, or, in case of recognized need, revision and correction of peace conditions. Fourth, satisfaction of the real needs and just demands of nations and populations, even, where it appears necessary, by means of an equitable and covenanted revision of existing treaties. Fifth, development of a sense of responsibility in the peoples and those who govern them; cultivation of a hunger and thirst for justice; and guidance by universal love, which is the essence of the Christian ideal.

Bishop Bell of Chichester, a high dignitary of the Anglican Church, added a most constructive suggestion to make this peace program practically effective. In his book *Christianity and World Order* he proposes the formation of a permanent Christian Consultative Body, at Rome itself or at some other place acceptable to the Holy See, over which the Pope or his representative should preside, while certain of the great churches of the world — for example, the Orthodox, Lutheran, Reformed, and Anglican confessions — would send their own accredited representatives.

In the United States, too, Catholicism has been most active in working on the interpretation and the possibilities of practical realization of Pope Pius's program. A report on America's peace aims, issued by seven committees of the Catholic Association for International Peace, insisted on the necessity to plan the

peace in advance, as military victory alone would not automatically ensure a peace based on justice and charity. An International Bill of Rights, to be accepted by all nations, was suggested by Father Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., of the Catholic University of America, in an appendix to the report. It should incorporate, besides the provisions of the Pope's five points, a code of civil liberties; guarantees of economic and political security for every person in the world, and of the rights of labor — especially decent working conditions, a living wage, reasonable hours, and the abolition of child labor and other economic inequalities; and the right of preventing the too-powerful aggregation of capital within the nations, as well as unlimited self-regulation of international economic activities, not subject to any law.

This great emphasis laid on the importance of the social problem in assuring universal leadership to Christian thought is characteristic of the break with outlived forms of economic and social thinking. At the end of the war — Jacques Maritain, the great Thomist scholar, has stated — the old ideologies of capitalism and socialism will be left far behind.

'It is not enough to outlaw the Communists,' he said in the *Dublin Review* of January 1941, 'in order to be through with Communism. Nothing will have been accomplished as long as men have not resolved, and resolved in a way that conforms with human dignity and liberty, the problems made manifest by Communism.'

The economic system of the future, outlined by the social encyclicals of the Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI, calls for control of industry exercised jointly by employers and workers, under supervision of the State, democratic according to general Christian principles. The workers should be made to participate in the management and the ownership of the enterprise, and the wage contract should be supplemented by a share in the profit.

There are twenty-one major Catholic periodicals in the United States today devoted entirely or partially to social reform, and the number of books and pamphlets written on the subject by Catholics is impressive. Labor schools are conducted by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (a high percentage of the members of the two main labor unions, CIO and A. F. of L., are practising Catholics), and several dioceses have established social-action schools for the training of their clergy.

In 1940 and 1941, as indeed in earlier years, a great many Catholic conferences dealing with industrial and social problems were held all over the country. These were not confined to theoretical discussion. The participants — priests, scholars, laymen, labor and trade-union leaders, and industrialists — concentrated on working out practical solutions, both in general and in the specific branches of industry.

However, all the practical work for peace, social justice, and a union of the nations to overcome war, Fascism, and exploitation would remain in the air, were it not supported by a profound change in the moral and spiritual attitude of all peoples in the world, particularly among the young. It is in the soul of man that the Christian revolution has already begun, and it will be up to the statesmen and educators to lead it to victory.

American students, in a world where all material standards have become uncertain, are eager to find values not at the mercy of economic and political crises. These crises, they said to me, can only be overcome by a religious integration of our thought and life. This has been my experience at all of the thirty-five universities and colleges, of which only four were Catholic, where I have been teaching and lecturing since 1935.

There are certainly more than material reasons for the fact that the questions of individual immortality, of reward and

punishment, should be major problems to the young generation. In normal times, death seems far away to youth; today, it is all around them. 'Where are they now?' a student once said to me, pointing to the headlines which told of young English and German pilots shot down in flames.

Many who but a few years ago would have been interested solely in athletics or the daily events of college routine are now raising the question of the ultimate object of life, and I have noticed Dante's *Divina Commedia* and Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ* in a good many hands.

There is no 'escapism' or disdain for the exact sciences in this leaning of the young towards Christian philosophy. They are rediscovering, in our technical age and in their own way, what Saint Thomas Aquinas proved seven hundred years ago for the relationship between philosophy and theology: not only that they are compatible, but that they supplement each other.

The reported conversion to Christianity of Henri Bergson, once an agnostic, whom many have hailed as the greatest philosopher of our time, is perhaps the most perfect symbol for the spiritual trend of our days. 'He revealed to me,' writes Georges Cattail, a friend of the late philosopher, himself a convert to Christianity, 'that he believed in the divinity of Christ; even more, that he

recognized the power of the sacraments.' 'Christianity,' Bergson had said, 'transforms everything it touches, simply by making it Christian.'

What millions must have felt without being able to express it was thus put into one sentence of classic simplicity. The world of modern man, built upon agnostic reason, is falling to shambles, and there arises with irresistible power a new reality that will transfigure the humble and the lofty alike.

When, some months ago, I asked a young English friend of mine, now serving with a London regiment, what he felt about the future of our countries, and whether he saw hope in the midst of despair, this is what he answered, quoting a verse from W. B. Yeats:—

'Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*
Troubles my sight.'

This could also have been written by many young Germans and Americans I have met in recent years.

If their knowledge of forces greater than death, war, and hatred, and more powerful than the remedies tried by the previous generation, shall become the common good of all, those are not hoping in vain who through the darkness and the ruin of our time perceive the coming of a world-wide Christian revolution.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE MONUMENT

ALL the good people of Gull Bay who went
Past Dan Lord's house saw Dan Lord's mon-
ument,

He fooled the stars that sent a shiftless son,
He got his monument, a shining one.

Half of his house was white as sea gulls'
feathers,

Half of his house was gray of all the weathers,
The paint stopped short in a bright swoop of
life

Over the door as though cut by a knife.

That was the bold last signature of Dan,
That was the final flourish of the man,
For death came on him quicker than a laugh
And cut eternity and the house in half.

He fell with his white brush and lay in night,
His face was full of sun and his spilled white,
He went in quickly to the Otherwhere
With strength on him and white paint in his
hair.

Thereafter people looking up there knew
A man had worked the last breath that he drew
And had a lazy son to be his heir
Who went on living with his house half bare.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

GESTAPO CHRISTMAS

[In June 1940, Josiah P. Marvel flew to France to join the American Friends Service Committee in Europe. For a year Mr. Marvel worked in occupied France, bringing such relief as he could to the colonies of child refugees near Biarritz, the British civilian internment camps, the Jewish internment camps, the canteen for Belgian refugees near Bordeaux, and distributing milk and clothing in the Zone Interdite. He was the only civilian who had permission to visit the Gestapo prisoners in France last year. — THE EDITORS]

ABOUT the middle of last December I was asked by the officers in charge of one of the Gestapo prisons, the Cherche Midi, to work

with them on a Christmas party for the prisoners, to be held on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth. The German guards made a survey of all the prisoners, and we finally had a list of about one hundred men and fifty women who were completely out of touch with their families and never received any mail or parcels. These were prisoners of all nationalities.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth they lent me one of the Wehrmacht trucks, and with three soldiers we drove down to the Marché des Fleurs to buy the Christmas trees. We did the usual bargaining, and because of my escort I had to reassure the reluctant French tradesmen that the trees were for the prisoners, and not the staff. We bought a tree for each of the large dormitories on the first floor, as well as one for each floor in the main prison. It was practically impossible to find any trimmings, but on returning to the prison we sent some soldiers out to get what they could in the way of decorations.

I brought presents for each of the one hundred and fifty who had no family connections, and enough oranges and apples for all the four hundred and fifty prisoners — which was a special treat, because fruit is not on the prison diet and may not be sent in from the outside.

The women's packages contained flannel nightgowns, soap, toothpaste, and other practical articles which they lacked completely (toothbrushes, underwear, and the like). The men's parcels contained shirts, underwear, socks, toothpaste, and so forth, according to their individual needs. For the twenty-nine British there was Christmas fruitcake. To get this I had given a baker two litres of my own supply of olive oil, which he traded for butter to bake a cake large enough so that each man could have a good-sized piece. When I gave it to them their joy and surprise were unbounded, for none of them had dreamt of having even a crumb of the cake which to them so represented an English Christmas.

I asked the guards on each floor to help me, and by five o'clock everything had been

given out. Then I went down to one of the big dormitories for the 'party.' It was a long room with double-decked bunks down either side and a rather wide passageway through the middle. In the centre of this were a table and some benches. As we came in the sergeant in charge of the room shouted, 'At attention!' and the eighty men in the room sprang to their feet in two rows down the centre. It was a grim beginning for a festive occasion. They were ordered 'at ease' and stood stiffly during the ceremonies.

The plan had been for the officer in charge of the prison to speak, as well as the Minister from the German Embassy, and they had also asked me if I wouldn't say something. I could not imagine what one could say to a group of men in a Gestapo prison on Christmas Eve. I looked at the men and saw only hopelessness and despair in the eyes of every one — and yet I was to bring them 'cheery' greetings. The Lieutenant had confessed to me that morning how much he hated his job, how much he wanted to be home with his own two children for Christmas. Now he hesitated, cleared his throat, and finally began: —

'Men, we are all of us away from our homes tonight. I am away from my wife and children, and you are away from yours. It is an unfortunate circumstance that has brought you here, but tonight is Christmas Eve, and we must all join together and each one of us remember what Christmas means to him. You have done wrong — that is why you are here. I hope you will never again have to spend a Christmas Eve in jail. However, we must all be gay tonight and make each other happy.'

He concluded by thanking me for the work I was doing in the prisons, for the Christmas trees, the packages, the fruit. The French prisoner who was 'chairman' of the room thanked the officers for the permission to have the party, the Lieutenant for the kind words he had spoken, and me for the things I had brought. There was a dreadful, awkward pause after this. The Minister from the German Embassy had not arrived, and so I realized that I was next. I swallowed, gulped, grabbed hold of the table nervously, and blurted out a few incoherent phrases, everything I had wanted to say dying on my lips. When I had finished they applauded.

There was another dreadful pause. The Lieutenant asked nervously, 'Can't someone

sing? Let's have some music. Come, let's be gay.' They pushed forward a young Frenchman who in a beautiful clear voice sang 'Noel.' It took me back to the Christmas Eve after the Armistice of 1918, when, under such different circumstances, I had knelt with hundreds of others at midnight in St. Sulpice and Clément of the Paris Opera had sung that same carol. When the young prisoner finished, there wasn't a dry eye in the room. The Lieutenant called again for a song, everyone hesitated, and then he asked if someone couldn't sing 'Stille Nacht.' A German Jew stepped up — a short, stubby man, unshaven, without a tie, who from tenseness and nervousness was digging his fingernails into the palms of his hands. He sang the song with such feeling and emotion that when he finished the room was completely dissolved in tears.

We said good-night, they all shouted, 'Thank you! Merry Christmas!' and the door closed behind us. I started to blow my nose and was stumbling across the courtyard, where by prearranged plan we were supposed to conduct another 'celebration,' but the Lieutenant grabbed my shoulder and said, 'No, Marvel, once is enough. You and I will never do that again. I can't stand it. Didn't you see how those men cried?'

The Captain of all the Gestapo prisons in Paris had sent me an invitation to the Christmas party he was giving for his staff, at the Cherche Midi prison.

When I rang the bell at nine o'clock that evening the guard peered through the little peephole and, after I gave my name, shouted, 'Jawohl!' The huge gate swung open. Another guard led me upstairs to the staff dining room. There, seated at a long table, were the Captain and his staff. They cheered me as I came in and showed me to a vacant seat on the Captain's right.

In front of each place was a plate piled with chocolates, packages of cigarettes, and a small piece of evergreen. The little blond mess cook was busily running around filling the glasses with hot mulled wine. There was much laughing and joking back and forth across the table, and everyone seemed in high spirits when Captain L. stood up to make his speech. Previously I had seen him only under circumstances where he was brusque and short with his men. Now, however, he responded to their good spirits with a talk that radiated friendliness and warmth. He

teased some of them about episodes that had occurred in the prison; he thanked me for the work we had done, particularly for the Christmas packages. Then he launched forth into a diatribe on the greatness of the German army, its eventual victory, and the necessity for personal sacrifices to bring this about.

There was much applause when the Captain finished speaking, and there was no question in my mind that he had the loyalty of all his officers and men. I was a little abashed when I was called upon to speak next. I had not expected to be asked, and had the most dreadful time getting into German a few thoughts appropriate to this evening. I knew that all these men were thinking of home as I was; although our reasons for being in the staff dining room of the Cherche Midi prison were widely separated, it seemed to me there were certain essential things of the spirit on which we could all meet, and this was my message to them.

No gathering of German soldiers would be complete without singing, and this evening was no exception — but the martial marching songs one is accustomed to hear as the army tramps from post to post were to-night forgotten for the charming old folk songs and lovely German carols. Every now and then one of the men would jump up to sing his favorite carol, or the particular folk song of his district. These were the songs of childhood that all of us, even I in America, had learned for very different Christmas Eves.

Friedrich, one of the guards from the second floor of the prison, raised his glass for a toast. He was a typical young German soldier, and had seemed unresponsive and curt when on duty. Now he seemed shy and hesitant, as he toasted all of us and said, 'I am happy tonight, because today I was given the opportunity to distribute some packages to the prisoners in my cell block. In doing this I myself had the privilege of bringing happiness and Christmas cheer to those men, and I am so grateful for the chance.'

There was more cheering, toasts, bantering, songs. I was mellowing under the spirit of good will and thinking to myself, 'This is like a bunch of American college boys' — when suddenly the atmosphere of the whole

room cracked. Someone gave an order — they all jumped to their feet, clicked their heels, lifted their right arms in the Nazi salute, and sang the 'Horst Wessel' song.

All the friendliness and good cheer that had pervaded the room just a moment before congealed, and I was appalled by the cruelty of the song and the vehemence with which it was shouted, rather than sung.

Directly after this Lieutenant X escorted me to the front gate. It was pitch-dark in the blackout, and almost time for curfew. The silence was overwhelming, as if mankind were waiting — just biding time. I thought of the effort on the part of everyone to remember the spirit of the evening, to express the friendship and love that signify Christmas. Then the sadness in my own heart reminded me of the bitterness and hate that had also had their place in the evening's festivities. 'Peace on earth, good will to men' — the words we had sung seemed as hollow as my footsteps on the still pavement. I wondered if it could, if it would ever come about — it seemed postponed so far into the future.

JOSIAH P. MARVEL

THE RESTAURANT

I WONDER what he finds to think,
Old fatty, there, his cheek stuffed round;
With solemn air his eyelids sink
And rise and sink. O, flesh profound!
Unerringly, skilled quick, with grace,
Puffy hands attack each heap,
Raise starchy rows in grained space
And a greasy harvest reap.
Silence magisterial there
Surrounds his ceremonial seat.
Attendants hover round his chair.
A swarthy Ganymede complete
With napkin, tray and coffeepot
Keeps full the great man's nectar cup
With a liquid dripping — sipping hot.
Silently two others sup,
Their servile imitation geared
To flatter him who thus provides
For wife and child (O richly reared!)
Such bounties that their fatted sides
In his own image now are made.
O, tread they well the paths of peace!
No ruffling thought can ever raid
That insulating fat and grease.

DOUGLAS L. BROOKS

THE DOCTORS MAYO

THE BOYS ARRIVE

BY *Helen Clapesattle*



THE NEW ATLANTIC SERIAL

— CHAPTERS XXXI-XXXVII —

THE DOCTORS MAYO

THE BOYS ARRIVE

BY

Helen Clapesattle

For years the *Atlantic* has been searching for a writer qualified to tell this great American story. In strict conformity to medical ethics neither the Doctors Mayo nor any of their staff were willing to undertake such a biography during the lifetime of Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie. Source material was assembled and eventually was turned over to Helen Clapesattle, a trained historian and editor of the University of Minnesota Press, whose definitive biography is entitled to take its place on the shelf of American achievement.

In the opening chapters the reader is introduced to the Old Doctor, William Worrall Mayo, who passed his impressionable years in the little town of Salford, England, then in the tumult of the Industrial Revolution. What he learned there made him a defender of the underdog. He studied chemistry under John Dalton, worked for a time in the hospitals of Glasgow, and then emigrated to America, keen to acquire his medical degree and try his luck on the frontier. With his wife, Louisa, he settled in Rochester in the 1860's, and there their two famous sons were brought up.

The boys were reared in medicine as a farmer boy is reared in farming. They drove out in their father's buggy or cutter, watched his diagnosis, applied the anæsthetic in the farmhouse operations, and from their father's books and table talk learned the firm truths of a pioneer in surgery. 'It never occurred to us that we could be anything else but doctors,' Will Mayo insisted again and again. Will completed his medical studies at the University of Michigan, Charlie at Northwestern, and almost before the town knew it the boys were back home and practising with their father. Talk about the skill and integrity of the three Mayos began to circulate in Minnesota, but not until a tornado swept through Rochester, leaving some forty people wounded or dying in the Convent of the Sisters of St. Francis, did it occur to the Doctors Mayo or the Sisters that a hospital was needed in their town.

The town was skeptical, but the Sisters went ahead, accumulated the money, and six years later St. Mary's Hospital opened its doors. By the close of 1889, sixty-two persons had been treated at St. Mary's, and by the end of 1893 the grand total had passed a thousand. Despite the noisy hostility of the A. P. A., the Mayos went quietly on their way. They equipped the first operating room. Whenever time permitted they went East to see for themselves the new operative procedures, the improvements in surgery and equipment that became a working part of St. Mary's as fast as money was available. The hospital paid its own way from the start, and, as the number of patients mounted, so did the prestige of the Doctors Mayo, whose operations were already being discussed at many a medical meeting. Dr. Will became district surgeon for the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and the trainmen began to take pride in the cures at Rochester. In 1905 the two brothers performed nearly four thousand operations, assisted in office examination by Doctors Stinchfield and Graham, who were taken into partnership with them in the '90s. And the work went on. . . .

THE DOCTORS MAYO

BY HELEN CLAPESATTLE

XXXI

THE Mayo offices stayed open all day. The doctors' day began at seven-thirty in the morning, and even then they found patients waiting, for the farmers rose early and the first train arrived in Rochester at six-thirty. Work went on without pause until seven or eight o'clock at night. The offices were open on Sunday forenoons too, for the convenience of the country folk who drove into town for church and liked to look after their souls and their bodies on the same trip so as to have the rest of the week free for farming.

Having to say 'no more room' too often at the hospital, the Sisters of St. Francis ordered the building of a second addition, a four-story wing to the west of the original unit. This brought the capacity of the hospital to one hundred and thirty-four beds, which the good Sisters thought would surely take care of all demands for some time to come; but before the carpenters had gone the new rooms were filling so rapidly that their delusion vanished. Orderlies and flitting summertime interns were no longer help enough in the hospital; more assistants were needed in permanent residence.

One day early in 1901, Dr. Albert Plummer of Racine, Minnesota, called Dr. W. W. Mayo to see a patient of his in consultation, as he had been doing on occasion for years. The Old Doctor was away at the time, so Dr. Will decided to make the trip in his stead. When he arrived he found Dr. Plummer in bed

with a cold and unable to keep the appointment; but Henry would go with Dr. Mayo to see the patient, said Dr. Plummer, referring to his son, who was in practice with him.

Soon Henry appeared, with a microscope in his hand, and he and Dr. Will got into a little buckboard behind an old gray team and started on the hour's drive to the patient's house. 'A slender, eager boy, dreamy appearing, full of ideas and ideals, his thought rushing ahead of his language'—so Henry Plummer seemed to Dr. Will that day. He must have known the boy before, for Plummer had spent several summer vacations at St. Mary's Hospital during his school days, first at the University of Minnesota and then at the Northwestern University Medical School, from which he had graduated in 1898. But not until that day did Dr. Mayo learn what young Plummer was really like.

The patient they were going to see was suffering from leukemia, and during the ride they discussed the chemistry and physiology of the blood. Dr. Will was amazed at Plummer's knowledge of the subject. When they reached the bedside the young man took a drop of blood from the ear of the patient and another from the ear of the hired man and demonstrated to Dr. Will the microscopic differences between them. On the way back to Racine he continued to talk about the blood.

'I was overcome that this gangling boy should know so much about the

blood, and I so little,' confessed Dr. Will later. He knew enough about it to realize that much of what Henry Plummer was telling him was not yet to be found in print, and he had long been convinced that the condition of the blood was a vital factor in the success of an operation and that analysis of the blood would soon be as routine as urinalysis in diagnosis.

When he got home that night he said to Dr. Charlie, 'That son of Dr. Plummer's is an extraordinary young man. He knows more about the blood than any other man I have ever met. I believe we ought to get him up here to take charge of our laboratories; he would do us a lot of good.' Dr. Charlie agreed, the invitation was extended, and a few weeks later Henry Plummer joined the staff in the Masonic Temple offices.

That event must be red-starred in any history of the Mayo Clinic. Dr. Will Mayo himself said the hiring of Henry Plummer was the best day's work he ever did for the Clinic. There was genius in the man, with the eccentricity that so often accompanies it, and both contributed mightily to the development at Rochester.

Dr. Plummer addressed himself first to the task for which he had been employed. He took over the supervision of the clinical laboratories, which had been sadly neglected, and quickly brought their methods and apparatus up to date. He also took charge of the X-ray and gradually built X-ray diagnosis solidly into the structure of the practice. He was a congenital perfectionist, to the despair and sometimes the exasperation of those who worked with him.

Dr. Will was of the opinion that the Mayos could not have won the recognition they had if they had been lost in a crowd of surgeons in a large city. Yet he knew that Rochester had disadvantages to be overcome, among which was the distance from adequate laboratory facilities. Dr. Plummer was soon urging that it was time for the

partners to make laboratories something more than a stepchild in their practice. Eventually the Mayos decided to employ a competent, well-trained pathologist to give his full time to the task of organizing and developing adequate laboratories. They chose Dr. Louis B. Wilson, assistant professor of bacteriology and pathology in the University of Minnesota.

Shortly after Dr. Wilson began his work at St. Mary's, Dr. Will remarked to him, 'I wish you pathologists would find a way to tell us whether a growth is cancer or not while the patient is still on the table.' The problem immediately engaged Dr. Wilson's active mind. The essence of it was to find a satisfactory method for handling fresh tissues. By the end of April 1905, he was able to give the Drs. Mayo his report within five minutes at most and often within two minutes of the time they handed him a bit of tissue just removed from the patient! Fresh-tissue diagnosis quickly became the scientific mainstay of Mayo surgery and one of its distinctions.

XXXII

Visiting doctors had become a regular feature of the Rochester scene, partly because of a growing tendency among surgeons to travel for observation. For some time they had been dissatisfied with the work of their medical societies; the programs seemed theoretic and academic, of little help in the solution of practical problems. Most men wanted to see a fellow operator demonstrate his work, instead of listening to him talk about it.

By now Rochester was unquestionably one place to be included in every surgeon's itinerary. Early in 1906 there was published in Boston a description by Dr. George N. P. Mead of a trip he had just made to the little Minnesota town. On the train he found himself one of eight doctors bound for Rochester, from California, Texas, Iowa, Kentucky, New

York, and Massachusetts. Going directly to the hospital upon their arrival, they were conducted into a moderately large, well-lighted operating room, where Dr. W. J. Mayo was performing a resection of the stomach. When he had finished the major part of the procedure, he suggested that the visitors go into the next room, where his brother was doing some work he was sure they would wish to see. They went reluctantly, feeling sure they could not possibly see anything as fine as what they had just witnessed.

But they were quickly disabused of that notion. The younger brother was doing a thyroidectomy for exophthalmic goitre 'with remarkable skill.' The men watched in fascination, for the patient was stirring so restlessly that most surgeons would have stopped operating, 'and would have sworn, too. Not so Dr. Charles Mayo. He went right on, where a single false cut might have meant a bad case of bleeding, or the severing of a nerve and possible paralysis; he cut true, with a marvelous sureness and dexterity of touch, and the job was soon done.'

The visitors spent the morning that way, passing back and forth between the two operating theatres. Dr. Will alone did ten operations, and Dr. Mead reported that together the two brothers were doing four thousand operations a year, 'a total that is simply staggering.' He concluded, 'It is no wonder that foreign surgeons count Rochester one of the places in America that simply must be seen.'

On June 7, 1906, seven of the visiting doctors present in Rochester met in a room of the Cook House and organized the International Surgeons Club. The purpose of the organization as stated in the minutes was to provide a means 'whereby the many physicians who come here to see the work done at St. Mary's Hospital by the Mayo Brothers may be enabled to meet together and discuss the work of the day and other matters of mutual interest.' According to the plan

of organization, any visiting physician could become a member of the club by paying a nominal registration fee (at first fifty cents, later a dollar, and finally two dollars). Officers were to be elected each Monday afternoon, and two reporters were to be appointed daily to take notes on the next morning's clinics and present them as an aid to discussion at the afternoon meeting. All this was carried on by the visitors themselves. The Mayo brothers took no part in it. Although they were named honorary members of the club, they attended its meetings only when they were asked to speak, because they wanted the discussions to be frank and free from any possible embarrassment of their presence.

Only once did Dr. W. J. Mayo interfere. When it became quite apparent that the club was to be a lasting thing, he informed the members through their secretary that he did not like their name and wished they would adopt something less pretentious. To oblige him they voted to drop the 'International' and become simply the Surgeons Club.

Actually the charter members had not been unreasonably optimistic. When it was only three weeks old the Surgeons Club admitted to membership on one day Alexis Thompson of Edinburgh, Henry Stokes of Dublin, W. H. Parkes of New Zealand, and Baron Kamhiro Takaki, surgeon general of the Japanese Navy. By the end of its first summer the group numbered more than three hundred members, the roster of whom reads like a medical roll call of the American states, the Canadian provinces, and many foreign lands.

When the number of spectators at the clinics rose to forty and more a day, keeping order became a problem, so the Surgeons Club prepared rules of conduct, copies of which were given to visitors when they arrived, and assigned to the daily reporters the added task of enforcing them. Larger club quarters having become a necessity, the entire second floor of the building next door to the

Mayo offices was rented, redecorated, and furnished with tables, chairs, and a blackboard.

The Doctors Mayo recognized their obligation to arrange things so that the visitors could see all they had to show. For the time being they solved the problem by having built to their order — and probably Dr. Charlie's design — a number of metal platforms mounted on wheels and topped with handrails on which people could lean. These stands, each carrying a number of men, could be rolled into positions from which the occupants could see what the surgeon was doing, and they were high enough to permit the spectators to look over the operator's shoulder without getting in his way. The brothers also had slanting mirrors installed above the operating tables in such a way as to make the work visible at a considerable distance from the table.

There was as much to be heard as seen in a Mayo clinic, for the brothers accompanied their operations with a running clinical commentary, reviewing the case history and the diagnosis, describing the conditions they found, and explaining what they did and why. No man could attend Dr. Will's clinics very often without witnessing such a demonstration as this:—

The history, read by the assistant while the anæsthetic was given, was a classic one of 'stomach trouble,' — years of treatment for indigestion without relief, — yet when incision brought the stomach into view it looked perfectly normal.

'You have heard the history, gentlemen, but you see this stomach. In my opinion there is nothing wrong with it; the trouble is somewhere else. If I am right, in a few minutes you will notice a spasm of the pylorus.' And shortly there did appear a spasm of the pyloric muscles evident to all.

'That does not tell us where the trouble is, but it is not in the stomach. I will see if it is in the appendix.' And he

pulled into view a badly diseased appendix.

The next day the visiting doctors might see him operate on a 'dyspeptic' who had a normal stomach but a gall bladder full of stones. Such object lessons went home as they would have in no amount of verbal teaching alone, and soon a paper on stomach or gall-bladder disease at any American medical meeting was likely to call forth a flock of comments beginning, 'The first time I understood this matter was when I saw Dr. Will Mayo in his clinic . . . ' Dr. Ernest Hall, of British Columbia, did not greatly exaggerate when he declared that Dr. Will Mayo was teaching the surgical world the pathology of the upper abdomen as Lawson Tait had taught it the pathology of the pelvis.

Dr. Charlie was working in too many fields to have yet attained such an outstanding position in any one, but he was fast rising to the fore in thyroid surgery, and visitors noted it. Dr. Andrew Smith of Portland, Oregon, vice president of the American Medical Association, reported to the Surgeons Club one day that Dr. C. H. Mayo had that morning 'dissected and shelled out two cysts of the thyroid with such ease that it seemed very simple. The cysts seemed to *roll out*,' in great contrast, said Dr. Smith, to a similar case he had seen elsewhere not long before, in which the patient had almost bled to death. Dr. Will saw what was coming and once remarked to Dr. Haggard, 'Charlie is going to be the Kocher of America.'

As a clinical speaker Dr. Charlie was unique. He 'kept his audience in a bubble of anticipation. During the morning's work of anything from ten to fifteen major cases he might discuss the number of nails and match-heads, the weight of charcoal and gunpowder, which could be made from the constituents of the human body; he might philosophize about the gall bladder of the pocket gopher, the pineal eye of the tuatara lizard, the galls on

his oak trees, the tuberculous lesions of turkey's livers, or a hundred other odd subjects, and between these divagations introduce sound clinical teaching drawn from the accumulated wisdom of his vast experience. Those who listened . . . fascinated by his extraordinary discourse never knew what curious information his wide reading and shrewd observation would bring to light.'

The Mayos' surgery was, in the words of one who studied it, 'the essence of the techniques of all masters of surgery, enriched with the original ideas of the Mayo brothers.' They did not claim to be original very often; they were more concerned that they should know and practise the very best methods available, no matter who had discovered them. To repeat Dr. Will's fine figure of speech, they were gathering good ideas from every source, tying them into practical bundles for which they provided the string, and demonstrating the use of the bundle to all who wished to learn it. Those functions they rightly considered about as important for the advance of surgery and the better care of the sick as the function of discovery itself.

Both men were perfectly frank about their rôle, constantly telling visitors where they had picked up this good thing or that. Sometimes it was from their father, often from Joseph Price, Ochsner, Murphy, or Halsted. 'I used to do this differently, but Moynihan showed me his method when he was here and it was better, so I use it now,' Dr. Will would say. And Dr. Charlie, 'The first time I tried this operation I got stuck at this point, but Dr. George Monk of Boston was here and he told me what to do.'

Asked to compare the two Mayos as surgeons, Dr. Haggard replied, 'Dr. Will is a wonderful surgeon; Dr. Charlie is a surgical wonder.' The amazing characteristics in Dr. Charlie were his versatility and ingenuity. Other surgeons could not get over the ease with which he turned from removing a thyroid

in one case to taking out a prostate or a varicose vein in the next, always with admirable skill. To him was due the range of surgery at Rochester, which made it possible for one man to say, 'If you stay here long enough you can see every operation known to surgery.'

His ingenuity in devising operative procedures for the unusual case became a byword in the profession. The Fellows of the American Surgical Association met in Rochester one year and, wanting to see Dr. Charlie's peculiar talent in action, asked Dr. Will to select some difficult case that Charlie had not examined and let them see what he did with it. As Dr. Will told the story: 'I chose the case of a woman who had been operated on several times before coming here, and whose condition was apparently hopeless of surgical repair, and had the Fellows examine her. They all agreed that it was a case hopeless of relief, and so the whole crowd was prepared to see Charlie floored. The patient was placed before him, and when he looked at the ghastly postoperative results he whistled. Then, without apparent effort, he outlined an entirely new plan of operative treatment, which was successful, and the crowd of doctors was simply dazed.'

The Mayos' 'system' of diagnosis was one of the most discussed features of their work, and the visitors usually went to the offices in the afternoon with considerable anticipation. There was certainly nothing impressive at first glance about the Masonic Temple and its rather dark hallway, furnished only with wooden benches and a framed copy of 'The House by the Side of the Road' by Sam Walter Foss.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban —
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

But through that hallway, and the examining rooms that flanked it, passed a hundred and fifty or two hundred patients daily. While the Mayo brothers

were busy at the hospital throughout the morning their associates carried on the work of diagnosis downtown, and patients who seemed likely candidates for surgery were asked to return in the afternoon for examination and a final verdict by the Mayos themselves.

When a diagnostician had a patient for one of the Mayos to see he stepped into the hall and stuck a piece of colored cardboard above the door frame, a red card for Dr. Charlie, a green card for Dr. Will. All afternoon the Mayos went back and forth from one room to the next, pausing often to exchange a pleasantry or word of greeting with some new arrival waiting his turn in the hallway.

Many American surgeons, and some of the greatest of them, became patients of the Mayos. In less than two years Dr. Will operated on three nationally known professors of surgery in three Philadelphia medical colleges — J. William White, Charles H. Frazier, and William W. Keen.

When Dr. White arrived he was so sure he had cancer of the bowel that he told Dr. Will he almost hoped he wouldn't recover from the operation. He didn't want to live 'with that thing inside of' him. As incision brought the sigmoid flexure of the colon into view the surgeon pathologist who had accompanied Dr. White took one look at the hard nodular mass and turned away. Yes, it was cancer.

But Dr. Mayo and Dr. Wilson were not so sure. A few months before they had had a patient — also named White, strangely enough — whose colon presented a very similar appearance, but Dr. Wilson had been unable to find any evidences of cancer. The mass had proved to be an intestinal diverticulum, a protrusion of the inner lining through the outer wall of the bowel.

In Dr. White's case, too, Dr. Wilson reported the condition to be diverticulitis and not cancer. White's pathologist friend and the watching surgeons were strongly inclined to doubt Wil-

son's diagnosis, but when they examined fixed-tissue preparations later they were forced to admit that he had been right. Within two weeks Dr. White was serving as president of the Surgeons Club, and he lived for some thirty years longer.

XXXIII

The visiting surgeons found the Old Doctor very entertaining, and they often asked him to talk to the club about the early days, the education of his sons, and the building of St. Mary's Hospital. Some of them would stop to chat with him a while in his little room at the hospital, and to one of them at least it seemed that 'a visit to Rochester is not complete without making the acquaintance of this most interesting man.'

When he walked around the corner to the offices he did not always bother to don formal attire, but went without a collar, just putting a button through the fastening of his shirt. He was dressed that way one day when the brothers received word that a group of European doctors were to arrive on the next train, then almost due, and Dr. Charlie rushed to the drygoods store a few doors down the street to buy a collar and tie for his father. While he fussed around to get the old man spruced up for presentation to the visitors, the office staff stood by and laughed, because Dr. Charlie was so entirely unconscious of the fact that he needed sprucing up as much as his father did.

There were many indications still of the remarkable man the Old Doctor was. When the Methodist Episcopal Church of Rochester celebrated its semi-centennial he was invited to give one of the addresses. The audience expected him to dwell upon the history of the church and the town, for the subject assigned him was one on which he at eighty-seven was well qualified to speak, 'The Changes of Half a Century.' But Dr. Mayo brushed the topic impatiently aside and chose instead to describe the

marvels of three industrial plants he had recently visited, concluding with the hope that Rochester would soon make use of its water power instead of coal for operating its electric light plant.

The next year he set off for the Orient. James J. Hill had learned that his old friend, 'the little doctor,' wanted to visit China and Japan, and invited him to make the journey as a guest on one of Hill's boats. He sailed from Seattle in March, and for more than five months his family and friends heard nothing from him. Then he returned in good health and full of tales, proud because he had gone on around the world and had celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday on board the ship with a party and cake provided by the officers.

But when anyone asked him a question he could not answer about the Orient he referred them to his wife. Mrs. Mayo had refused Mr. Hill's invitation to accompany the doctor on his journey, but she had sent for all the books on China and Japan she could get and knew more about those countries than her husband by the time he returned.

'Madam Mayo,' as she was called to distinguish her from her daughters-in-law, had lost none of her forthright vigor in spite of her snowy hair and comfortable grandmotherly appearance. When an errand took Mrs. Mayo to the offices she often spent an hour or two talking to the patients, many of whom she knew from the days when she helped take care of them as babies. One day she walked into the waiting room to find Dr. Will trying to comfort a woman who was sobbing violently. She walked right up to them and asked what was the matter. Blessing the fate that sent her over at that moment, Dr. Will explained that he had just had to tell the woman she had a hopeless case of cancer. Mrs. Mayo sat down beside her, hauled her fear into the open, and talked about it in a matter-of-fact way. Death, like birth, was just a natural process, she said. She had seen many people die, and most of them were

contented when the time came; they accepted death as a release and just dropped off to sleep. As she talked the woman stopped crying and was soon able to go her way with something like calm.

When he was past ninety Dr. Mayo began experimenting with a process for extracting alcohol from animal and vegetable wastes. While he was supervising an experiment one day the mechanism got stuck, and he impatiently thrust his hand in to see what was wrong. It had only seemed to stick. The doctor's hand and lower forearm were badly crushed.

Not liking the way his sons fixed him up, he got the hired man to help him rearrange the bandages and splints to his own satisfaction. The injury was so severe, however, that within the next year three operations were necessary, the last to amputate the hand and forearm. The nerves had been so bruised that Dr. Mayo suffered intense pain much of the time, and his general health failed rapidly under the strain. His life closed on March 6, 1911, just a few months before his ninety-second birthday. Mrs. Mayo's death came four years later, on July 15, 1915.

XXXIV

Late in 1911, on the way home from a meeting of the Southern Surgical Association in Washington, Dr. Charlie was taken suddenly and acutely ill in New York. He diagnosed his own trouble as gallstones, but the physicians called in to attend him said it was appendicitis, and Dr. Joseph Blake operated to remove the appendix.

The idea of the great surgeon himself in need of an operation caught the public fancy, and throughout the nation newspapers carried the story in detail. For a few days after the operation they printed the brief daily bulletins from the hospital announcing that Dr. Mayo's convalescence was progressing nicely.

Then came a sudden flurry of headlines: 'Famous Surgeon Takes Turn for

the Worse'; 'Condition of Dr. Mayo Alarming'; 'Dr. Charles Mayo Dying in the East.' When the relapse occurred it was decided that Dr. Charlie did have gallstones after all and that he must undergo a second operation.

The news reached Dr. Will about four o'clock one morning, and he decided to go at once to New York, taking Florence Henderson, Dr. Charlie's anæsthetist, with him. They left Rochester at four-thirty, riding a locomotive engine to Winona to catch the morning train for Chicago. Word of their journey preceded them, and when they reached Winona a special train was waiting. The railroad men set themselves the task of breaking all existing records to get Dr. Will to his brother's bedside, and freight cars were shunted onto sidings and other passengers were made to wait while 'Dr. Mayo's train' sped through on a cleared track.

The story had everything, or could be made to have it, — irony, drama, sentiment, suspense, — and the newspapers made the most of it. Dramatic headlines pictured the great surgeon lying at death's door, his anxious wife waiting in the next room, his loving brother racing with a nurse to his bedside. They traced the record-breaking journey mile by mile, even the last wild ride from the station to the hospital in the car of Dr. Raymond P. Sullivan, a former surgical assistant to the Mayos.

The only thing they missed was Dr. Will's wry comment that during the train trip he was afraid Dr. Charlie would not live until he arrived, but after Ray Sullivan began that mad dash to the hospital he feared *he* would not live to get there.

The journalists took this occasion to tell once more, on a wider scale than ever, the whole story of the Mayos and their hospital. They reminded their readers of Robert Herrick's novel *The Healer*, the story of a backwoods physician whose great skill and kindness drew so many patients to his humble abode

that he had to build a hospital for them. Here was that very story come to life. Those efforts of 'trainmen and railroad workmen along the line of steel stretching halfway across the continent to facilitate the lightning-like trip from Rochester' were not inspired by the surgeons' fame but by their heart-warming humanity. The railway men knew, sang the newspaper men, that the Mayos were doctors to whom the life of the laborer meant as much as that of the banker. Said the *Mining Gazette* of Houghton, Michigan: —

This all sounds like patent medicine advertising, does it? Well, it isn't. The Mayos are as adverse to advertising as the rest of their brethren profess to be, but we have heard too many stories of the kindness of the Mayos, have heard of too many cases where sufferers have been cured of their bodily ills, and where the Mayos failed to make the raid on their pocketbooks that is the usual accompaniment of surgery. We have heard too much of that to pass up this opportunity to say something about the Mayos.

When daily bulletins had traced Dr. Charlie's second convalescence, his removal from the hospital to a hotel, and finally his journey back to Rochester, the newspapers concluded the incident by voicing the thanks to Providence of 'thousands and thousands who owe their lives and health to Charles Mayo.'

XXXV

Their growing reputation brought honorary degrees — to both Mayo brothers from the University of Maryland and to the elder from the University of Michigan and Columbia University. But more important than any degree was an enduring friendship that began when Dr. Will was in New York. The other party to it tells the story: —

We were standing in line at Columbia University at commencement in June 1910, wearing borrowed academic gowns and about to receive degrees. Around us were a lot of notables whose faces we recognized. But we

were put side by side and we looked at each other like a couple of dogs for a minute. Finally Dr. Mayo said to me, 'I don't know what I'm doing here,' and I said, 'You've got nothing on me, neither do I.' Then we both grinned and he said, 'Who are you?' And I said, 'To tell you the truth, I am just a country editor from a little town in Kansas called Emporia and my name's White.' He grinned again and said, 'Well, all right, I am just a country doctor from a little town in Minnesota called Rochester and my name's Mayo.'

The publicity that made the Mayo brothers a target for the darts of resentful doctors made them also a magnet drawing patients to Rochester from all over the country. To this the brothers' many speeches contributed, for now that they were becoming known to laymen the newspapers found it worth while to publish what they said to medical societies, especially on subjects of general interest like Dr. Will's favorite topic, the curability of cancer of the stomach in its early stages. To his familiar topics in the field of the upper abdomen and the intestines Dr. Will was beginning to add discussions of surgery of the kidney and the spleen, the latter a new field in which he was again pioneering for American surgeons.

Dr. Charlie continued to talk about everything from bunions to bladder tumors, but the subject rising rapidly to monopolize his bibliography and the one of most interest to laymen was surgery of the thyroid. By the end of 1908 he was able to report the results of one thousand operations for goitre. The period of trial and error in the field was over, and the major problems of surgical technique had been solved. Surgeons had learned how to control hæmorrhage, how to avoid myxedema, how to escape tetany by leaving the parathyroid bodies intact — in short, what to do and what not to do. Operation for simple goitre was now relatively safe in competent hands.

But nearly half of Dr. Mayo's thousand cases were operations for *exophthal-*

mic goitre, with a mortality of about 5 per cent. Only Kocher of Switzerland had a better record in that disease, and the usual record in the United States was a score or two of cases with a death rate often as high as 25 per cent. Exophthalmic goitre was one of the most treacherous and perplexing maladies the surgeon had to deal with.

Reports of these results brought other surgeons to Rochester to see how Charles Mayo did it, but they were bewildered by the array of procedures he used. Why did he do this in one case and that in the next? Dr. Charlie and Dr. Plummer could not tell them. There was just something about the look of the patient that they had learned to recognize, but what it was not even Dr. Plummer could put into words. Consequently the method seemed very mysterious, and instead of trying it for themselves most of the men simply sent their patients to Rochester. Operations on the thyroid mounted from a total of one thousand to five thousand in four years, and took the place of appendectomies as the most frequent operation in Rochester. Beginning in 1911 and for ten years thereafter thyroidectomies made up more than one tenth of the total number of operations performed by the Mayos and their associates.

The ripeness of time that is a leitmotiv in the story of the Mayos appeared in this spread of their reputation, for it coincided with a period of national prosperity. The rising values of farm lands, still a broad jump ahead of rising taxes, and the expansion of industry and commerce in the cities provided money for improving the conveniences of homes, for multiplying churches, colleges, and public libraries, for beautifying cities with parks and playgrounds and imposing buildings — *and* money for journeying halfway across the continent if necessary to see the doctor of one's choice.

Equally important was the increasing mobility of the population. The automo-

bile was beginning to carry men's minds and bodies beyond their own back yards. So the people and the money came. The number of persons registering annually at the Mayo offices rose steadily to fifteen thousand in 1912 and then more than doubled in the next two years — the beginning of what those who experienced it can describe only as 'an avalanche of patients.' The office force found it exciting, never knowing what wealth or fame or far-distant place might be represented in the rush that followed each train's arrival.

More registrations meant more work at St. Mary's, too much for the Sisters to cope with alone. Sister Joseph decided it was time to institute a school for nurses. The school opened with a class of two, chosen from five applicants, on November 19, 1906. Three others were admitted four months later and eleven the following year, with applications coming in from states as distant as New York and Oregon.

Equally urgent was the need for additional hotel accommodations. A member of the Surgeons Club observed that every second house in Rochester had two or three of its rooms occupied by convalescent patients, their friends, or visiting surgeons. Even so there were not rooms enough, and the newspapers were reporting that they got anxious inquiries every day from persons unable to find suitable lodgings.

Knowing such a situation could not long endure, Dr. Will suggested to John Kahler that he build a high-class convalescent hotel that could be turned into a hospital if the need arose. Kahler hesitated, so to encourage him the Mayos decided to break their rule and invest \$10,000 in the venture.

The Kahler House was opened in May 1907. Sixty of its beds were set aside for hospital purposes and Dr. J. E. Crewe, the secretary of the Surgeons Club, and Dr. E. H. Beckman of the Mayo staff became the resident house physicians.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Charles

Chute, finding their boardinghouse filled to overflowing all the time, tore it down and built a sanatorium twice the size, but within six months that too was so overcrowded that the rooms were engaged as much as a week in advance. So the proprietors again doubled the size of the Chute Sanatorium, and in the new wing set apart a small 'operating room' for the postoperative care of their patrons. Dr. Judd entered into residence as the house physician.

As the number of operations mounted the surgeons too needed more help, especially Dr. Charlie, who sometimes feared he would have time for nothing but removing goitres. The Mayos naturally chose their new men from among the graduates of medical schools whose faculties and standards they knew — principally the University of Minnesota, the Johns Hopkins Medical School, and the University of Toronto, with whose staff Dr. Will became acquainted when he went there to receive the honorary degree they bestowed on him.

The surgical assistantships at Rochester were worth much more in experience than the hundred dollars a month they paid, and the Mayo brothers never lacked applications from able, well-trained young men. The assistants profited almost as much from the hospital rounds they made with Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie as from the operating-room experience, for the two brothers, each in his own way, had become consummate masters of the art of handling patients. One or the other of them visited every patient at least once a day during his stay in the hospital, and oftener if necessary. The great and the wealthy took this attention for granted, but it was not reserved for them, and to lowlier ones the daily visit from 'my doctor' with his word of cheer, little joke, or just his attentive, sympathetic ear, became a vivid memory to be talked of or written about many years later.

The Mayos came to realize that the effective training of these assistants

was part of the professional and social responsibility that Henry Plummer insisted the development at Rochester entailed. Dr. Will evidently had the problem on his mind during one of his trips East, because on the morning after his return he said he had been impressed anew with the undesirable status of interns, residents, and house physicians in most Eastern hospitals. They seemed to spend their days in subservient yes-sirring, in being flunkies for the permanent staff. He did not want any such attitude to prevail at Rochester, and he thought it might help if they called the men something other than interns or assistants. Well, why not 'fellows of the Mayo Clinic'? So that is what they became.

A committee was formed to supervise their training, with Dr. Beckman as chairman and Drs. Plummer, Wilson, and Sanford as members. They were to select the new men, assign them to services, and schedule lectures and conferences to supplement the practical experience of the fellowship. They worked out a three-year rotation by which each fellow would spend one year in pathology, one in diagnosis, and one in surgery, but the plan was left flexible enough to be adapted to each man's special interests.

In 1907 Mrs. Maud H. Mellish joined the staff as editor and librarian. She undertook to issue a volume of collected papers, comprising the publications of the group from 1905 to 1909 and including some reprints she rescued from oblivion in the coalbin. The book was entitled *Collected Papers by the Staff of St. Mary's Hospital Mayo Clinic*. It was the first of a series of annual volumes that still continues.

Almost simultaneously with Mrs. Mellish's coming a new system of keeping records was installed. The old ledger system had served well enough when the staff numbered three or four and the patients a thousand or two a year, but as the numbers grew it proved intolerably cumbersome. Dr. Plummer set out to

devise a new system. For more than a year he studied the problem, went traveling to see what others were doing and, getting little help from medical practice, turned to business and industry for ideas.

The dossier system he subsequently evolved has become a model for medical records. Each patient is registered upon arrival and assigned a serial number. An envelope bearing that number is set up in a central file, and in that envelope is placed all information about that patient: the diagnostician's clinical history, the surgical and hospital records, and the findings of all laboratory examinations, each set down on standardized record forms that Dr. Plummer drew up in conference with his colleagues. All subsequent correspondence with the patient is filed in the same envelope, and if he returns for a second, third, or fourth visit, he is always given the same number and the records are put into the same envelope. Thus is accumulated in one place a full and accurate history of each patient's physical condition as far as it is known to the Rochester doctors.

XXXVI

The Mayo brothers had by this time arranged their schedule so they operated on alternate days, Dr. Will on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday and Dr. Charlie on the other three. To fill up his Friday schedule Dr. Charlie had to use a little blarney, telling his patients that, far from being an unlucky day, Friday was his very luckiest. The brothers still depended on each other's opinion. If Dr. Will could not be sure about a patient he would tell the clinician to have Charlie examine him, and then the two brothers would reach a conclusion together.

The afternoons in the office were often hectic, especially for Dr. Charlie. An extra measure of the consultation fell to his lot, partly because Dr. Will needed time for the duties of management and partly because Dr. Charlie had trained most of

the younger surgeons. When Dr. Judd or Beckman or Henderson wanted advice it was likely to be in a field he had learned from Dr. Charlie. The eye, ear, nose, and throat men often wanted his opinion on some obscure case, too, and the younger clinicians usually turned to him when they were in difficulty. As a consequence of the many demands upon his time, Dr. Charlie was often so worn out by late afternoon that he slipped quietly away and went home. But this usually complicated matters in the office, so the staff took to hiding his hat and coat. The strategy worked sometimes, but if Dr. Charlie was very tired he just went home without them.

The rapidly accelerating growth was making the problem of more space acute. The surgeons took over the operating rooms at both the Kahler House and the Chute Sanatorium, and new additions were built to both. Then in 1912 Mr. Kahler and his associates ventured to construct a larger and more pretentious hotel, the Zumbro, thus relieving pressure on the Cook House so that one of its floors could be turned into quarters for the orthopaedic surgeons. In the same year still another addition was built to St. Mary's Hospital, raising its capacity to three hundred beds and six operating rooms.

But expansion at the offices was not so easily managed. Because it occurred only as forced by need and without previous plan, what had resulted was a collection of offices and laboratories sprawled helter-skelter along the block and mixed honeycomb-fashion with shoe-stores and drugstores and restaurants. When the partners needed another room or two they rented them wherever they could find them, boarding up their street fronts and building a passageway at the rear to connect them with the other offices. When they had to find more space for the library, which under Mrs. Mellish's energetic management had grown to several thousand volumes, they built a two-story structure on the lot be-

hind their offices and moved into it the library and the editorial office, the general correspondence office, and the art studio, which now had a staff of four photographers and two medical artists. Needing still more space the next year, they built an annex connecting the library with the offices to house the X-ray department. The crowding finally became intolerable.

At last it seemed clear that the only way out of the difficulty was the one Henry Plummer was urging: the construction of a separate building large enough to meet the needs of the group and adapted to its peculiar purposes. Dr. Will hesitated to take the step; he was afraid it was too ambitious. But finally one Saturday night when the group after a particularly hectic day voted in favor of the move, the Mayos gave their consent. Dr. Plummer was named chairman of the building committee. By ten o'clock the next morning Plummer had called an architect down from St. Paul and was outlining the problem to him.

The site selected was that of the old Mayo home across from the Central School. Working without a precedent to guide them, the architects had to rely upon Henry Plummer for their knowledge of the exact purposes to be served and the problems to be met, and Dr. Plummer proved as much of a perfectionist in this as in everything else he undertook. No detail of mechanics or materials was too small to receive his personal scrutiny and decision.

The building was formally opened on March 6, 1914. During that afternoon and evening the rooms were shown and their intended uses described to some sixteen hundred persons. They saw the spacious first-floor lobby, cheerful and restful with soft-colored marbles, semi-direct lighting, wicker furniture, and a fountain banked with palms—so different from the old hallway waiting room! Around it were ranged the business offices, registration desks, and prin-

cipal examining rooms. From it they climbed an impressive double stairway to the second floor, where they saw more examining rooms, the X-ray cubicles and dark rooms, and some of the clinical laboratories. On the third floor were the handsome library, the assembly hall, and more laboratories, on the fourth the pathologic museum, art studio, and the workshops of the instrument makers, and on the fifth the experimental laboratories with adjacent roof-top runways for the animals.

All the research and diagnosis had been gathered into the one building and organized into divisions and sections. The scattered clinical laboratories were at last brought together in a section of clinical pathology under the direction of Dr. Sanford. Dr. MacCarty was named head of the section of surgical pathology, though he of course remained at St. Mary's Hospital, Dr. Mann of the section of experimental medicine, and Dr. Kendall of the section of experimental biochemistry. Together they made up the division of laboratories, of which Dr. Wilson was the director.

The library, editorial office, and art studio were joined in a division of publications, with Mrs. Mellish its general director as well as the head of the editorial section. A trained librarian had been engaged to relieve her of direct responsibility for the library. Into the division of records and statistics, in charge of Mabel Root under the supervision of Dr. Plummer, were gathered the registration clerks, desk girls, and filing clerks. And finally to the business office, from which Mr. Graham had retired, leaving it in the highly capable hands of Harry Harwick, was allocated full responsibility for investigating the financial status of the patients, assessing their fees accordingly, and collecting them.

Those were the various members of the body, and its central nervous system was the means of ready communication by telephone, signal lights, and telegraph

ticker. Each floor was connected with the main file desk in the basement by a constantly moving conveyor belt. When a history was wanted on floor three, say, the desk girl there had only to pencil the number on a request card and put it on the carrier. In the file room below, the desk girl pulled the history and put it into the proper compartment of the carrier, from which it was automatically tripped off at desk three above — in two or three minutes, with no more trouble for the doctor than a spoken number.

A flat panel with room for many signal lights had taken the place of the ungainly semaphores above each examining-room doorway, and to each doctor had been assigned a specific call on the new ticker. When his tick sounded, no matter where he was in the building he had only to lift the receiver of the nearest telephone to learn from the operator what was wanted of him and where.

When Henry Plummer appeared at the offices of the telephone company asking them to install a system that would enable the doctors to talk to each other directly, to the operator, or to an outside person at will, the officials stared at him. That was impossible, they said. 'No, it isn't,' replied Plummer calmly. 'Call in your engineer and I'll show him how to do it.' The engineer came, and Dr. Plummer explained with diagrams. So the first intercommunicating telephone in the country was installed in the new building. As far as mechanical aids could contribute to effective coöperation, Henry Plummer had provided them.

At his suggestion, too, the custom of making definite appointments for each patient was now adopted, to eliminate many hours of tedium for the patients and to encourage the reference of patients from one doctor to another. But here again Dr. Will stepped in with a warning. The sick person was not to become the patient of the group in the sense that he was to be referred from one man to another with no one in charge of his case. He must remain the private

patient of the examining clinician, who should have full responsibility for his case, making use of the special knowledge of his colleagues as he thought best.

It is not possible to assign a date for the founding of the Mayo Clinic. It came into being too gradually for that. The germ of one phase of it existed in the Old Doctor's clinics at Mrs. Carpenter's; the outpatient aspect appeared when St. Mary's was built and the brothers began trying to persuade their patients to come in to them instead of calling them out to the homes; adding the first partners and adopting a program of laboratory development initiated other phases. But with the reorganization and the new building of 1914 the Mayo Clinic emerged as a distinct institution, 'a complete clinic, including laboratories, housed under one roof, and *independent of any hospital*.' It has grown to three times its size since then, its building has climbed fourteen stories farther into the sky, its sections have multiplied and its activities expanded to take in medical treatment and put surgery in something like its proper place in the whole of medicine, but the central idea and the fundamental organization had been achieved by 1914.

To be precise, the Mayos were not the fathers of group practice, but of *private* group practice. Coöperation of a sort among clinicians, surgeons, and laboratory men was taken for granted in municipal, state, and university hospitals; it was something quite new in private practice. And the more centralized control made it possible to develop greater homogeneity and integration than was possible with the loose-knit, constantly shifting, and part-time staffs of public institutions.

Given the state of medicine that demanded specialization and the volume of patients that permitted it, what made the Mayo Clinic possible was the brothers' attitude toward their associates. They did not merely mouth the Old Doctor's dictum, 'No man is big enough to be independent of others'; they really

believed it. And so they did not consider their employees hirelings but fellow workers, who must also travel to other centres to learn, have time for research and writing, and be granted independence in opinion and action. Their ability and reputation would not dim the glory of the Mayos; it would enhance it. Feeling so, Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie actually managed to retain, in coöperative form, the individualism Dr. Will said could no longer exist in medicine.

XXXVII

Shortly after George E. Vincent became president of the University of Minnesota in 1911, he was surprised to learn that one of the most promising members of the medical school faculty had left a few years before to take charge of the laboratories of two country doctors in Rochester, and apparently had never been sorry. The more he heard about the Mayos the more curious he became, so he went down to see them. Not the least impressive aspect of their work, he found, was the well-rounded, systematic training they were giving to their thirty-six fellows. Facetiously he remarked to Dr. Will that he and his brother were poaching on the preserves of the university, for they were actually conducting a graduate school of medicine.

Early in 1914 the administrative board of the University of Minnesota medical school appointed a committee to make plans for instituting graduate work in clinical medicine. Almost from the first discussion of the plan the idea of a possible affiliation with the Mayo Clinic had been considered. Guy S. Ford, university dean, went down to Rochester to investigate the situation from the standpoint of the graduate school — that is, to see what the Rochester setup had to offer in the way of qualified students, qualified instructors, and adequate material and support. He reported when he returned: —

I found a condition that satisfied me upon all three points. . . . I am not speaking of the first floor of the Mayo Building primarily, nor of the operating rooms of St. Mary's Hospital. I found what I was looking for in the laboratories, museums, and library of the upper floors, and in the countless case records in the basement of the Mayo Building. The richness of this material, not seen by the casual visitor, furnishes opportunities for graduate medical work in certain lines such as can be found nowhere else on this continent, nor probably in the world. I found a research and teaching staff available and at work, sufficient to do its full part . . . in a coöperative plan such as that under consideration. Some of these were doing nothing but research. The only difference observed between those who were engaged part time in clinical practice and our own part-time staff was that the private practice in Rochester was conducted under the acid test of observers from all over the world.

An obstacle to the affiliation appeared early in the negotiations: the Mayo Clinic was not a corporate body with which the university could readily make a contract. President Vincent suggested that to overcome this the Mayos form a corporate foundation to handle the educational and research phases of their work, and Dr. Will immediately recognized the excellence of the idea; it would provide an agency for managing activities essentially outside the scope of the Clinic proper and would also make unnecessary the affiliation of the university with the Clinic. So on February 8, 1915, Drs. Mayo, Graham, Plummer, Judd, and Balfour (Dr. Balfour had been made a participating partner in 1912) executed articles incorporating the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research, and the next day Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie endowed it by transferring to three trustees, Burt W. Eaton, George W. Granger, and Harry J. Harwick, securities amounting to a million and a half dollars.

Meanwhile the conferences and discussion had produced tentative terms of affiliation between the university and

the Foundation. The university would conduct a part of its graduate education in medicine at Rochester for an indefinite period of trial, during which the Foundation would make available free of charge all the facilities of the Mayo Clinic and the Rochester hospitals and the Mayos would personally pay all expenses, so the interest on the endowment could be added to the principal until the fund reached a total of two million dollars. The work at Rochester was to be carried on by a board of 'scientific directors' and a selected faculty, both appointed by the university regents on nomination by the Foundation and approval by the administrative board of the medical school. All details as to courses of instruction and the requirements for degrees were to be worked out by a joint committee, under the supervision of the dean of the graduate school, in which school all the students would be registered and from which they would receive their degrees. The trial affiliation could be terminated by either party on one year's notice, but if and when the affiliation became permanent the Mayos would transfer the endowment fund from their trustees to the university regents, subject to the condition that the income be used to maintain the graduate work at Rochester. This trial affiliation was arranged in 1915.

But unexpected and bitter opposition had appeared among members of the medical faculty, the alumni, and the state's doctors. When a public hearing on a pending legislative bill instructing the regents to dissolve the affiliation was announced, some of the university officials considered the situation so serious that they asked Dr. W. J. Mayo to appear for the Foundation. It was an amazing request to make—to ask a man to defend himself for being magnificently generous! But after a minute's thought Dr. Will replied, 'I'm a good soldier. If you gentlemen think it's necessary, I'll do it.'

The chamber was crowded the night of

the hearing. The backers of the bill presented their arguments at length and with vehemence, President Vincent and Regent Fred B. Snyder replied, and then Dr. Mayo took the floor. The chairman had asked the audience not to applaud the speakers, but now, forgetting his own injunction, he led the crowd in a resounding tribute to the state's most famous son.

Then the people hushed as Dr. Mayo began to speak. He talked without notes or manuscript, simply, earnestly, colloquially. 'Every man has some inspiration for good in his life,' he began. 'With my brother and me it came from our father. He taught us that any man who has physical strength, intellectual capacity, or unusual opportunity holds such endowments in trust to do with them for others in proportion to his gifts.'

He went on to describe the unusual opportunity that had been his and his brother's and what they had sought to do with it. He told how, as their income grew with their practice, they had come to feel a sense of trusteeship for the money. He explained the ideals they had sought to apply in their practice and the purpose they wished to achieve with this gift of money and service.

As he continued, his voice rose. 'I can't understand why all this opposition should have been aroused over the affiliation with the university. It seems to be the idea of some persons that no one can want to do anything for anybody without having some sinister or selfish motive back of it. If we wanted money, we have it. That can't be the reason for our offer. We want the money to go back to the people, from whom it came, and we think we can best give it back to them through medical education. Now let's call a spade a spade. This money belongs

to the people, and I don't care two raps whether the medical profession of the state like the way this money has been offered for use or not. It wasn't their money.' He paused a minute and his voice was quiet again as he resumed. "'That these dead shall not have died in vain.'" That line explains why we want to do this thing. What better could we do than help young men to become proficient in the profession so as to prevent needless deaths?'

Except for those few lines reported by the newspaper men present, no record of Dr. Mayo's talk survives. It is a 'lost oration.' But twenty-five years later men from varied walks of life who had heard it were still referring to it as the greatest, most eloquent speech they had ever listened to. It put an end to the bill.

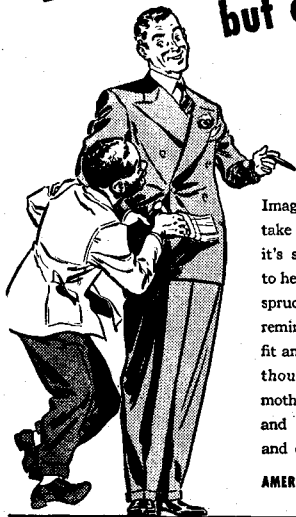
Minnesota men might carp and heckle; others took the gift at its face value, and when the affiliation was made permanent another wave of articles about the Mayos rolled over the land. The *New York Post* thought their story 'one of the most stirring in the annals of medicine'; the *New York Sun* said, 'The world can scarcely ask more from the fund than that it will develop more Mayos'; and the *Kansas City (Missouri) Journal* added, 'The finest feature of the whole enterprise is the exemplification of the theory of stewardship, which holds that human talents and the financial results they produce are in fact held in trust for the benefit of the community or for the race as a whole. That sets the final seal of enlightened philanthropy upon the gift.' But the editor of a small Colorado paper capped them all. He concluded his account with a burst of uncontrollable feeling, 'God, but it's good to live in a generation of such men!'

(The End)

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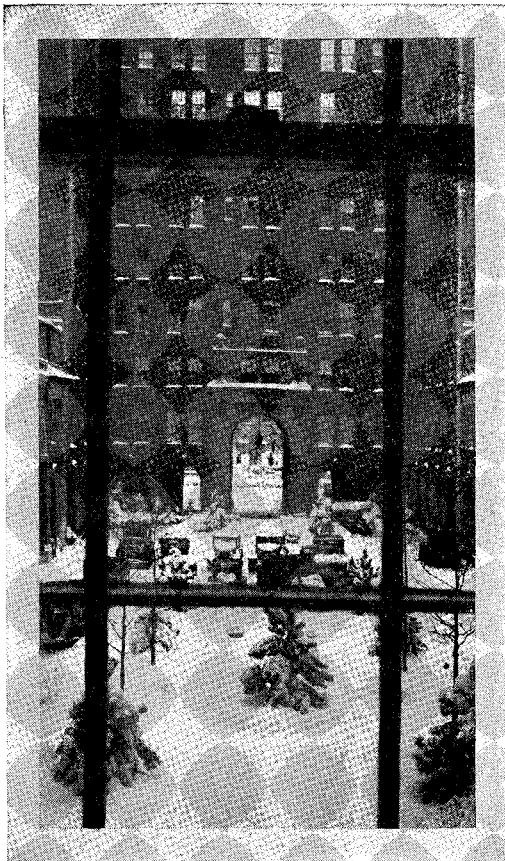
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